Encounter

Nehru	Toynbee	**Dering**	Winocour
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Thaw	Burks	**Hamlet**	Jan Kott
Italy	Barzini	**U.S.A.**	Marquand
20 July	Goronwy Rees	**Balance-sheet**	Hans Kohn
Sartre	Maurice Cranston	**J. A. Symonds**	John Gross
Reply	Theodore Draper & Arthur Schlesinger Jr	**Djilas**	Neal Ascherson

edited by
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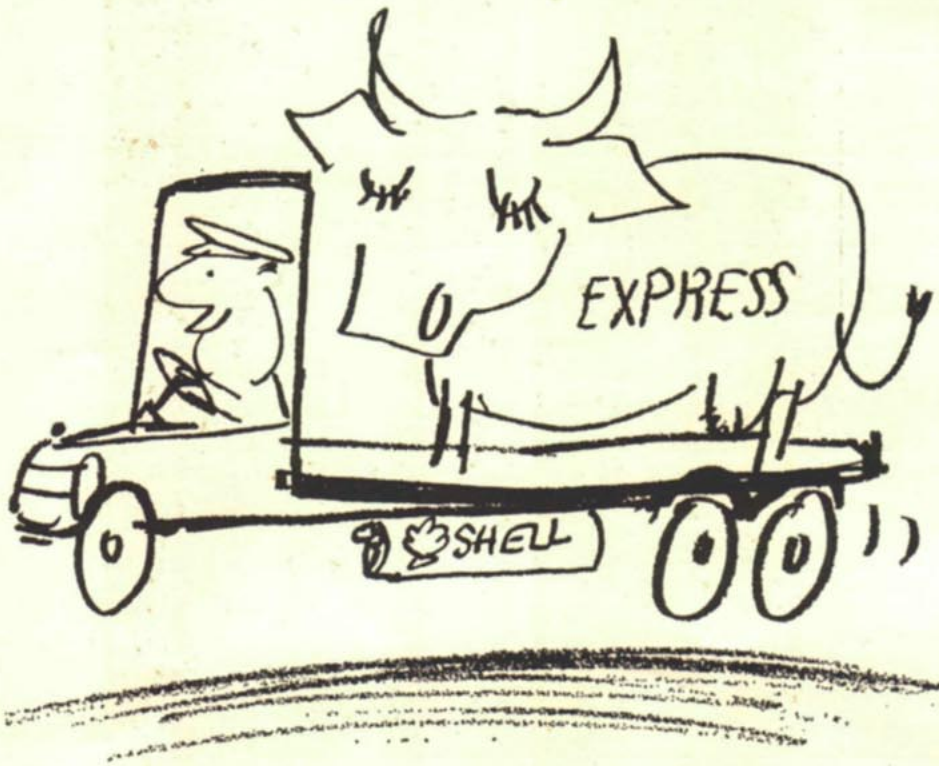

Beneath each Express tanker
Brimming full of milk
There's a smalla tanka Shell that
keeps it going, smooth as silk

GO WELL – GO SHELL SHELL **(till the cows come home)**

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Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

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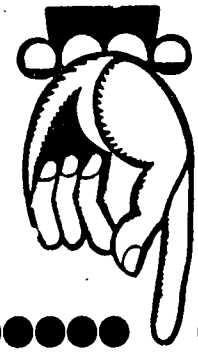

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Arnold Toynbee

Jawaharlal Nehru

I DID NOT know Nehru at all intimately; in fact, I did not even meet him many times. But his personality made an immediate impression at one's first meeting with him, and this impression did not change over the years. Nor was the effect he made just an impression; the word is too weak and too cold. "Captivation" comes nearer to the truth. Here was a human being who could win one's heart and keep it.

This would be something remarkable in anyone in any walk of life; but in someone whose position was humble and obscure it might not be so surprising as it was in a world-famous statesman who has left a deep mark, and this on the whole world and not just on his own country. In this great statesman, the lovable human being was not smothered by the eminent public figure. I should say that, in Nehru, there was not even the faintest touch of pomposity or self-importance or self-consciousness. He retained the spontaneity and the buoyancy of youth after he had been carrying for years an unusually heavy burden of office. It was not till his last years that the unforeseen breach between India and China began to bow him down under its weight.

My first meeting with Nehru happened to bring out the essence of his personality in a way that was amusing but also illuminating and, above all, morally impressive. The date was one of the inter-war years and Nehru had just finished serving one of his terms of imprisonment by the British Government of India. He had come out of prison and had come to England for a holiday. An English lady invited me to lunch in her house to meet him. Nehru was already there when I arrived, but, when the door opened for the next guest, it was a British general in uniform and, when the general saw Nehru, his jaw dropped. Apparently he had been implicated in some way in the sentence that Nehru had just been serving. (I never could discover whether our hostess' act, in inviting the general and Nehru to meet each other, had been deliberate or inadvertent. I dare say it was inadvertent. Her husband's family had a long-standing connection with India, and she may have thought vaguely that two men who were both connected with India in some way or other would probably fit well at the same lunch-party.)

I wondered how Nehru was going to take the situation. During the few minutes of conversation before the general's arrival, Nehru had left us in no doubt about his militancy. Manifestly, he was going all out to win India's independence from Britain; he was in the battle up to the hilt. Would his reception of the embarrassed British general be stiff? would it be grim? This question was answered instantaneously by a twinkle that came into Nehru's eye. The situation had struck him as being funny, and he entertained us by teasing the general ever so gently—making him become more and more nervously conciliatory at each sly poke. This incident, though trifling in itself, was a revelation. I was in the presence of a human being who could fight—and fight with might and main—without hating his human opponents. There was plenty of fuel for resentment in Nehru's experience at British hands. Terms of imprisonment take painful bites out of a brief human life; and the fighters for India's independence were being imprisoned by the British for acting under the inspiration of ideals to which the British themselves officially subscribed and which they took seriously, for their own benefit, at home. Here were grounds for bitterness, but Nehru showed none. I had known that fighting without hating was one of Mahatma Gandhi's principles. Here, in one of

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his chief companions, I was seeing something out of the Sermon on the Mount being practised in real life, and this without any smugness and without any apparent effort. That bowled me over, and the memory of that lunch is as vivid in my mind to-day as if it had happened yesterday and not thirty years ago.

ANOTHER personal memory of mine involves an incident which was still slighter, but it, too, is revealing. One day in 1956 the University of Delhi was doing me the honour of conferring a degree on me, and I was still far from the university precincts when the hour fixed for the ceremony overtook me. The university is in the old Civil Lines, at the opposite end of the seven (or is it fourteen?) Delhis from the Ashoka Hotel, and we had been held up by the traffic in the crowded streets of Shahjehanabad. When we were, at last, within about a quarter of a mile of the university (but about three-quarters of an hour late) I was taken aback by the sudden appearance of Nehru running towards us. How could the Prime Minister have made the time to honour and please me by taking a personal part in the academic proceedings? And why was it he, of all people, who had set out in search of me? I had wasted an additional three-quarters of an hour of his time, but he was not cross. The sufferers were his security men. When we arrived together at the university, we found them in a flap at having failed to prevent the Prime Minister from darting out through their cordon. That anxiety was well justified. Had not the Mahatma Gandhi been assassinated? And was not the Prime Minister the man on whom Gandhi's mantle had fallen?

The last time that I met Nehru was in 1960, and it was sad to see him, not changed in spirit, but now visibly labouring under his load. He had asked me to come and visit him, and, at our meeting, I tried to keep off the subject of China, since this was, I knew, what was most tormenting him at the time. It was no use. He raised the subject himself and was evidently harrowed and almost obsessed by it. It was a striking contrast to previous meetings; but then, as each time before, came the human act that took one by surprise. I was in New Delhi to give the second series of Azad Memorial lectures (Nehru himself had been the first lecturer). I had just got to my feet to begin my first lecture when the Prime Minister came into the hall. Once again, he had made the time to take a personal part in academic proceedings in order to give pleasure to a guest. This was generous in a Prime Minister, but it was also most moving on a day on which he had suffered a grievous personal loss. It was the day of Lady Mountbatten's death. Lady Mountbatten and Pandit Nehru had been particularly close personal friends. And, for Nehru's warm heart, close friendships counted, I should guess, for even more than they count for most of us. Again, I was deeply touched.

IT SEEMS certain that, for ages to come, Nehru will be remembered as an historic figure, but what is the future picture of him going to be? The lovable human being whom his intimate friends knew much better than I did—made his impression on one through one's meeting him in the flesh. At second or seventieth hand, this vivid personal impression will be dimmed, at best, and, in time, may be almost effaced.

Will Nehru be remembered as a great statesman? Unquestionably he was that. But I have suggested, and here I believe I am right, that his eminence in public affairs was not the distinctive thing about him. One must be thankful when a noble soul takes on itself the burden of political leadership, for politics are always in need of redeeming. They are a backward field of human activity in which our average standard of behaviour is decidedly lower than it is in family life or in our professional vocations. A noble soul goes into politics at its peril, for

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politics are as difficult to redeem as they are in need of redemption. Politics are intractable. They cannot be redeemed in one short lifetime even by one of those rare spirits that combine high idealism with practical genius. The noblest-minded statesman cannot altogether escape becoming a bondsman of his imperious circumstances. To be caught on the sorrowful wheel is part of the personal price that the statesman-idealist has to pay. It is more blessed to be imprisoned for the sake of one's ideals than to imprison other people, incongruously, in the name of the same ideals. Nehru lived to have both experiences. This was the nemesis of taking over the responsibility for the government of a great country.

For Nehru himself, his political career, eminent though it was, was not, I believe, the most important thing in his life, because, for him, it was not an end in itself. For him, it was a means of serving his fellow human beings—his Indian fellow countrymen in the first place, but not them alone; for his feeling for his fellows embraced the whole of mankind. Nehru has virtually said as much in more than one of his public utterances. He did care intensely for mankind's welfare and destiny, and his vision of this will be the thing in him for which he will be remembered by posterity if the verdict of history faithfully reflects the fundamental truth about him.

I FIND IT difficult to pigeon-hole this human personality in any of those impersonal categories in which historians deal. But, if constrained to try my hand at this, I should say that Nehru served his fellow men most fruitfully and most characteristically by taking his place in a series of interpreters and mediators between the civilisation of the West and the other living civilisations. In modern times the West has been making a revolutionary impact on the rest of the world. The impact has been so potent that non-Westerners have been confronted with the choice of coming to terms with it or being hopelessly overwhelmed by it. Conversely, the West is now finding that it, for its own part, has to come to terms with the non-Western majority of the human race. We seem, in fact, to be in the birth-throes of a new society embracing the whole human race, with all the manifold and contradictory traditions of its formerly segregated sections. This seems to be the goal towards which the last four or five hundred years of the world's history have been leading. If this diagnosis is correct, the role of interpretation and mediation is the key role in the present age. It is a more important role than the mere statesman's; and, in fact, some of the most effective of the interpreters have done their work outside the political arena. They have done it as scholars, writers, artists, poets, and prophets. Nehru was one of those who have played this part on the political stage; and, among the statesmen-interpreters of one civilisation to another, one can distinguish more than one type. There is the ruthless sergeant-major who dragoons his troops into putting themselves through the excruciating process of cultural mutation; and there is the seer who inspires his followers to tread the same painful path voluntarily. Famous representatives of the first of these two types were Peter the Great, Mohammed Ali, Mustafa Kemal Atatürk, and, in a rather more deft and light-handed way, the authors of the Meiji Revolution in Japan.

Jawaharlal Nehru is evidently a representative of the type that moves mankind, not by coercion, but by persuasion; and the other representatives of this kind of leader who first come into my mind are all Indians, like Nehru himself. One of them is the Emperor Ashoka, who was converted, by his experience of life, from being a coercionist into becoming a missionary, but who did his life-work, throughout, on the political stage. The other two whom I think of first are Ram Mohan Roy, the founder of the Brahmo Samaj, and, of course, Jawaharlal Nehru's master and mentor, the Mahatma Gandhi.

This is the company to which Nehru belongs, and in which he deserves to be remembered and to be immortalised.

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Isaac Babel

My First Fee

TO LIVE in Tiflis in the springtime, to be twenty years old and not to be loved is a terrible thing. It happened to me. I had a job as a proof-reader in the printing works of the Caucasian Military District. The river Kura seethed under the windows of my garret. As it rose behind the mountains, the sun lit up its dark eddies in the mornings. I rented the garret from a Georgian couple who had just got married. The man had a butcher's shop in the Eastern Market. On the other side of the wall he and his wife, crazed with love, turned and twisted like two large fish in a small tank. The tails of these two frantic fish thrashed against the wall. They rocked the whole attic, burnt black by the sun, wrenched it from its timbers and bore it off into infinity. Their teeth were clenched tight in the relentless fury of their passion. In the mornings the wife, Miliet, went downstairs for bread. She was so weak she had to hold on to the banister in order not to fall. Groping for the steps with her small feet, she had the faint, vacant smile of someone recovering from an illness. With her hand on her small breasts, she bowed to everybody she met on the way—to the old Assyrian, who was green with age; to the man who came round selling paraffin, and to the old hags, deeply seared with wrinkles, who sold skeins of wool. At night-time the heaving and moaning of my neighbours was followed by a silence as piercing as the whine of a cannon ball.

To live in Tiflis, to be twenty years old, and to listen at night to the storms of other people's silence is a terrible thing. To get away from it, I raced out of the house down to the Kura, where I was overwhelmed by the steam-bath heat of the Tiflis spring. It hit you for all it was worth and knocked you out. I wandered along the hump-backed streets with a parched throat. The haze of spring heat drove me back to my attic, to that forest of blackened stumps lit by the moon. There was nothing for it but to look for love. Of course, I found it. For better or for worse, the woman I chose was a prostitute. Her name was Vera. I prowled after her every night along the Golovin Avenue, not daring to speak to her. I had neither the money for her nor the words—those tireless, trite, nagging words of love. From childhood all the strength of my being had been devoted to the making up of tales, plays, and stories—thousands of them. They lay on my heart like toads on a stone. I was possessed by devilish pride and did not want to write them down prematurely. I thought it was a waste of time not to write as well as Leo Tolstoy. I was determined my stories should live for ever. Daring thoughts and consuming passions are worth the effort spent on them only when they are dressed in noble garb. How can you make it for them, this noble garb?

IT IS DIFFICULT for a man who is in tow to his thoughts, under the spell of their serpentine gaze, to expend himself in the froth of meaningless and nagging words of love. A man like that is too proud to cry from sorrow and he doesn't know how to laugh

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from joy. Being a dreamer, I hadn't mastered the absurd art of happiness. I would be forced, therefore, to give Vera ten roubles out of my meagre earnings. When I had made up my mind, I started to wait one evening outside the "Sympathy" Restaurant. Tartars in blue Circassian tunics and soft leather boots sauntered past me. Picking their teeth with silver toothpicks, they eyed the crimson-painted women—Georgians with large feet and slender thighs. There was a touch of turquoise in the fading light. The flowering acacias along the streets began to sigh in low, faltering tones. A crowd of officials in white coats surged along the boulevard, and wafts of balmy air from Mount Kazbek came down towards them.

Vera came later, when it was dark. Tall and white-faced, she sailed ahead of the ape-like throng as the Virgin Mary rides the prow of a fishing boat. She drew level with the door of the "Sympathy" Restaurant. I lurched after her:

"Going somewhere?"

Her broad, pink back moved in front of me. She turned round:

"What's that you say?" She frowned, but her eyes were laughing.

"Where are you going?"

The words cracked in my mouth like dried sticks. Vera changed her step and walked side by side with me.

"Ten roubles, is that all right?"

I agreed so quickly she got suspicious.

"But do you have ten roubles?"

We went into a doorway and I handed her my purse. She counted the twenty-one roubles in it; her grey eyes were screwed up and her lips moved. She sorted out the gold coins from the silver.

"Give me ten," she said, handing back the purse, "we'll spend another five and you keep the rest to live on. When do you get your next pay?"

I said: in four days' time. We came out of the doorway. Vera took me by the hand and pressed her shoulder against me. We went up the street, which was growing cooler. The pavement was littered with withered vegetables.

"It'd be nice to go to Borzhom and get away from this heat...." she said.

Vera's hair was held by a ribbon which caught and reflected bent flashes of light from the street-lamps.

"Well, clear off to Borzhom...."

That's what I said: clear off. That's the word I used, for some reason.

"I haven't got the dough," Vera said with a yawn and forgot all about me. She forgot all about me because her day was made and because I was easy money. She knew I wouldn't turn her in to the police, or rob her of her money and her ear-rings during the night.

We reached the foot of St. David's Mount. There, in a café, I ordered *kebab* for us. Without waiting for it to come, Vera went over and sat with some old Persians who were discussing business. Leaning on their polished sticks and nodding their olive-coloured skulls, they were telling the owner it was time he expanded his trade. Vera butted into their conversation. She took the side of the old men. She was for transferring the business to Mikhailovsky Boulevard. The owner, too flabby and cautious to see the point, just wheezed. I ate my *kebab* alone. Vera's bare arms flowed from the silk of their sleeves; she banged her fist on the table, her ear-rings flitted to and fro among the long, faded backs, yellow beards, and painted finger-nails. The *kebab* was cold by the time she came back to the table. She had got so worked up that her face was flushed.

"You can't shift him, the mule.... You can really do business, you know, on Mikhailovsky with Eastern cooking...."

One after another, acquaintances of Vera came past the table—Tartars in Circassian tunics, middle-aged officers, shopkeepers in alpaca jackets, and pot-bellied old men with tanned faces and greenish blackheads on their cheeks. It was midnight by the time we got to the hotel, but Vera had a hundred and one things to do here as well. There was an old woman who was getting ready to go and see her son in Armavir. Vera left me

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and went to help her pack—knelt on her suitcase, strapped pillows together, and wrapped pies in grease-proof paper. The broad-shouldered old woman in a gauze hat and with a handbag at her side went round all the rooms saying good-bye. She shuffled along the corridors in her elastic shoes, sobbing and smiling with all her wrinkles. It took a whole hour to see her off. I waited for Vera in a musty room with three-legged chairs, an earthen-ware stove, and patches of damp in the corners.

I had been tormented and dragged round the town for so long that this love I wanted now seemed like an enemy, an inescapable enemy....

Outside in the corridor there was another, alien life shuffling or suddenly bursting into laughter. Flies were dying in a bowl filled with a milky liquid. Each died in its own way. The death throes of some were violent and lasted a long time. Others died quietly, with a slight quiver. Next to the bowl, on the worn table-cloth, was a book: a novel by Golovin about the life of the Boyars. I opened it at random. The letters lined up in a single row and then got all jumbled together. In front of me, in the square frame of the window was a steep, stony hill-side with a winding Turkish street going up it. Vera came into the room.

"We've just said good-bye to Feodosya Mavrikeyevna," she said. "She was just like a mother to us, you know. She's travelling all alone, the old woman, she's got nobody to go with her...."

Vera sat down on the bed with her knees apart. Her eyes were far away, roaming in the pure realms of her care and friendship for the old woman. Then she saw me in my double-breasted jacket. She clasped her hands and stretched herself.

"You're tired of waiting, I bet.... Never mind, we'll get down to it in a moment...."

But I just couldn't make out what Vera was going to do. Her preparations were like those of a surgeon getting ready for an operation. She lit a primus stove and put a saucepan with water on it. She threw a clean towel over the head-board of the bed, and above it she hung an enema with a douche—the white tube dangled down from the wall. When the water got hot, she poured it into the douche, threw a red crystal into it, and started taking off her dress, pulling it over her head. A large woman with drooping shoulders and a crumpled stomach stood before me. Her flabby nipples pointed blindly sideways.

"Come over here, duckie," my loved one said, "while the water's getting ready."

I didn't move. I was numb with despair. Why had I exchanged my loneliness for the misery of this sordid den, for these dying flies and three-legged chairs?...

O Gods of my youth! How different it was, this dreary business, from the love of my neighbours on the other side of the wall, their long, drawn-out squeals....

Vera put her hands under her breasts and wobbled them.

"What are you so miserable about? Come here...." She pulled her petticoat up to her belly and sat down on the bed again.

"Are you sorry about your money?"

"I don't worry about my money," I said in a cracked voice.

"How come: you don't worry about your money? Are you a thief or something?..."

"I'm not a thief."

"Do you work for thieves?"

"I'm a boy."

"I can see you're not a cow," Vera muttered. She could hardly keep her eyes open. She lay down, pulled me towards her, and started running her hands over me.

"I'm a boy," I shouted, "a boy with the Armenians, don't you understand?"

O gods of my youth!... Five of my twenty years had been spent in the making up of stories, thousands of stories which battened on my brain. They lay on my mind like toads on a stone. Dislodged by the force of loneliness, one of them had fallen to the ground. It was evidently a matter of fate that a Tiflis prostitute was to be my first "reader." I went cold all over at the

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suddenness of my invention and I told her my story as a "boy with the Armenians." If I had given less time and thought to my craft, I should have made up a hackneyed tale about being the son of a rich official who had driven me from home, a tale about a domineering father and a down-trodden mother. But I didn't make this mistake. A well-devised story needn't try to be like real life. Real life is only too eager to resemble a well-devised story. For this reason—and because this was how my listener liked it—I was born in the small town of Alyoshki in the Kherson province. My father worked as a draftsman with a steam-boat company. He sweated over his drawing-board day and night to give us, his children, a good education, but we all took after our mother, a silly woman who was interested only in having a good time. At the age of ten I started stealing from my father. When I was grown up I ran away to Baku, to some relatives of my mother's. They introduced me to an Armenian called Stepan Ivanovich. I moved in with him and we lived together for four years. . . .

"But how old were you then? . . ."

"Fifteen."

Vera was expecting me to tell her about the wickedness of the Armenian who had corrupted me, but I went on:

"We lived together for four years. Stepan Ivanovich was the most decent and trusting person I've ever met. He believed every word his friends said to him. . . . I ought to have learned a trade during those four years, but I didn't do a thing. . . . All I cared about was playing billiards. . . . Stepan Ivanovich's friends ruined him. He gave them bills of change without any cover, and his friends presented them for payment. . . ."

"Bills of change without cover"—I don't know how they came into my mind, but I did right to bring them in. Vera believed everything after that. She wrapped herself in her shawl which quivered on her shoulders.

"Stepan Ivanovich was ruined. He was thrown out of his apartment and his furniture was sold by auction. He became a commercial traveller. I wasn't going to live with him now he had no money, so I moved in with a rich old church warden. . . ."

The "church warden" was filched from some writer: he was the invention of a lazy mind which can't be bothered to produce a real live character.

I said "a church warden" and Vera's eyes flickered and went out of my control. Then, in order to restore the situation, I installed asthma in the old man's yellow chest. Attacks of asthma made him wheeze hoarsely. He jumped out of bed at nights and panted into the paraffin-laden air of Baku. He soon died. The asthma finished him off. My relatives wouldn't have anything to do with me. So here I was in Tiflis with twenty roubles in my pocket—the very same roubles which Vera had counted in the doorway on the Golovin Avenue. The waiter in the hotel where I was staying had promised to get me rich customers, but so far he had sent me only Armenian inn-keepers with great fat bellies. . . . These people liked their own country, their songs and their wine, but they trampled on other people, men or women, as a thief tramples on his neighbour's garden. . . .

And I started talking a lot of rubbish I had picked up about inn-keepers. . . . My heart was breaking from self-pity. It looked as though I was utterly doomed. I was trembling with sorrow and inspiration. Trickles of ice-cold sweat started down my face like snakes moving over grass warmed by the sun. I stopped talking, began to cry, and turned away. I had finished my tale. The primus stove had gone out a long time ago. The water had boiled and gone cold again. The rubber tube was hanging from the wall. Vera went silently up to the window. Her back, dazzling white and sad, heaved before me. In the window, it was getting light round the mountain tops.

"The things people do . . . ," Vera whispered, without turning round. "God, the things people do. . . ."

She stretched out her bare arms and threw the shutters wide open. The paving stones on the street hissed slightly as they grew

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cooler. There was a smell of dust and water. . . . Vera's head was shaking.

"So you're a whore . . . like us bitches. . . ."

I bowed my head.

"A whore like you. . . ."

Vera turned round to me. Her petticoat hung aslant on her body like a rag.

"The things people do," she said again, in a louder voice. "God, the things people do. . . . Have you ever been with a woman? . . ."

I pressed my cold lips to her hand.

"No, how could I? They wouldn't let me. . . ."

My head shook against her breasts which welled freely above me. The taut nipples thrust against my cheeks. They were moist like baby calves. Vera looked down at me from above.

"Sister . . . ." she whispered, and sat down on the floor at my side. "My little sister. . . ."

Now tell me, I should like to ask you: have you ever seen a village carpenter helping his mate to build a house? Have you seen how thick and fast and gaily the shavings fly as they plane a beam together? . . . That night this thirty-year-old woman taught me all the tricks of her trade. That night I learned secrets you will never learn, I experienced a love which you will never experience, I heard the words that one woman says to another. I have forgotten them: we are not supposed to remember them.

WE FELL asleep at dawn. We were woken by the heat of our bodies, a heat which lay in the bed like a deadweight. When we woke up, we laughed to each other. I didn't go to the printing works that day. We drank tea in the market-place of the Old Town. A placid Turk poured us tea from a samovar wrapped in a towel. It was brick-red and steamed like newly-shed blood. The hazy fire of the sun blazed on the sides of our glasses. The long drawn-out braying of donkeys blended with the hammering of tinsmiths.

Copper urns were set up in rows on faded carpets under tents. Dogs nosed around in the entrails of oxen. A caravan of dust was flying towards Tiflis, the town of roses and mutton fat. The dust was blotting out the crimson fire of the sun. The Turk poured out more tea for us and kept count of the rolls we ate on an abacus. The world was beautiful just to be nice to us. When I was covered all over with fine beads of sweat, I turned my glass upside down. After I'd paid the Turk, I pushed two five-rouble pieces over to Vera. Her plump leg was lying across mine. She pushed the money away and removed her leg.

"Do you want us to quarrel, sister? . . ."

No, I didn't want to quarrel. We agreed to meet in the evening and I put the two gold pieces, my first literary earnings, back into my purse.

All this was a long time ago, and since then I have often received money from publishers, from learned men, and from Jews trading in books. For victories that were defeats, for defeats that turned into victories, for life and for death they paid me trifling sums—much smaller than the one I received in my youth from my first "reader." But I am not bitter because I know I shall not die until I have snatched one more gold piece—and this will be my last—from the hands of love.

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H. J. Eysenck

The Verdict on Smoking

Some Sceptical Remarks

TWO EXPERT JURIES have considered the case of the murderous cigarette, one in England and one in the United States. Both have examined the evidence in great detail and have found the accused guilty of murder in the first degree. This verdict, arrived at by medical experts of the highest authority, has been accepted by governmental agencies, newspaper editors, and even the man in the street. The evidence of an association between smoking and a variety of diseases from lung cancer to heart disease seems so striking that doubt about the causal influence of cigarette smoking seems almost indecent. Nevertheless, there are other experts who have seriously criticised the two reports, and it has been suggested not only that the logic on which the argument is based may be faulty, but that an alternative explanation is not only possible but plausible. I shall first consider the alleged faults in logic and procedure underlying the classical investigations; I shall then go on to discuss an alternative hypothesis.

In the investigation of the causes responsible for a given disease it is customary to distinguish three steps.

1. The first of these usually consists of so-called epidemiological investigations, *i.e.* studies associating a variety of external factors with the disease in question, on the basis of large-scale statistical enquiries. (The observation, for instance, that pellagra occurred almost entirely among people suffering from a restricted diet suggested to Goldberger that this was a deficiency disease.) It is this type of epidemiological investigation which has implicated cigarette smoking in various disorders; the evidence in the two reports consists in the main of showing that the probability of dying of lung cancer, coronary artery disease, etc., is in direct proportion to the number of cigarettes smoked.

2. However, this type of investigation is only the beginning. As a second stage we are required to find by experimental means or laboratory evidence the precise way in which the alleged cause produces the effect in question. (Thus, in the case of pellagra, it was possible to experiment with the diets of patients in hospitals and convicts in prison, showing conclusively the truth of the dietary hypothesis.) No such demonstration has been made in the case of tobacco smoking. It is sometimes suggested that the fact that giving up smoking lowers the probability of contracting lung cancer may be considered as proof in this connection, but (as we shall see later) this is not necessarily so.

3. Even this, however, is not sufficient. As a third and last step we are required to identify the specific agent which causes the disease. This third step may not be necessary for the introduction of prophylactic measures, or even for the devising of cures for the disease, but it is essential for a complete understanding of the particular disorder in question. Usually this third step comes many years after the first and second. (Thus, a long time elapsed before nicotinic acid was identified as the specific agent concerned with the aetiology of pellagra.)

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THE IMPORTANT POINT to remember in cases where only epidemiological evidence is available is that while history gives us many examples of successful investigations, there is an equal number of studies where the wrong conclusion was reached on the basis of evidence which at the time seemed equally convincing. To return to the case of pellagra, a contagion factor was erroneously postulated by the Thompson and McFadden Commission; they "recommended most heartily the installation of sanitary systems of sewage disposal as an important means of restricting the spread of pellagra"!

It is sometimes possible for *erroneous* conclusions of this type to give rise to suggestions which, if followed, would *in fact* have prophylactic and curative effects. William Farr, on the basis of some very convincing epidemiological investigations, came to the conclusion that a vital factor in the transmission of cholera was the elevation above sea level; and he recommended accordingly that people should remove to the higher inland districts! Had this recommendation been followed on the occasion of the great cholera outbreak in London, the results would have been very favourable: it would have removed the population from the polluted water system which was, in fact, responsible for the outbreak. However, this would have prevented the actual discovery of the cause, and on return to London its inhabitants would have had to face another outbreak of the disease.

It is in fact customary for epidemiological investigations to come up with not one but a large number of different factors statistically related to the disease under investigation. As Dr. D. M. Kissen has recently pointed out, lung cancer has been found by different investigators to be associated with eighteen different characteristics—sex, age, marital status, country of birth and residence, population density, social class, occupation, air pollution, smoking, consumption of alcohol, consumption of coffee, consumption of cooked shell fish and crustacea, hairiness of the second phalanges of the fingers and toes, number of teeth lost, familial factors, past history of respiratory disease, being gassed in the 1914–18 War, and the number of doctors per square mile! It hardly needs emphasising that not all these factors can be regarded as causal and that we need a special type of proof for asserting causal relationships.

WE SEE, THEREFORE, that epidemiological investigations by themselves, and without more direct investigation of the causal chain between the alleged cause and the effect, may give rise to erroneous hypotheses even though the chain of argument seems watertight. What are the main objections to the arguments put forward by the two Committees? One objection (and many statisticians consider it to be an insuperable one) arises from the fact that we are trying to deal with a disease which makes it difficult to provide experimental confirmation of the epidemiological evidence because of the very long period elapsing between exposure to smoking and the development of lung cancer or coronary artery disease. Under those conditions there enters a vital factor in the argument which is usually referred to under the title of "self-selection."

Let us have another look at the experiments that have been done to demonstrate the association between smoking and cancer and compare these with an ideal experiment which would without any possibility of doubt tell us whether in fact there was any causal implication. What was done was either to take people suffering from lung cancer and compare their smoking histories with those of other people not suffering from lung cancer—or to follow up groups of people with different smoking habits, to determine which of them would in fact develop lung cancer. In all these studies it was each person himself, of course, who determined whether or not to smoke, and how much to smoke; in other words the smokers were self-selected, and all the investigator did was to note the results of this self-selection. Now, this procedure deviates strikingly from that required for a proper proof. In an ideal investigation we would have, say, 7,000 volunteers, of whom we would randomly allocate 1,000 to a non-smoking group, another 1,000 to a group smoking no more than 10 cigarettes a day, another 1,000 to a group smoking between 10–30 cigarettes a day and another 1,000 to a group smoking 50 cigarettes a day. A fifth 1,000 would be told to smoke for a period of years and then give up smoking. Another group of 1,000 would be told to smoke pipes, while a seventh 1,000 would be instructed to smoke cigars. In other words, our subjects would not be allowed to choose for themselves what to do but would be allocated to the experimenter on a random basis to these various groups. Why is this distinction important?

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I CAN BEST ILLUSTRATE the importance of this point by referring now to an alternative hypothesis for the association between smoking and disease. Let us suppose that some people have an hereditary predisposition towards lung cancer, and let us also suppose that the very same people who have this predisposition are also constitutionally more prone to smoke cigarettes. Under these conditions smoking and lung cancer would be associated in the general population simply because people predisposed to lung cancer would also be self-selected for cigarette smoking. This was the hypothesis put forward by the late Sir Ronald Fisher, one of the world's greatest authorities on statistics and genetics, and we shall see in a minute that this hypothesis can indeed be demonstrated to have a certain amount of experimental support. For the moment, consider a series of studies carried out by J. Yerushalmy, a well-known American statistician. His motive in carrying out these studies was to demonstrate the statistical association between smoking and certain biological events under conditions where any causal relationship was, in fact, excluded (the resulting demonstrations have been called the "Yerushalmy paradox"). In particular he studied the cigarette smoking habits of husbands and wives in relation to certain features of the children born to them. He demonstrated, for instance, that the more the father smoked the lower was the weight of the babies born! Infants whose fathers gave up the habit of smoking did not differ in their birth weight from those whose fathers had never smoked. A similar association was found between smoking habits of the mother and birth weight of the children, but here the association was less close. The most notable finding of all was that the association between smoking and birth weight was only found when both parents smoked, not when only one of them had acquired this habit. As Yerushalmy points out, "it is difficult to visualise a biological mechanism which would exhibit itself under the combined effects in the smoking of both parents where no effect of smoking of only one of them alone is noted." In more recent studies Yerushalmy has shown that there is an association between smoking habits of parents and survival of children, the children of parents who smoke being "more viable" than those of parents who do not smoke!

Here we seem to have a series of studies which mimic in detail the statistical findings with respect to smoking and disease, but where any direct causal influence is almost inconceivable and where most biologists would probably prefer to fall back on the hypothesis that genetic factors are involved. But if that is true of these experimental findings, why should it be asserted with confidence that this is not true of the smoking and disease findings? The statistical logic underlying the one set of investigations is identical with that underlying the other, and the demonstration of a fatal flaw in the one must be taken as discrediting the other, as far as proof for direct causal influence of smoking is concerned.

OF THE OTHER ARGUMENTS put forward against the "smoking causes disease" hypothesis I will only note one. The original hypothesis of an association between smoking and lung cancer made some sense because from the medical point of view it is possible to frame theories about some conceivable causal relations between the smoking and the disease. However, investigation has shown that this association is by no means specific and that many other diseases also appear to be associated with cigarette smoking. If we take, for instance, the number of "excess" deaths among regular cigarette smokers for various categories of disease we find that this is 52% for people dying from coronary artery disease, 14% for lung cancer and other types of cancer, 6% for other heart and circulatory diseases, and also 6% for pulmonary diseases. Indeed many other disorders are also implicated, from cirrhosis of the liver to gastric and duodenal ulcers. This lack of specificity is rather damaging to the claim that there is a direct causal relationship between smoking and lung cancer because whatever might be the mechanism involved it is difficult to see how it could give rise to all the other effects as well. Thus a lack of specificity of effects must cast serious doubts on the hypothesis of causal determination as a whole.

LET US NOW TURN to the alternative hypothesis and see if we can do any better. If some people are constitutionally predisposed to smoking, and if some people are constitutionally predisposed to develop lung cancer, coronary disease, etc., then we should be able to identify these groups of people and determine whether, in fact, they are identical. I started out on a programme of research along these lines by postulating that people who smoked cigarettes

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would tend to belong predominantly to a personality type often referred to as extravert. The terms "extraversion" and "introversion," which are used to denote the extreme ends of a continuum, were popularised by the well-known psycho-analyst C. G. Jung, and this particular dimension of personality can be measured with reasonable accuracy. Extraverted people tend to be sociable, changeable, impulsive, happy-go-lucky, and risk-taking. Introverts tend to be withdrawn, unsociable, introspective. I shall not go in detail into the reasons for making this prediction; it had been found in previous experimental work that extraverts as a whole tend to be characterised by what is sometimes known as "stimulus hunger," *i.e.*, they seek out many different sources of sensory stimulation—they drink more, eat more, like loud sounds and bright colours more, have more illegitimate babies, and quite generally would be expected on these grounds to indulge in cigarette smoking. Two large-scale investigations were carried out in England using random samples of the population, and both showed very convincingly that there was a direct relationship between the number of cigarettes smoked and the degree of extraversion shown by the subjects of the experiments; the more extraverted the person the greater his consumption of cigarettes. No association was found with neurotic predisposition or high emotionality; extraversion was the only personality factor implicated.

It is interesting to note at this point that extraversion has a strong hereditary component; extraverts are born rather than made! This has been demonstrated very clearly in a recent book written by J. Shields in which he compared the extraversion scores of identical twins brought up in separation, identical twins brought up together, and fraternal twins brought up together. Identical twins, of course, share identical heredity; fraternal twins are no more alike than brothers or sisters from the point of view of common heredity. If extraversion, or any other trait or ability, is influenced very strongly by heredity then we would expect identical twins to be more alike with respect to this trait or ability than would fraternal twins, and this, in fact, turned out to be so. Identical twins, even when brought up separately, were very much more like each other than were fraternal twins brought up together. This is only one example to illustrate a common research finding implicating constitutional and hereditary factors in the formation of extraverted behaviour patterns.

We have thus verified our first prediction; smokers are indeed demonstrably different from non-smokers with respect to inherited personality patterns. Would the same personality differences also be found when we compare patients suffering from lung cancer with other patients not suffering from this particular disorder? Two such studies are available. The first of these was carried out by O. Hagnell in Sweden; this is a prospective study in which personality tests were given to a large number of people and these were then followed up to see which of them would develop lung cancer. Those who had, were found to have been of predominantly extraverted personality. The other study, carried out by A. J. Coppen and Maryse Metcalfe in Britain, compared cases of lung cancer and other types of cancer with control patients; it was found that the cancer patients were more extraverted than the others. We thus have proof for the second part of our theory: lung-cancer sufferers have a personality make-up which is identical with that of cigarette smokers. The association between extraversion and cancer was so strong that it could not have been caused by the association between smoking and extraversion; even when this is ruled out some association still remains.

How about the other diseases statistically associated with smoking? The most important of these, and the one showing the closest association, is coronary artery disease, and there is some unpublished evidence, both from America and Holland, to show that here too there is a relationship with extraversion; extraverts tend to suffer more from coronary artery disease than introverts. These results then all support the hypothesis of some genetic cause which produces extraverted behaviour patterns, smoking habits, and proneness to certain diseases, notably lung cancer and other types of cancer and coronary artery disease.

Another correlation between personality and lung cancer has been recently suggested by Dr. D. M. Kissen, who has shown that lung cancer patients are characteristically non-emotional people. He used for his investigation a "neuroticism questionnaire" which had been previously shown to differentiate extremely well between neurotic and normal people, with neurotics obtaining spectacularly high scores. Lung cancer patients, on the other hand, obtained unusually low scores. The interpretation of this finding is not very clear. Kissen has

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put forward the theory that lung cancer patients are characterised by having poor outlets for emotional discharge, but it is at least equally probable that they are simply characterised by having less strong emotional reactions—as opposed to neurotics who have exceptionally strong emotional reactions. The really interesting point, however, is that J. Shields, in his study of identical and fraternal twins already mentioned, found that with respect to neuroticism too, there was very strong evidence of hereditary determination.

We thus find that lung cancer patients are characterised in their personality make-up by two very broad sets of traits which are known to be hereditarily determined; this makes it very difficult to argue against the hypothesis that they form a special group genetically.[1]

I WOULD NOT like to overstate the case, as relationships between personality and disease have been demonstrated on relatively small groups only; although the results are statistically significant one would very much like to see them replicated on much larger groups in many different countries. The relationship between personality and smoking, although demonstrated repeatedly on quite large samples, should also be investigated further by other investigators and in other countries. It seems unfortunate that so much money has been spent in replicating the studies demonstrating the association between smoking and disease where little new can be expected to be discovered and where, as we have shown, there is a vital flaw in the argument—whereas so little is done to investigate the alternative hypothesis originally put forward by Sir Ronald Fisher. However, the few data that are available certainly suggest, even though they cannot prove, that there is some truth in this alternative hypothesis, and that perhaps the very definite and final verdict condemning the cigarette as being causally responsible for a variety of diseases may have been premature.

In thus putting forward the claims of genetic factors I would not like to disregard completely the possible importance of what are sometimes called "interaction factors." A person is born with a nervous system predisposing him to develop lung cancer or coronary artery disease. He is also born with a nervous system which leads him into extraverted behaviour patterns which may include smoking too many cigarettes, drinking too much, eating too much, and "living it up" too much altogether. These excesses may weaken his resistance to the diseases in question and may thus make him more susceptible to contracting them in the first place, and succumbing to them in the second place. These would then be interaction factors in the sense that a person's hereditary disposition forces him to seek out a certain type of environment which is detrimental to his health and his preservation of life. The orthodox account of tobacco smoking as a cause of cancer does not pay enough attention, I submit, to interaction factors of this kind, which are very common in work on genetics.

HYPOTHESES SUCH AS THESE are sometimes attacked by referring to cases where apparently they do not apply. Thus sometimes we are told of religious communities where smoking is prohibited and where there is no lung cancer. Is not the absence of smoking the cause of the absence of lung cancer? This may, of course, be so, but again the alternative possibility arises that people who join religious communities of this kind are *"self-selected"*; they are likely to be strongly introverted and would consequently, on our hypothesis, be constitutionally predisposed not to develop lung cancer. The evidence can be interpreted either way and examples of this kind cannot be regarded as conclusive evidence in favour of either theory. The same is true of the fact that ex-smokers are less liable to contract lung cancer than are people who continue to smoke. Here too, of course, self-selection is at work, and it is known that among those who go to clinics in order to try and give up smoking, introverts are very much over-represented. We can, therefore, account for the lowered vulnerability of ex-smokers in terms of genetic factors just as easily as in terms of any direct influence of their failure to continue smoking.

THE READER may wonder at this point whether I would recommend disregarding completely the verdict and the evidence prepared by the two medical committees. To do so, I think, would be quite unreasonable. I

[1] It may also be mentioned in passing that there is evidence from twin studies that liability to smoke, too, is in part determined by hereditary factors; this is, of course, implicit in our hypothesis but it is gratifying to know that here too the evidence supports the hypothesis.

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would say that there is a very strong case made out by the committees, and that no reasonable person can disregard the evidence that has been accumulated. From the scientific point of view, however, I would suggest that the evidence is not as conclusive as the two committees seem to think. I would also suggest that an alternative hypothesis exists which explains the agreed fact of the statistical association between smoking and disease just as well, if not better than, the causal theory put forward by the committees. In addition, this alternative theory explains certain facts such as the association between personality and smoking, and personality and disease, in a manner which is not open to the causal hypothesis.

My own conclusion would be that at the moment the verdict must be "not proven" and that much more research effort should be devoted to the detailed investigation of the genetic hypothesis than has been done hitherto. I am not asserting that this hypothesis is necessarily correct; I am merely saying that at the present state of knowledge (or ignorance) there is no conclusive evidence against it, and that some deductions from it have already been verified. It should, of course, also be noticed that the two hypotheses, *i.e.*, the causal and the hereditary ones, are not necessarily antagonistic to each other. Both may very easily be true. The hereditary predisposition in extraverts to smoke and to develop a variety of diseases is not incompatible with a direct influence exerted on the development of these diseases by cigarette smoking. Until further experimentation puts the matter beyond any doubt, I don't think that we can go any further and I certainly do not feel that in the absence of such further evidence we are justified in taking official action.

Dr. Harold Burn, the distinguished Emeritus Professor of Pharmacology at the University of Oxford, has summed up the position as follows in his recent book *Our Most Interesting Diseases* (Allen & Unwin, 25s.):

> At present we are at a stage in which our knowledge is incomplete, where further surveys are required of the numbers who smoke cigarettes in the different age groups and of the distribution of light, medium and heavy smokers within each group. Until that information is available we must refrain from dogmatism and above all not mislead the public by scientific statements which fail to represent the true position.

No Conversation

A deadly calm infects the wood
No conversation carries
No gesture, nothing understood—
The tension grows and wearies.

The hooded bird in prelate guise
Ignores the seated ranger;
The full-blown moon and tree devise
Gestures that scare the stranger.

The man, the woman, sit and stare
Waiting for some direction;
The wood is dark, the rocks are bare
The rooted bird negation.

Valentine Dobrée

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Luigi Barzini

The Peaceful Invasion

Letter from Rome

ITALIANS are pleased and perplexed. Every year since the end of the war they have seen the number of foreign visitors to their country increase at an incredibly rapid rate. The phenomenon has now reached unprecedented, practically inexplicable, and almost alarming proportions. In the 1950s the tourists numbered eight, ten, twelve million yearly. A little later, only yesterday, they were fifteen, seventeen, nineteen million. They have now passed the twenty million mark, a proportion of more than one tourist to every two-and-a-half Italians, and the total is still growing. It appears that, if circumstances remain favourable, the travellers will reach thirty million within a decade, and will eventually match and even surpass the number of native inhabitants in the peninsula. Nothing daunts foreigners. Nothing frightens them. Nothing stops them. They arrive in a steady stream, by all forms of transport and even on foot, by day and night, from the sea or via the Alps. What is but a small trickle in the winter months grows in the spring to the size of a stream, and, in April, May, and June turns into a monsoon flood, breaking all dikes, covering everything in sight. It begins to recede in September. It never completely dries up.

People come from all parts of the five known continents, from the old established nations of Europe and America and from the newly founded ones in Africa and Asia. The largest number come from the north, the vast, democratic, bourgeois, industrial north of Europe and America. Some now also come from Russia, in some ways the most northerly of all countries, organised parties of sightseers, behaving like military units traversing a dangerous territory inhabited by treacherous natives, as diffident and self-contained as Xenophon's Greeks marching across Asia Minor. Russian tourists all wear the same box-like clothes, as new as those of provincial newly-weds, and ankle-length raincoats. They look well-fed, self-satisfied, and well-behaved. They appear eager to acquire as much culture, in all its forms, as rapidly and cheaply as possible. They have a disturbing resemblance to the diligent German tourists at the beginning of the century, the solid subjects of Wilhelm II.

THERE ARE MANY TRAVELLERS, who, in order to obey the urge that drives them south, abandon their own countries, whose delights and tourist attractions are being advertised and celebrated all over the world. What do they seek that is better than what they left behind? Not many Italians willingly travel abroad in any direction, north, south, east or west. They always feel more or less exiled and unhappy in alien lands, and honestly believe the attractions of their homeland to be most satisfying. They are the first victims of the famous charm of Italy, never satiated with her sights, climate, food, music and life. Familiarity never breeds contempt in them. Neapolitans, for instance, after many thousand years, still gaze with the same rapture on their native landscape, eat *spaghetti alle vongole* as if they had never tasted it before, and compose endless songs dedicated to the immortal beauty of their women and their bay. Those Italians who travel abroad are, as a rule, the privileged—Milanese industrialists and Roman princes who have adopted foreign ways, cabinet ministers, diplomats, newly-weds —and the disinherited who go looking for

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work. They are usually all equally homesick abroad; the rich and the poor look for *caffè espresso*, a good Italian restaurant, wherever they go, and sigh for the day of their return.

AT THE HIGH TIDE of the tourist season, from early June till late September, visitors fill every empty space available in Italy. Trains, buses, boats, restaurants, churches, museums, Greek and Roman ruins, chapels, concert halls, historic landmarks, and famous belvederes, whence romantic landscapes (two stars in the guide books) can be admired, are packed to capacity with foreigners. One literally finds them everywhere, often at one's table, unknown friends of friends, sometimes even in one's bathroom and bed. They also fill a couple of universities, Perugia and Urbino, set aside for them, where they study the language, imbibe the Latin sun-drenched culture, make love, go swimming, and feed themselves cheaply on pasta, olive oil, tomatoes, and garlic. American universities sometimes hold summer sessions, in art appreciation, history of civilisation, and related subjects, in some ancient villa or hilltop near Florence with a view over the whole city, or a *palazzo* on the Grand Canal. Swedish and Norwegian workers' clubs have purchased wooded strips of deserted Italian coastline, where they have built their own club-houses and recreation centres.

There are sultry days in July and August when the cities, emptied by the natives, are almost completely taken over by the swarms of dusty and perspiring foreigners. During the siesta hour, when even the carriage horses sleep under their straw hats, the relentless tourists finally slow down. They bivouac everywhere. They recline on park benches, curbstones, the stone brims of fountains, or ancient ruins. They place their heads over their crossed arms on café tables for a siesta among the empty bottles, the dirty napkins, and the recently purchased souvenirs. They then really look like a tired and bedraggled army after a fatiguing battle, who have occupied a city abandoned by their fleeing enemy. They have conquered. The place is theirs.

I AM NOT TALKING here of the minority, the experienced foreigners who know why they come to Italy and what Italy is. Many have come here before and know their way about; others have never been here but somehow know what to do and what they want. They all avoid the heat and the dust, seldom visit the obvious places but, when they have to (the obvious places are often the most desirable), they go at convenient hours, when the crowd is away and the air is cool. They wear ordinary clothes, the same as everybody else. Some are in love with nature, others with art, culture, archaeology, or music. Some like meeting people and making friends, others discover little-known beaches or unexplored islands. There are those who make lengthy detours, to see some little known masterpiece, and those who like food and wine and know the *trattorie* which only few natives and no foreigners have yet discovered. There are many who speak the language well. These easily disappear in the background. They do not interest me here. There is nothing peculiar about them. I am talking of the vast majority of tourists, the millions driven by some unknown urge.

THEY ARE so punctual and numerous that their mass arrival, in the eyes of ordinary Italians, appears as irresistible as a natural event, as ineluctable as the seasonal return of migratory birds, swallows, quails, or partridges, driven by instinct; or an anthropological phenomenon like the migration of nomadic tribes seeking green pastures for their herds. The impression is heightened by the fact that many of these travellers look somewhat alike to Italian eyes. They dress in garishly-coloured clothes, much as the members of the ancient barbaric hordes once did and as the Gypsies and Berbers still do. A great number of Germans, Scandinavians, Britons, and Dutch have pink skins, which the sun seldom succeeds in tanning a decent brown but reddens to the tender colour of *prosciutto* or covers with freckles. They perspire freely in the heat, under their nylon shirts. They wear barbaric sandals. They have dark glasses over their eyes and their heads are bare or covered with cheap straw hats on whose brims are printed or embroidered the names of cities, sanctuaries, beaches, islands, or other famous landmarks.

There is something mysteriously significant about the behaviour of many of them. A mild frenzy takes most of them and transforms them once across the Italian border. It resembles the irresistible excitement which captures some living organisms and makes them forget themselves and everything else, when, like salmon going up-stream, they obey some deep and secret impulse of Nature; or the intoxication,

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the gentle and sweet delirium, which makes all honeymooners quietly mad everywhere in the world and honeymooners in Italy doubly so, both because they are on their honeymoon and they are in Italy. Like all newly-weds, in fact, many ordinary travellers seem deliciously drunk with new illusions and hopes. The sedate professional man, the sober shopkeeper, the loyal employee, the rigorous scientist, the stern educator, the tidy housewife, the bespectacled spinster, the virgin maiden, the virtuous wife, the resigned husband, all behave as they probably never dared to behave before and as they probably would not behave publicly in their native habitat. More exactly, they behave as if they had shed the roles assigned to them and the personalities bestowed on them by Nature, because such roles and personalities had suddenly become repugnant and alien to them; or as if all the rules of the game of life had been changed or suspended. Some seem strangely deprived of all, or part of, their customary discernment, of their powers of control and discrimination, and of the scepticism, diffidence, prudence, suspicion, and fear necessary for survival in most countries. They get into all sorts of scrapes. They make friends with all sorts of people. They look at all things with indulgent and dewy eyes, apparently ready to love, admire, understand, or, at least, excuse and forgive almost everything, the good, the bad, the indifferent, the repugnant. They are often easily swindled, but many do not always mind if they are.

MOST OF THESE VISITORS from Northern Europe drink vast and indiscriminate quantities of wine. They drink, with equal good-natured enthusiasm, anything at all: costly vintages from famous vineyards, raw wines still smelling of sulphur and wooden staves, sweet and syrupy wines made for people who know little about such things. It is, for some curious reason, the first thing Germans and Austrians do, as soon as they cross the Brenner pass on their southward trip. They stop the car at one of the many wineshops which line both sides of the valley road, just beyond the border, as frequent as the petrol stations. Each *osteria* has a wrought-iron hanging sign, a terrace in the quivering shadow of a leafy pergola, checked table-cloths, waitresses in *dirndl*, everything designed in tasteful fairy story style, a style which is a mixture suited to the geographical and psychological spot, half German and half Italian, half Walt-Disney-Tyrolean and half *Il Trovatore* or Palio-di-Siena-Medieval. On the Brenner road, German and Austrian tourists behave as the Americans did under prohibition, when they rushed for the first bar across the Canadian border. There is no obvious explanation for this phenomenon. There is no scarcity of cheap wines, local or imported, in Germany and Austria. Perhaps these people are trying to quench not a physiological but a psychological thirst. This may be an unconscious magic rite; they drink wine as if it were a potion necessary to acquire a new personality, or they drink it as one drinks champagne on New Year's eve, on the stroke of midnight, to celebrate the crossing of a spiritual border and to inaugurate new hopes and a new life.

WITH EQUALLY INDULGENT enthusiasm, these summer visitors indiscriminately enjoy all kinds of doubtful attractions, things they probably shunned at home. They listen with the same breathless rapture and delighted smiles to the best opera singing in the world at Rome, Milan, or Spoleto, and to wheezy village bands, to impeccable Vivaldi quartets and to tinny dance orchestras. They eat the dainty food of famous chefs with the same pleasure with which they devour gross peasant dishes, mostly composed of garlic and tomatoes, or fisherman's octopus and shrimps, fried in heavily scented olive oil on a little deserted beach. They buy vast quantities of souvenirs to take home, smart things they cannot find elsewhere, cheap trinkets made in Japan, costly masterpieces, tawdry imitations.

Many try to speak Italian. A few creditably manage this in a short time. Others think they do. Things seem, of course, more significant and enjoyable when expressed in the native language. A spade is only a spade, a *Schaufel* but a *Schaufel*, but a *badile* cannot help being a pagan Mediterranean intoxicating *badile*. Some study lists of words phonetically spelled in handbooks. Some pick them up in random conversations. They also try hard to gesticulate wildly as they speak. They usually manage it in the style of amateur comedians playing an Italian character. They laugh loudly and converse with everybody, the people at the next table, travelling companions in the trains, the waiters, the beggars, the street singers, the cicerones, anybody in sight, with the same good-natured lack of discrimination with which dog lovers pet any dog.

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The men, many men at least, those of all ages who have a natural bent for that sort of thing, admire and pursue Italian girls. It must be said that the Italian girls and young women, for reasons nobody knows for sure, are now more disturbingly beautiful than they have ever been in men's memory and perhaps in history, certainly more attractive and desirable than the models of the most famous statues and paintings in the past; Botticelli's "Venus," Titian's "Sacred Love," and Raphael's "Fornarina" would not make anybody turn around in the streets. Italian girls are more attractive, and approachable, not only than in the past but also than in many other countries to-day. Feminine beauty, before the war, like prosperity, seemed to be a privilege reserved to rare local cases, but widespread among many foreigners, especially Americans. Smart Italian young men of the time anxiously awaited the disembarking of the American girls in the spring, well-shaped, well-washed, well-dressed, and incredibly long-legged, who always looked as if they really arrived from another and younger world. They were healthy, witty, free, and unafraid. Now our women, too, have somehow surprisingly acquired long and shapely legs; they have lovely and pert faces, overbearing breasts, thin waists, and harmonious behinds like double mandolins. But, more than this, they have simple, unembarrassed, friendly manners: they can say tender words with heartbreaking candour or, at times, prettily pronounce unprintable ones.

FOREIGN MEN, it is true, have always pursued women in Italy. The courtesans of Venice and Rome during the Renaissance were much appreciated. The Carnival season in Rome and Venice was for centuries merely an excuse to chase masked girls through the streets. Now the hunt has acquired a more determined, almost desperate, character. Many visitors are fascinated by the girls to the point where they often lose all powers of coherent speech and judgment: they are bewitched by the girls' sinuous and provocative walk, their inviting and hospitable ways, their smart clothes which often look as if they are sewn on them, or, more especially, their tiny two-piece bathing suits. Foreign men sometimes follow some specially provocative specimens in the street like hungry dogs following butcher boys delivering meat. Striking up an acquaintance is not always difficult, in a *caffè* or on the beach. Many men easily, too easily perhaps, find their way to some girl's bedroom. Some of these always fall deeply in love. They earnestly want to get married. They want to bring back a living souvenir of the land of sunshine and amiable ways to their gloomy countries. At the end of every summer, there are men who threaten suicide (a few kill themselves), for the love of a beautiful woman, with whom they can scarcely talk, and who would possibly discredit them and make them unhappy if she became their wife.

Many foreign women think Italians are irresistible. The men too have a long-established reputation. Some are indeed irresistible. Their charm, skill, lack of scruples, and boldness are proverbial. Most of them always feel free as birds, even the married ones, or those who are deeply in love or engaged. Many are disposed to make love at the drop of a hat, anywhere, in a car, on a beach, behind a bush, on mountain summits, under water, or even in a bed, during the day or at night. They are not too difficult to please, young or mature men, fat or lean, peasants or city playboys with Maserati cars. They seldom waste time. All that a woman has to do in many cases is throw a meaningful glance across a café table, smile cryptically to herself, wave a hand, or put an unlighted cigarette in her mouth and look vainly for matches in her handbag. The better men take just a little more effort to attract. Naturally, some women, the ugly ducklings with flat chests, the middle-aged who still feel young at heart, the lonely and well-preserved grandmothers, all come to Italy with the hope of enriching their lives with the souvenir of an Italian love affair, a pagan romance under the stars, by the sea, accompanied by guitar music. There are even inexpensive camps, collections of straw huts on lonely beaches in Southern Italy and on the islands, founded by foreign institutions, dedicated to the meeting of neglected and impecunious foreign women and eager Italian men, whatever men the primitive surroundings provide, fishermen, sailors, soldiers, and unemployed farm-hands, with brilliantine in their curly hair and flashing smiles.

MANY FOREIGNERS come back the next year. Some come back more and more often. Some stay a little longer, every time, and decide to live in Italy for a spell. A few eventually discover to their dismay that they can no

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longer leave. They cannot help feeling there is something cowardly in the decision to live here for ever. Their sensations have been well described long ago by Nathaniel Hawthorne, a tourist in Rome, who watched himself gradually turning into an expatriate:

> The years, after all, have a kind of emptiness, when we spend too many of them on a foreign shore. We defer the reality of life, in such cases, until a future moment, when we shall again breathe our native air; but, by and by, there are no future moments; or, if we do return, we find that the native air has lost its invigorating quality, and that life has shifted its reality to the spot where we have deemed ourselves only temporary residents. Thus, between two countries, we have none at all, or only that little space of either in which we finally lay down our discontented bones.

How many of these transplanted foreigners are there in Italy to-day? A few thousand? One million? Nobody knows. Some are inconspicuous. They are the *Italianizants*, in love with the place, those who have always been here and who know why they are here. A special mental disposition, an elective affinity makes them honorary Italians. A few of them are more Italian than the Italians themselves: they know more about the country, its literature, its manners, its past history, its hidden treasures, and its possibilities than many natives. Those who interest me are the others. The most conspicuous are naturally the rich, the millionaires from turbulent South American countries afraid of revolutions, the successful artists, the Hollywood actors, the dilettanti *rentiers*, the world-weary aesthetes with Swiss bank accounts.

They spend a season, a few years, or a lifetime in a house in Florence or in some stately Medician villa overlooking the town, among priceless paintings and frescoed walls (like Queen Victoria, the Brownings, Mark Twain, Bernard Berenson, Aldous Huxley). They rent a *palazzo* on the Canal Grande, complete with gilded gondolas and liveried gondoliers (like Lord Byron, de Musset, Ruskin, Wagner, Barbara Hutton, and Cole Porter). Or, like a character out of a Henry James novel, they settle in the *piano nobile*, the noble first floor with the high ceilinged rooms, in some Roman *palazzo*. Some prefer to inhabit quaint and dramatic houses, perched on hilltops, overlooking the sea or a lake (like Shelley at Lerici, Axel Munthe, Norman Douglas and Krupp von Bohlen in Capri; Gorki and Marion Crawford in Sorrento).

THE RICH COME because, understandably, they want to avoid paying heavy income tax at home, or having their fortunes riddled by death duties. Others want to go on living opulently, surrounded by servants, as the rich have always done, and as it will be possible to do in Italy for but a few years more. The *nouveaux riches* crave the reassurance of noble surroundings. All of them want a maximum of visible splendour with the minimum possible outlay of money. But there is something more. Many clearly want to withdraw from the rude turmoil of active life, to preserve and cherish a romantic illusion about themselves, their excellent taste, genius, beauty, and rank, which could be shattered by unkind confrontations in their own country. They pathetically want not to be contradicted by facts.

THEN THERE are the poor expatriates. They greatly outnumber the rich, and they increase yearly. Many of them, as they were in past centuries, are artists, some are good artists, others are the struggling young, the old failures and the young hopefuls, the successful and those who will never amount to anything; they know it, and do not care. Italy suits them, a country in which one may work, decant one's own and other people's ideas, experiment, meet stimulating people and generally develop latent possibilities. There are all kinds: writers, painters, dancers, musicians, actors, sculptors, poets, or followers of new and as yet unnamed arts. Some are mere dabblers, dilettanti, people whose love for art is much greater than their modest capacities and talents, who somehow eke out a living in artistic surroundings, on the margin of the art world. For all these, Italy is the world's timeless refuge, the river bank on which to withdraw from the rapidly rushing stream.

The inartistic impecunious are perhaps more numerous than the artists. They are of all sorts. There are German war widows, decrepit French courtesans who live on the prizes of love games of a forgotten era, Indian Army colonels, pensioned Scandinavian school teachers, American grandparents who dislike Southern California, misfits, *déclassés*, divorcées of all nations, and all kinds of beachcombers. Many live in the big cities, where they often rent tiny furnished flats in decrepit houses or artists' studios. They avoid the busy industrial centres and the brazenly new and anonymous blocks of flats. They prefer Italy picturesque, poor, and decrepit. There is comfort in decay. Many also

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prefer the historic hill-towns, the villages perched on mountain tops, the tiny fishing ports along the coast, the rocky islands. Some of the delightful spots impecunious foreigners discovered in past generations, like Capri, Ischia, Ravello, Taormina, or Bordighera (where Edward Lear lived his last years and wrote his last limericks) have now become very famous, expensive, noisy, and overcrowded. But there are always others, new unspoiled ones.

The impecunious wear shabby but picturesque clothes, sometimes cook their own meals, sometimes board with peasants or fishermen, or eat in a cheap *pizzeria* or wineshop for a few lire. Ordinary food is as good as in provincial France or as it once was in China. Most of these poor foreigners say they came to Italy mainly because the climate is milder and the money goes farther than anywhere else. What they like, of course, is not only low prices and sunshine but a place where indigence looks like modest affluence by contrast with the surrounding poverty, where poverty can be worn with dignity, as it is not noticeable or embarrassing. Lack of wealth, in fact, is seldom the object of pity or contempt among ordinary Italians. It is considered the natural condition of man. Poverty is a private matter, like religion, politics, or other qualities, habits, and vices, not to be questioned. What these people look for, in other words, is the Italians' traditional indifference to other people's personal appearance and idiosyncrasies, poverty among them, an indifference which verges on indulgence and sometimes on encouragement.

THE ITALY of these foreigners, both rich and poor, is mainly an imaginary country, not entirely corresponding to the Italy of the Italians. The expatriates often do not really pay attention to, see clearly, or like the Italy of the Italians. Many know too few natives, to begin with, and see them too fuzzily to understand them and their problems. The poor foreigners mostly meet servants, hotel concierges, waiters, shopkeepers, an artisan or two, the postman, and sundry hangers-on. The rich also meet bright members of the local café society, the Italians who speak foreign languages, have travelled abroad, sometimes have foreign relatives, and drink whisky. Few ever know the great mass of the people. These foreigners treat natives kindly enough: many confuse the amused and indulgent manners with which the Italians treat them, which sometimes approach the condescension with which one treats children, for courtesy and sympathy.

The problems of contemporary Italy are too disturbing and too difficult to understand; local political events have always seemed mysterious and negligible. Before the war, many who disliked the Fascist régime nevertheless thought it was a harmless and picturesque buffoonery, "good enough for the natives." After the war, there were some who believed that a little Communism "would do the Italians good." Ezra Pound's ideas about Mussolini and his government, before and during the war, are perhaps the most illustrious example of this kind of utter but honest confusion. There is also a minority who heartily dislike the Italians. These think that the beautiful scenery, which is the stage setting of their own dream life, is incongruously cluttered up by millions of extras, men, women, boisterous children, and ruined by *vespas*, fluorescent lighting, noise, modern constructions, pretensions and complications of all kinds. The country most of these foreigners really inhabit is the tiny Italy of the expatriates, made up of a few celebrated quarters of the ancient cities, some towns, villages, famous landscapes, three or four islands, where they consort mostly with people like themselves.

MANY FIND, at one point, like Hawthorne, that they can no longer leave the practically nonexistent country. They can no longer face the harsher world where they came from, where they see things perhaps too clearly, and where every word in their familiar language has a precise meaning. They have become hopelessly addicted to the amiable and mild ways of Italy. Many also have nobody left to go back to. They cling to their little lair, the view of the sea from the hill, the view of the Coliseum from the window if you turn your neck far enough to the right, the view of the Grand Canal, the roofs of Florence, the decayed villas of Rapallo, a clutter of antiques they picked up during the years, and their set habits. Italy is filled with people growing old, who can no longer think of leaving, living alone, comforted by a cat or a dog, waited on by a servant, an honest person at times but often enough an unscrupulous maid who feeds her family with what she steals. A day comes when these old people grow ill and helpless, far from the familiar sights and sounds of their youth, self-exiled for reasons which have become dim in their memories, in an alien place which they never really saw as

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it is and quite understood. At the end, they wait for death, some of them still dressed in gaudy and youthful resort clothes, surrounded by foreign sights and people who have somehow become the necessary props and conventional supporting characters of the imaginary drama of their lives. Many die every year and are buried hurriedly in the corner of an Italian cemetery reserved for heathens or heretics; some bodies are shipped home to practically unknown and indifferent relatives. Many die without having really discovered why they chose to live the last years of their lives in Italy, of all places.

MANY IDLE EXPATRIATES are not old but young. They do not seek a princely life of splendour at reduced rates, modest and easy comfort, or the slightly cowardly peace without competition and adverse criticism which Italy can afford. They do not want to nourish illusions about themselves, pursue unusual inclinations, or prepare themselves for a future of glory. Many of them are not weak and desperate but vigorous, hopeful, lively, and healthy. On late summer afternoons in Rome, when the sea breeze, or *ponentino*, cools the leaden air, these young foreigners of both sexes, uncombed, sun-burned, wearing crumpled cotton clothes and dusty sandals, the men sometimes looking strangely feminine and the girls strangely masculine, crowd the stairway of Trinità dei Monti on the Piazza di Spagna.

They lean against the old travertine stone balustrade, sit or lie on the steps, and wait. For what or for whom do they wait? Without knowing it, they occupy one of the spots, where, in past times, one hundred years or so ago, other youths met, lazy artists' models waiting for a job. There, on the Spanish steps, sat holy monks with white beards, brigands, pilgrims with their scallop shells, and beautiful *contadine* in their costumes, prepared to pray at some painter's wayside shrine, off-duty bandits with conical hats and bushy beards, Holy Families appropriately grouped. There were theatrical assassins, Judases, Bacchuses, young Saint Johns, shepherds in cloaks of goatskin or buffalo hide, looking like antique satyrs, white-bearded Eternal Fathers, and fierce-eyed peasants from the hills. Without knowing it, these young foreigners also occupy one of the spots where, before the artists' models, thieves, murderers, and other desperate people, pursued by the Papal gendarmes, once found inviolable asylum. According to an ancient privilege, they could not be arrested as long as they did not stray from there.

The contemporary youths have an improbable appearance of make-believe like the models of old, and look, in their shabby and crumpled clothes, as if they, too, had run away from home and were seeking some sort of asylum. They also are left alone by the Italian authorities, to do and dress as they please, as if they were protected by some ancient privilege. From what unnamed and unknown modern crimes and horrors are these young foreigners fleeing? What mysterious emptiness in their souls is filled by merely standing on Italian soil?

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R. V. Burks

The Thaw

and the Future of Eastern Europe

> THAW . . . **to melt** (*Shelley: "though our tears thaw not the frost"*) . . . **to melt under the influence of warmth** (*Shakespeare: "melt, thaw, and resolve itself"*) . . . **to unfreeze, to become flexible** (*Phil. Trans., 1665: "the frozen bodies will be harmlessly thawed"*) . . . **to soften to sympathy or geniality; to break down coldness and reserve** (*Gilmour, Mongols, 1884: "Tea even fails to thaw completely their reserve"*) . . .
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> O.E.D., VOL. XI

THE ATTENTION of the Western world has once again been drawn to Eastern Europe, where events have, broadly speaking, returned to their pre-1956 course. This time, however, the thaw is more inclusive geographically, and is as much national and economic as it is political and literary. The most dramatic example of the new thaw has been Rumania's declaration of independence from the Soviet Bloc (in the now famous communiqué of April 26th, 1964), accompanied by nation-wide anti-Soviet briefings and the gradual amnesty of political prisoners. What Rumania could do was clearly not beyond imitation by other satellites. Her action raised to the level of a public issue in the West the question of whether a fundamental improvement of the condition of the European people living under Communism was not, after all, possible, or even probable, through a process of "peaceful evolution."

The prospects of the new thaw merit close examination. What appears to be in course, if the development is not interrupted or diverted, is a shift from totalitarian to a form of more traditional dictatorship; from a system which rules everything by terror to one which abjures the use of terror except in unusual circumstances; from a one-party structure in which all important decisions are taken by a few men at the top to a one-party structure in which substantial areas of autonomy are vouchsafed to non-party élite groups; from an atmosphere of continuous crisis and struggle to one in which results seem more important than doctrine, and life proceeds at a more or less normal pace; finally, from close co-ordination of foreign policy with the Muscovite "centre of world revolution" to the practice of some diplomatic independence.

The process began with the death of Stalin in 1953. It was interrupted, but not terminated, by the events of 1956. The central factor in the present evolution is the totalitarian party itself or, more precisely, the apparatus of that party, the small core of full-time, professional revolutionaries who serve as the motor-force of the Communist system.

The Party & the Intellectuals

THE WRITERS and artists—more accurately, a substantial proportion of the intellectual community as a whole—have been pressing for the right publicly to express views in the areas of their professional competence different from those officially held by the apparatus. At the Soviet centre this issue has taken the form of a dramatic quarrel over

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abstract art. The Soviet ideologues have been insisting that "form and content" can be separated from each other only with difficulty; freedom to create in the one will inevitably promote "creative freedom" in the other. Will not freedom to paint in the cubist style encourage a freedom to write novels criticising the collective farm as an institution (a profusion of such novels has apparently been submitted to the Soviet censors)? In a totalitarian society everything is politics and politics is everything. Marxist-Leninists do not really believe in the primacy of economics; on the contrary, they believe all basic decisions to be acts of political will. How fine is the line between politics and art is well illustrated by the case of *Kulturny Zivot*. This Slovak literary magazine has converted itself (beginning in June 1963, with a simple realistic reportage on conditions in a Slovak factory) into a political journal spearheading Czechoslovak revisionist opposition against Antonin Novotny, one of the last of the Stalinists.

The winter of 1962–63 saw two rather heated personal confrontations between Chairman Khrushchev and the Russian writers and artists. Intellectuals like Evtushenko, Neizvestny, Nekrassov, and Ilya Ehrenburg were publicly condemned for "political immaturity." But the writers held their ground; few engaged in public recantation; most persisted in public silence. Meantime battle-lines were drawn between the literary journal *Oktyabr*, which took the side of the party, and the literary journal *Novy Mir*, which championed the intellectuals. Something akin to public controversy was making its way into the Soviet press. Gradually those pilloried have been restored to public respect. No novels critical of the collective farm as an institution have yet been published, but the mood of the Soviet writers remains militant. Nor did this dramatic story pass unnoticed in the satellite régimes. At the University of Szeged there even emerged a Hungarian "institute for the study of Evtushenko"!

One of the demands of the East European writers is that they be given free access to the current literature of the West. Slovak authors have justified this claim with the disingenuous proposition that "one must know the Capitalist enemy in order to combat him...." But surely ready availability of such literature will make more difficult the party's job of keeping the writers chained to proletarian doctrine. Western authors inadvertently provide ammunition against the system. Within recent months Franz Kafka has been rehabilitated and his novels translated for the first time, except in Ulbricht's Germany.

This March, the Central Committee of the Rumanian Writers' Union undertook to "re-evaluate contemporary Western literature." It found three types: literature of social criticism (consciously anti-capitalist, *e.g.*, Dreiser, Dos Passos); literature which is "unconsciously critical of capitalism" (Joyce, Proust); and literature which "consciously apologises for the capitalist system" (the French "new novel"). Only the last-named category was condemned. In short, it appears as if the whole *corpus* of contemporary Western literature will become available to the rebellious Rumanians in due course. This action was not taken in defiance of the Dej régime, but at its instruction which, in the circumstances, is equally remarkable.

If the writers and artists of Eastern Europe have their way, they will become a source of ideas and a centre of authority to some degree independent of the party. In novels, poems, and even paintings, they will be discussing by indirection some of the fundamental public issues of the Communist world, and in ways not always to the party's liking. This is what the Czechoslovak writers mean when they refer to themselves as "the conscience of the nation." It is not likely that the party would be destroyed by such a development, but its monopoly of truth would be infringed upon. Divergent views are for the first time becoming available from open domestic sources. Something akin to a "public opinion" could emerge.

The Party & the Managers

THE QUESTION here is who shall have the decisive voice in the running of the economy: the party apparatus, or the managers? Most of the economies of Eastern Europe are currently faced with difficulties ranging from severe to critical. Growth rates have fallen sharply; in Czechoslovakia the rate in 1963 was actually negative. Massive quantities of Western wheat have had to be imported. Real wages, except in Rumania, have remained stagnant or are falling. While in an immediate sense bad weather has had something to do with this situation, the basic difficulties appear to result from the fact that the Marxist-Leninist parties were geared to industrialise in great haste back-

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ward agrarian areas but were not designed to manage complex industrial economies (*e.g.*, Czechoslovakia in 1948, Poland to-day). As long as all goods were in short supply and anything manufactured found buyers, the Marxist-Leninist system of "command industry" worked. But once the scarcity was only relative, and the consumer began to enjoy some freedom of choice, the command system produced warehouses full of unsold goods amidst persistent shortages.

To put the matter in doctrinal terms, Marxism-Leninism possesses no equivalent of "a micro-economic theory." The tide of economic revisionism now sweeping Eastern Europe is in one sense a fumbling search for such a theory. This belated effort to fill a theoretical gap goes by the new name of "creative Marxism." So far, the thrust of creative Marxism is that central planning must deal only with major economic objectives, leaving the implementation of these objectives primarily to some form of the play of market forces. The central management of the economy, if not entirely abandoned, would be greatly diluted. "Economic revisionism" began in Yugoslavia, but as early as 1956–57 Polish economists had worked out a so-called "New Economic Model." This Polish blueprint called for the dismantling of the whole bureaucratic superstructure of party-controlled industry, as well as the freeing of wholesale and retail trade from direct supervision. The basic economic unit was to be the self-governing and fully independent enterprise, operated by its individual management in accordance with the principles of "cost-accounting" and "maximum profitability." Prices were to be determined primarily by the real costs of production and the market mechanism. In working out these formulations the Polish economists were no doubt influenced by the pragmatic, if heretical, practices of the Yugoslavs.

The "New Economic Model" has been largely ignored by the Polish apparatus. The real tide of economic revisionism in Eastern Europe began with the publication by *Pravda*, in September 1962, of an article by Professor Y. G. Liberman in effect advocating the adoption of "the profit motive" as the mainspring of industrial activity. The Soviet controversy created by Liberman's article was followed, in November 1963, by a round-table discussion in the Czechoslovak *Hospodarské Noviny* openly favouring "market economies," and by an article by Professor Petko Kunin, member of the Bulgarian Central Committee, in *Novo Vreme* for December, advocating a sweeping reform of Bulgarian industry in the same direction. In May 1964, the Soviet Academician V. Nemchinov followed through with a direct attack on central planning in the pages of *Kommunist*.

Actually, a few major if scattered reforms have been introduced in both Russia and her satellites. In the Soviet Union, Khrushchev has for the last three years been undermining the old dogma of the priority of heavy industry, continuing to pay lip-service to it while putting more and more investment in consumer-oriented industries. This is the context of his repeated attacks on the "metal eaters."[1] Throughout the so-called Eastern Bloc there is a tendency to replace new investment with more intensive use of existing plant facilities (*e.g.*, extra shifts). Hungary has openly declared that capital is no longer "free" by introducing an interest rate of five per cent; cost-accounting preparations for the introduction of interest rates are apparently under way in both East Germany and Bulgaria.

There is "experiment" everywhere. In Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Bulgaria, some industrial plants have been given an unprecedented economic autonomy. Hungary and East Germany have cartelised their national industries in evident preparation for a programme of decentralisation. In Czechoslovakia and Poland there has been some return to private management in the much neglected service sector (*viz.*, kiosks, shoe-shine parlours, dry-cleaning, restaurants, etc.). In Hungary, systems of material incentives more directly tied to individual effort were introduced in the majority of collective farms during 1963. The most widespread, and the most radical, of them was that originating in the village of Nadudvar. Under this scheme the collective fields, after planting, are parcelled out among individual peasant families for cultivation and harvesting, the product being divided between the state and the peasant on

[1] Professor Alec Nove has suggested that Soviet party-state reform of winter 1962–63 may have the effect of downgrading the local apparatus. In line with these reforms, the party at *oblast'* level and below was split into two competing hierarchies, one concerned with agriculture, the other with industry; both were admonished to devote themselves primarily to day-to-day operations. Nove suggests: "A party identified closely with production, and split into two parts, might risk losing not only its ideological purpose in life but also its unity of aim."

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a pre-agreed share-the-crop basis. The peasant is thus no longer only a residual claimant, having a right to whatever is left over after the other claimants (principally the state) have been satisfied.

More than that, there has been a basic shift in East European trading policies. The effort to isolate the Bloc commercially from the West, and to make it self-sufficient, has (at least temporarily) come to an end. The use of scarce gold reserves to finance massive imports of wheat in 1963–64 is one sign; a firmer indication is provided by the agreements with Bonn to establish West German trade missions in Poland, Hungary, and Rumania. Bonn has also reached an agreement for the establishment of a trade mission in Bulgaria and is now negotiating with Prague. Another clear sign of the change in policy is the current effort of the East European régimes to promote tourism (a short route to increased earnings of hard currency). This is leading to the relaxation of border controls all over the area and even to the introduction of small numbers of "Western bourgeois newspapers" for sale at Communist resorts.

What are the political costs of this in-flow of tourists? For one thing, the régimes cannot let crowds of West Europeans in without also letting some East Europeans out; this reverse traffic is growing. Increased trade is, furthermore, inseparable from increased cultural contact. The régimes have admitted this by cutting back on their jamming of Western broadcasts. Official British, American, and French broadcasting (*B.B.C.*, *V.O.A.*, and *R.D.F.*) are now *unjammed* throughout the area. In Hungary and Rumania there is now no interference with *any* Western broadcasts, including those of Radio Free Europe. The decline in jamming is already having its effect on East European media of communication. They are serving up more news and less propaganda; in style and format they are clearly less dull.[2]

I must hasten to point out, of course that no satellite régime has yet reverted to anything that could be called a semi-market economy. The régimes are moving at a procrastinating pace in the face of continuing opposition from the apparatus. In the event of successful reform, industry would be run by the managerial class: by the engineers, the economists, the accountants, working within the limits of a state-controlled competition. This would be a substantial surrender for a totalitarian party to make.[3]

Parties in Power

The challenge from the intelligentsia and the threat from the managers has been complicated by the new problems (and new opportunities) which each party apparatus now faces in its relationship with other parties in power, and in particular with the Soviet party. At bottom is the conflict of national interests. In the orthodox Communist view, such contradictions could only be sublimated conflicts of historic class interest, and with the emergence of socialist states, conflicts of national interests would disappear. The Yugoslav schism of 1948 was interpreted by Khrushchev and his followers as a "regrettable accident" provoked by Stalin's paranoid interference in the domestic affairs of other parties. If each party-in power were granted autonomy in domestic matters, or so Khrushchev believed, then all would peaceably collaborate with Moscow in the execution of a foreign policy which would reflect a common ideology.

Not only did Khrushchev and the Soviet leaders believe this, but most Western leaders believed it, too; and they were reluctant for a long time to accept the increasing evidence of serious Sino-Soviet differences. But the quarrel between Communist Russia and Communist China is clearly, among other things, a conflict of national interests. Reduced to its lowest common denominator, the quarrel resulted from Soviet refusal to promote the industrialisation of China at the cost of Soviet living standards and of Soviet interests in other parts of the world. (The Kremlin may even have had doubts as to the advisability of promoting

[2] An outstanding example of improvement is the appearance in Bucharest of *Lumea*, a new Rumanian weekly on international affairs. Its publication (in October 1963) coincided with the disappearance of the Rumanian-language edition of the Soviet *New Times*. *Lumea*, a product of the union of Rumanian journalists, imitates the format and style of the American news magazine *Time*.

[3] In a recent interview, Arnold Toynbee speaks of the ultimate victory over the Soviet party, not of managers and writers, but rather of "a professional class of people with special knowledge": scientists, technicians, engineers. "Power in the world to-day means good scientists and technicians. The Soviet régime must give them conditions that will encourage them to do good work. That is the ultimate necessity. Ideology will have to be made over or interpreted in order to make that possible."

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Chinese industrialisation at all!) The quarrel over nuclear weapons was, in one sense, a subordinate clause of the larger argument, since one reason for industrialisation, in the Chinese view, was indeed the acquisition of modern weapons.[4]

The Communists could explain the Yugoslav case away as an instance of Stalinist meddling —but the Rumanian national deviation is forcing a fundamental reconsideration of the whole relationship between Communist parties in power. The Rumanian Communists have in effect refused to participate in the "socialist" division of labour as proposed by the *Comecon* because to do so was to limit Rumania's industrialisation to petro-chemicals, synthetic fertilisers, and food processing. In insisting on their ambitions for industrialisation, the Rumanians were reinforced in their own minds by the revolutionary rights of any backward nation to modernise.

Nor were the Rumanians satisfied merely to defy the Soviet Union on the issue of the *Comecon*. They went on to adopt an officially neutral position in the Sino-Soviet conflict, to negotiate a special economic arrangement with the United States, and to publish, on April 26th of this year, a communiqué, which was to all intents and purposes a "declaration of independence." This communiqué asserted that the planning function is a fundamental attribute of national sovereignty, and therefore is not alienable, in whole or in part. Furthermore, there can be no central authority empowered to appoint or depose party leaders, excommunicate or liquidate entire parties, or decree sound doctrine for the movement as a whole.

> There is not and cannot be a "parent" party and a "son" party, parties that are "superior" and parties that are "subordinate"; rather there is only the great family of equal Communist and Worker parties which have equal rights. No party has or can have a privileged place, or can impose its lines or opinions on other parties. . . .

To explain this communiqué, mass meetings were held, beginning on May 13th, throughout Rumania; these quickly assumed the tenor of anti-Soviet demonstrations.

What made the Rumanian declaration possible is the existence of the Sino-Soviet schism, of two competing world revolutionary movements, one based on relatively advanced European countries, the other on backward Asian lands. The existence of the schism alters the terms of politics within the Soviet Bloc (if indeed we can any longer speak of "a Bloc"). In the conditions of totalitarianism, where there are two lines there is no line; if there are two camps there is no camp. Variety suddenly becomes possible.[5]

THIS NEW SITUATION impinges on the legitimacy of the apparatus. It requires that the party operate less in a context of "international Communism" and more in the framework of the nation-state. Faced with a conflict between ideological loyalty and national interests, the apparatus has, in one case after another, opted for national interests: Yugoslavia, China, now Rumania. But is not the *raison d'être* of the apparatus "the world revolution"? Is not a loose "Commonwealth" of Communist countries, such as the Rumanian communiqué proposes, something not altogether reconcilable with a world revolutionary movement? The communiqué suggests that even after the world triumph of Communism, state and national differences will persist. If this is so, will not the ideological apparatus in the long run be swallowed up by the national state, and reduced to the status of a second, if not superfluous, bureaucracy?

As Richard Lowenthal has pointed out, in 1956 the Chinese Communists were not so upset by the degradation of Stalin as they later made out. It was *after* the Twentieth Soviet party congress that Mao undertook his "Hundred

[4] Hugh Seton-Watson in his analysis of "Sino-Soviet Conflicts" [ENCOUNTER, May 1963], lists the sources of conflict as "(1) Soviet refusal of brinkmanship on behalf of Formosa; (2) Soviet refusal of economic aid to China on a scale remotely approaching China's needs; (3) jealousy of India and resentment of Soviet aid to India; (4) the ideological claim of Mao as a prophet of Marxism; and (5) latent territorial disputes. . . ."

[5] Isaac Deutscher, ever alert (as becomes the biographer of Stalin and Trotsky) to heresy and deviation, writes in his recent *New Left Review* (No. 23) article: "The old mechanically disciplined and mute CPs fitted naturally within the framework of the Stalinised Comintern and Cominform; they are utterly at variance with the present discordant aspect of international Communism. Will the rank and file, seeing their infallible chiefs at loggerheads with one another, become aware of the deep sickness of the movement and realise that only free criticism and free debate—free within each party—can cure it? To pose this question is to ask how much regenerative power is still left in the Communist movement after decades of bureaucratic corruption. Can the Communist Jekyll still come back into his own after he has for so long been eclipsed by the Stalinist Hyde? . . ."

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Flowers" campaign, and it was in February 1957 that the Chinese leader made his famous speech about "contradictions among the people," which authorised open discussion and even criticism. It was only in mid-1957, when this opening of safety-valves proved too dangerous inside China, that Mao took his sharp turn to the left.[6]

At the Twenty-Second Soviet congress in October 1961, Chou En-lai ostentatiously laid a wreath on Stalin's tomb in Red Square; presumably he already knew of the decision to remove from the mausoleum the remains of the late great *Vozhd*. Chou En-lai's act symbolised the new Chinese policy. The letter addressed by Peking to Moscow on June 14th, 1963, undertook a precise formulation of "Chinese Stalinism." Among other things, the letter singled out for attack the new Soviet doctrine of "the State of the whole people." Promulgation of this doctrine had signified the end of "the dictatorship of the proletariat," which in practical terms meant the use of security police to combat "the class enemy." From the viewpoint of Chinese party history, this defence of "the dictatorship of the proletariat" is rather surprising. The Chinese have put little emphasis on the proletariat (since it was virtually non-existent in China) and have stressed the revolutionary potential of every class. Thus it seems not unreasonable to believe that, in emphasising this opposition to Soviet de-Stalinisation, the Chinese were appealing to the *apparatchiki* of the Soviet Bloc to join them in their struggle with Khrushchev.

IT WOULD BE MISTAKEN to think that Mao has not made headway with this campaign. Part of the Chinese appeal among Albanian cadres is precisely their affinity with Stalinism. The Albanians feared domination and absorption by the Yugoslavs, and their fears grew with Soviet-Yugoslav reconciliation and *rapprochement*. The more revisionist the Yugoslavs became, the more Stalinist Enver Hoxha emerged. The Chinese patron was powerful if distant, and his ideological position amounted to a political guarantee.

More than that, Rumania's insistence upon all-round industrialisation has been couched in terms of the Stalinist doctrine of "socialist construction," *i.e.*, of the building of heavy industry by forced draft. The Galati of 1964 is the Rumanian equivalent of great complexes of East European industrial enterprise under construction much earlier (at Dunauyvaros in Hungary, at Nowa Huta in Poland, at Kremikovtsi in Bulgaria). Rumania's hasty completion of the collectivisation of agriculture in the spring of 1962, three full years ahead of schedule, was another act of Stalinist orthodoxy, one which received scant praise in the Soviet press. All through the late 'fifties and early 'sixties the Rumanian régime was distinguished by its failure to follow Khrushchev's lead in "de-Stalinisation." Until recently, the Rumanian population continued to suffer from systematic dosages of police terror. Chinese Stalinism may thus have been a contributing factor in the development of the Rumanian national deviation and, therefore, in the disorganisation of the *Comecon*, Eastern Europe's would-be "Common Market."

The Chinese arguments also appear to have found willing listeners in Bulgaria. In 1959–60, Sofia developed a Bulgarian version of the Chinese commune and the "great leap forward." After the Albanians had openly sided with the Chinese at the meeting held in Bucharest in June, 1960, there was a brief *rapprochement* between Sofia and Tirana. In November 1962, after several visits by high-ranking Soviet leaders (including one from Khrushchev himself), a Bulgarian party congress downgraded Prime Minister Anton Yugov, an associate of Chervenkov, expelled Chervenkov himself from the party, and installed Todor Zhivkov as sole master of the Bulgarian party and régime. Zhivkov at once undertook "measures of liberalisation." Some hundreds of political prisoners were pardoned, new rules of order for the Bulgarian parliament were issued (foreshadowing a major increase in the activity of that body), and an effort was made to breathe life into the rump peasant party (Agrarian Union).

But somehow nothing came of this. Despite continuing public support from Khrushchev—as, for example, in an ostentatious reception of Zhivkov in Moscow during February of this year, and the grant to him of a new long-term

[6] Richard Lowenthal in his article "The World Scene Transformed" [ENCOUNTER, October 1963] suggests that the break with the Chinese, combined with concentration on the modernisation of the Soviet economy, may in the long run undermine "the very belief in the need for the primacy of the party machine." Lowenthal thinks this subversive effect may well show up in the next Soviet succession crisis.

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credit of some three hundred and thirty million dollars—the de-Stalinisation efforts of the Bulgarian leader continued to falter. Thus Zhivkov undertook to improve Bulgarian-American relations by negotiating a financial settlement with the U.S.A. in July 1963. But this was followed in December by the show-trial of the Bulgarian diplomat Asen Georgiev on charges of spying for the Americans. The trial in turn "provoked" a "spontaneous" mass demonstration before the American Embassy. Or, for another example, Zhivkov sought to promote trade with the U.S.A., in line with general bloc policy. But the Danish ship which brought the first American cargo to Bulgaria was seized by the Varna port authorities on a pretext and the owners subjected to heavy fines. Recently new deportations from Sofia and new cases of police brutality have been reported by travellers. Some persons who disseminated anti-régime jokes have been given harsh prison sentences.

The situation in Bulgaria to-day is reminiscent of the kind of factionalism which obtained in Hungary under the first Imre Nagy government (1953–55).[7] In any case, Zhivkov appears not to be complete master in his own house, and his opposition seems to be powerful, determined, and of Stalinist stamp. Quite possibly his opposition has been encouraged both by Chinese propaganda and the Rumanian example.

IT IS WORTH NOTING that Stalinist factionalism in the period of the Sino-Soviet schism has made its greatest progress in the Balkans, in overwhelmingly agrarian countries which (like China) have been attempting to industrialise by forced draft. Nor should it be overlooked that in Yugoslavia opposition to further revisionist reform (*i.e.*, support for the apparatus) is concentrated in the southern, more rural republics, in Serbia, Bosnia, Montenegro, and Macedonia. Yet the Stalinists are by no means a finished force in the more advanced countries of Eastern Europe. In Poland, the so-called "Partisan" faction is apparently in control of most of the instrumentalities of internal force, including the secret police. In Czechoslovakia, Novotny and his adherents are fighting a serious rearguard action. In East Germany, the arch-Stalinist Ulbricht is attempting to follow a revisionist course in economics while refusing all concessions in the political field. Only in Kadar's Hungary does the apparatus appear already to have lost the main engagement, and to be sullenly reconciling itself to diminishing influence.

Essentials of the Struggle

FROM WHAT I have described it is clear that in the current Thaw in Eastern Europe there are many confusing and even paradoxical elements. In general, however, revisionism is on the march, and its advance is taking place under Soviet Russian aegis, for anti-Stalinism is the new orthodoxy, the current party-line. The main obstacle to further revisionist progress is provided by the stubborn resistance of the apparatus. The Chinese, by exaggerating their preference for Stalinism, are attempting to exploit this opposition and to cause trouble for the rival Moscow centre.

Generally speaking, although all such prognoses sound like echoes of Marxist-Leninist determinism, the logic of history would seem to be on the side of the revisionists. The Stalinist forces display a number of serious weaknesses (aside from the fact that Moscow is against them). First: the general inability of the apparatus to understand the problems of a modern industrial society and to provide constructive leadership in solving these problems. For the most part the apparatus is made up of uneducated, narrow-minded men of second-rate talents. Their rise in the service has been due not so much to their expertise or their intelligence, as to devotion to the cause, physical courage, ruthlessness, brutality. Their basic training is the doctrine of Marxism-Leninism, which is to them both faith and science. Their conception of government is essentially the application of the knout. Without the party, its doctrine and its discipline, they would be nothing. This surely is the fear of the Novotnys, the Gomulkas, the Hoxhas.[8]

The natural tendency of the apparatus when

[7] Paul E. Zinner, *Revolution in Hungary* (Columbia University Press, 1962), offers the best account of this classic case of post-Stalinist factional conflict.

[8] Wolfgang Leonhard, the shrewd German analyst of Soviet affairs, suggests that within the Soviet apparatus there exists a wide divergence of opinions: from dogmatist defence of Stalinism to a reformist outlook favouring even more rapid repudiation of Stalin's heritage. Leonhard argues that, under Khrushchev, the characteristics of the party functionary are beginning to change from the tough and obstinate *apparatchik* of Stalin's heyday to a managerial type capable of "fulfilling norms" but also sensitive to the political attitudes of the citizenry.

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confronted with recalcitrant intellectuals or ambitious managers is to call in the security police. But in the present circumstances this is difficult and may even be dangerous. By a mutual agreement reached after Stalin's death, the Soviet leaders resolved to abstain from the use of the police to settle political differences among themselves. They also decided to place greater trust in the patriotism and good sense of the average citizen and to manage, for the most part, with material incentives rather than terroristic controls. At the same time, the Soviet police advisers who had been stationed in the satellites (and who, in effect, controlled the satellite police) were gradually withdrawn, in line with Khrushchev's decision "not to interfere in the internal affairs of the brotherly parties." This downgrading of the security police was given doctrinal form by replacing the "dictatorship of the proletariat" with the "state of the whole people." With some notable exceptions, the East European régimes followed the Soviet example and reduced the role of their own police. In general, throughout Eastern Europe, the use of terror has been abandoned.

Is, THEN, Rumania's evolution along these lines, beginning with a Stalinist deviation, as paradoxical as it seems? The issue in Eastern Europe is not basically a matter of *liberalisation* (however desirable that may be from a Western point of view). It is a matter of power. What the present historical period suggests is that the true framework of power is not the international Communist movement, but the nation-state. Only within this context is it possible to create a viable régime.

The Yugoslav deviation also began on the apparently orthodox left. Agriculture, for example, was forcibly collectivised *after* 1948, not before. But since 1950, when the law on "workers' councils" was adopted, Yugoslavia has gradually become a kind of Balkanish model of a revisionist régime.

The process would seem to involve this pattern: once the given national apparatus has ruptured its international tie, it must recoup the loss of external support by developing adherence at home. In Eastern Europe, where the bulk of the population is clearly hostile to Communism, this shift involves the apparatus in concessions, some of them far-reaching. These concessions strengthen the régime: but they weaken the apparatus. Indeed the Yugoslavs are now discussing whether their workers' councils should not, in the future, replace the apparatus in the management of socialist society. As one Yugoslav discreetly puts it,

> The self-management system takes as its starting point the principle that general interests have to an ever-increasing extent to be the common interests; that these interests are not predetermined; and that, consequently, they are the monopoly neither of the working class, nor of specific groups, organisations, or authorised individuals. . . .

This is Marxist double-speak for saying that the old party apparatus has no special right to rule. Other Yugoslav ideologues are actually suggesting that "democratic centralism" (Communist jargon for party discipline) must be reinterpreted as a struggle of opinion not "over various quotations of eternal truths" but rather over the concrete problems of present-day socialist development. This might open the party to some form of internal democracy. Still others are proposing that "in the future" (that is, after Tito) the Yugoslav president must *preside* over the national debate—but should he continue to direct it or determine its outcome? Should not the central arena for such debate be the national assembly?[9]

These are the kinds of heretical things Milovan Djilas was saying a decade ago, in 1953, before he was condemned to prison. For his own part, he demanded nothing less than the introduction of a second Socialist party, to compete at the polls with the Communists. He knew that this would have meant the abandonment of the Communist political monopoly and the ultimate elimination of the apparatus.

Having created the first national Communist state, the Yugoslavs are now on the verge of a debate whether or not to give up despotism altogether. But the despots are neither here nor anywhere else eager for the discussion. As I write, several writers associated with the Ljubljana review *Perspektive* have been put in jail, and their journal prohibited, for having proposed, in so many words, the adoption by Yugoslavia of a multi-party system. Their arrest has produced a wave of criticism: fifty-seven Ljubljana writers associated with the conservative *Naša Sodobnost* have signed a petition of pro-

[9] Jovan Djordjevic, "Proces odlucivanja" (The process of decision-making), *Kommunist* (Belgrade), February 6th, 1964. Veljko Vlahovic, "Some topical ideological problems and the role of the League of Communists of Yugoslavia," *Borba* (Belgrade), March 17th, 1964.

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test. Whatever happens to *Perspektive* and its writers, the Yugoslav debate has clear historic significance for the whole of Eastern Europe. For, as Anatole Shub suggested in these pages two months ago [ENCOUNTER, June], "Sooner than Marshal Tito may like to think, the prisoner of Sremska Mitrovica, Milovan Djilas, may be a prophet with honour in his own country...." Or as Djilas himself put it, just before his re-arrest in 1962: "The truth is breaking through, even if those who are fighting for it may disappear in the process...."

HOW FAR-REACHING are some of the changes in this evolutionary process? Some countries, *e.g.*, Poland and Hungary, have achieved "freedom of conversation"; this is not the equivalent, certainly, of freedom of speech, but a notable advance, nonetheless. Central economic management has been weakened and traditional economic policies attenuated since these had been based on terror, or rather on the excessive savings which (through terror) had been squeezed from a defenceless population, particularly the peasantry. By replacing terror with material incentives, the régimes are "giving hostages to the people." The downgrading of the security police, furthermore, has made it possible for the intelligentsia to stand up to the apparatus, and even to defy it (as in the Czech case of *Kulturny Zivot*'s open defiance of Novotny). Finally, the withdrawal of Soviet police advisers has been a major factor in encouraging the satellite parties themselves to strike out for greater independence. (It has been reported that Khrushchev attempted to unseat Dej by using his influence in the *Securetatea*, and that Dej responded by purging the police officials who had been suborned.)

Despite the evident preference of the apparatus for terror, a return to its use is no simple matter. Terror is very difficult to reconcile with the requirements of a modern industrial economy. It goes poorly with improved cultural and commercial relations with the West. Its reimposition could lead to public disorders. More than that, there is the widespread unwillingness of East European élites to live again under the awesome shadows of the past. The *apparat* itself is only too well aware that those who live by terror have usually died by it. Thus, the one weapon which gives the apparatus a decisive superiority over its competing élites remains, in present circumstances, politically unavailable.

The logic of events, as I have already suggested, favours the continuing evolution of the East European régimes away from totalitarianism and towards more traditional forms of tyranny. This would mean continued muzzling of the security police. It would mean that more and more the apparatus would have to share its power with other élite elements. The writers would be freer to publish what they think. Public discussion of national issues, if only in the form of novels and poems, would be tolerated within certain limits. Censorship would relax, and foreign broadcasts continue unjammed. Frontiers would be, relatively speaking, "open." In the economic field this evolution would imply semi-market economies, de-collectivised agriculture or agriculture in which collective institutions were more façade than reality, and service industries operated by private *entrepreneurs*. As for foreign policy, some régimes would remain formally allied to Moscow; but others, conceivably, would not; most would display an increased measure of independence and a passionate emphasis on national traditions and national interests.[10]

One East European régime, the East German state, is probably incapable of undergoing this evolution without collapsing; another, the Albanian, will probably not "evolve" at all. At the present rate of change (and barring some major upheaval), all the others will probably make substantial progress away from totalitarian dictatorship and towards a revisionist national Communism in the next five years.

[10] George Kennan, who has been pleading for a more "flexible" interpretation of European Communism, nevertheless emphasises (in his recent book) "certain very sharp limits" to the freedom of choice in a "polycentric" Eastern Europe: "The satellite régimes cannot, first of all, sever the bonds of military alliance which unite them with the Russians.... Secondly, the satellite régimes cannot abandon the profession of fidelity to Marxist ideals or the monopoly of power which those ideals imply and purport to justify. To do anything like this would be to destroy the very theoretical basis on which their power rests, and to commit, in effect, political suicide...." *On Dealing with the Communist World* (New York, 1964).

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THEATRE

Hamlet of the Mid-Century

By Jan Kott

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY of dissertations and studies devoted to *Hamlet* is twice the size of Warsaw's telephone directory. No Dane of flesh and blood has been written about so extensively as Hamlet. Shakespeare's prince is certainly the best known representative of his nation. Innumerable glossaries and commentaries have grown round Hamlet, and he is one of the few literary heroes who live apart from the text, apart from the theatre. His name means something even to those who have never seen or read Shakespeare's play. In this respect he is rather like Leonardo's Mona Lisa. We know she is smiling even before we have seen the picture; Mona Lisa's smile has been separated from the picture, as it were. It contains not only what Leonardo expressed in it but also everything that has been written about it. Too many people—girls, women, poets, painters —have tried to solve the mystery of that smile, and it is not just Mona Lisa that is smiling at us now, but all those who have tried to analyse, or imitate, that smile.

This is also the case with *Hamlet*, or rather—with *Hamlet* in the theatre. For we have been separated from the text not only by Hamlet's "independent life" in our culture, but simply by the size of the play. *Hamlet* cannot be performed in its entirety; the performance would last nearly six hours. One has to select, curtail and cut. One can only perform one of several *Hamlets* potentially existing in this arch-play. It will always be a poorer *Hamlet* than Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is; but it may also be a *Hamlet* enriched by being of our time. It *may*, but I would rather say—it *must* be so.

For *Hamlet* cannot be played simply. This may be the reason why it is so tempting to producers and actors. Many generations have seen their own reflection in this play. The genius of *Hamlet* consists, perhaps, in the fact that the play can serve as a mirror. An ideal *Hamlet* would be one most true to Shakespeare, and most modern at the same time. Is this possible? I do not know. But we can only appraise any Shakespearian production by asking how much there is of Shakespeare in it, and how much of us.

WHAT I HAVE IN MIND is not a forced topicality, a *Hamlet* that would be set in a cellar of young existentialists. *Hamlet* has been performed, for that matter, in evening dress and in circus tights; in medieval armour and in Renaissance costume. Costumes do not matter. What matters is that through Shakespeare's text we ought to get at our modern experience, anxiety and sensibility.

There are many subjects in *Hamlet*. There is politics, force opposed to morality; there is discussion of the divergence between theory and practice, on the ultimate purpose of life; there is the tragedy of love, as well as family drama; political, eschatological and metaphysical problems are considered. There is everything you want, including depth—psychological analysis, a blood story, a duel, and general slaughter. One can select at will. But one must know what one selects, and why.

THE *Hamlet* produced in Cracow a few weeks after the XXth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party lasted exactly three hours. It was light and clear, tense and sharp, modern and consistent, limited to one issue only. It was a political drama *par excellence*. "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark"—was the first chord of *Hamlet's* new meaning. And then the dead sound of the words "Denmark's a prison," three times repeated. Finally the magnificent churchyard scene, with the gravediggers' dialogue rid of metaphysics, brutal and unequivocal. Gravediggers know for whom they dig graves. "The gallows is built stronger than the church," they say.

"Watch" and "inquire" were the words most commonly heard from the stage. In this performance everybody, without exception, was

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being constantly watched. Polonius, minister to the royal murderer, sends a man to France even after his own son. Was Shakespeare not a genius for our time? Let us listen to the minister:

> Inquire me first, what Danskers are in Paris;
> And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
> What company, at what expense; and finding
> By this encompassment and drift of question
> That they do know my son, come you more nearer
> Than your particular demands will touch it.
> (II, 1)

At Elsinore castle someone is hidden behind every curtain. The good minister does not even trust the Queen. Listen to him again:

> 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
> Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
> The speech, of vantage. (III, 3)

Everything at Elsinore has been corroded by fear: marriage, love and friendship. Shakespeare, indeed, must have experienced terrible things at the time of Essex's plot and execution, since he came to learn so well the working of the Grand Mechanism. Listen to the King talking to Hamlet's young friends:

> ...I entreat you both,
> That, being of so young days brought up with him,
> And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
> That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
> Some little time: so by your companies
> To draw him on to pleasure, and to gather,
> So much as from occasion you may glean,
> Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
> That, open'd, lies within our remedy. (II, 2)

The murderous uncle keeps a constant watchful eye on Hamlet. Why does he not want him to leave Denmark? His presence at court is inconvenient, reminding everybody of what they would like to forget. Perhaps he suspects something? Would it not be better not to issue him with a passport and keep him at hand? Or does the King wish to get rid of Hamlet as soon as possible, but has given way to the Queen, who wants to have her son near her? And the Queen? What does she think about it all? Does she feel guilty? What does the Queen know? She has been through passion, murder and silence. She had to suppress everything inside her. One can sense a volcano under her superficial poise.

Ophelia, too, has been drawn into the big game. They listen in to her conversations, ask questions, read her letters. It is true that she gives them up herself. She is at the same time part of the Mechanism, and its victim. Politics hangs here over every feeling, and there is no getting away from it. All the characters are poisoned by it. The only subject of their conversation is politics, and it is a kind of madness.

Hamlet loves Ophelia. But he knows he is being watched; moreover he has more important matters to attend to. Love is gradually fading away. There is no room for it in this world. Hamlet's dramatic cry: "Get thee to a nunnery!" is addressed not to Ophelia alone, but also to those who are overhearing the two lovers. It is to confirm their impression of his alleged madness. But for Hamlet and for Ophelia it means that in the world, where murder holds sway, there is no room for love.

HAMLET WAS PERFORMED in Cracow, in 1956, unequivocally and with a terrifying clarity. Doubtless it was a simplified *Hamlet*. But it is equally certain that this interpretation was so suggestive that when I reached for the text after the performance, I saw in it only a drama of political crime. To the classic question, whether Hamlet's madness is real or feigned, the Cracow production gave the following reply: Hamlet feigns madness, he puts on, in cold blood, a mask of madness in order to perform a *coup d'état*; Hamlet is mad because politics

On Jan Kott

I FIRST met Jan Kott in a night club in Warsaw: it was midnight: he was squashed between a wildly excited group of students: we became friends at once: a beautiful girl was arrested by mistake under our eyes: Jan Kott leaped to her defence and an evening of high adventure followed which ended at about four o'clock in the morning with Kott and myself in the supreme headquarters of the Polish police trying to secure her release. It was only at this point when the tempo of events was slowing down that I suddenly noticed that the police were calling my new friend "Professor." I had guessed that this quick-witted and combative man was an intellectual, a writer, a journalist perhaps, a Party member. The title "Professor" sat ill on him. "Professor of what?" I asked as we walked home through the silent town. "Of drama," he replied.

I tell this story to point to a quality of the author of this work which is to my mind unique. Here we have a man writing about Shakespeare's attitude to life from direct experience. Kott is undoubtedly the only writer on Elizabethan matters who assumes without question that every one of his readers will at some point or other have been woken by the police in the middle of the night. I am sure that in the many million words already written about Shakespeare—almost precluding anything new ever being said by anyone any more—it is still unique for the author discussing the theory of

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is itself madness, when it destroys all feeling and affection.

I have nothing against such an interpretation. And I do not regret all the other Hamlets: the moralist, unable to draw a clear-cut line between good and evil; the intellectual, unable to find a sufficient reason for action; the philosopher, to whom the world's existence is a matter of doubt.

I prefer the youth, deeply involved in politics, rid of illusions, sarcastic, passionate and brutal. A young rebel who has about him something of the charm of James Dean. His passion sometimes seems childish. No doubt he is more primitive than all previous Hamlets. Action, not reflection, is his forte. He is wild and drunk with indignation. The Polish Hamlet after the XXth Party Congress—one of many. He does not yet experience deep moral doubts, but he is not a simpleton. He wants to know if his father has really been murdered. He cannot fully trust the Ghost, or any ghosts for that matter. He looks for more convincing evidence, and that is why he arranges a psychological test by staging the crime that has been committed. He loathes the world and that is why he sacrifices Ophelia. But he does not flinch from a *coup d'état*. He knows, however, that a *coup* is a difficult affair. He considers all the pros and cons. He is a born conspirator. "To be" means for him to revenge his father and to assassinate the King; while "not to be" means—to give up the fight.

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that very similar conclusions have been reached by Hans Reichenbach, who, in the last book published before his death, entitled *The Rise of Scientific Philosophy*, unexpectedly devotes two pages to Hamlet's soliloquy. Reichenbach was one of the most outstanding modern neo-positivists and concerned himself with the application of the theory of anticipation to particular branches of science. In Hamlet's soliloquy he sees an inner dialogue between logician and politician. It is the law of averages applied to the moral justification of an act. Without war and post-war experiences the learned neo-positivist would never have written those two pages.

But the *Hamlet* I saw in Cracow was modern not only because the problems of the play had been brought up to date. It was modern in its psychological and dramatic qualities. Action developed under great stress, similar to that

. . . By Peter Brook

political assassination to assume that a producer's explanation to his actors could begin: "A secret organisation is preparing an action. . . . You will go to Z. and bring a case with grenades to the house No. 12."

HIS WRITING IS *learned; it is informed. His study is serious and precise; it is scholarly without what we associate with scholarship. The existence of Kott makes one suddenly aware how rare it is for a pedant or a commentator to have any experience of what he is describing. It is a disquieting thought that the major part of the commentaries on Shakespeare's passions and his politics are hatched far from life by sheltered figures behind ivy-covered walls.*

In contrast, Kott is an Elizabethan. Like Shakespeare, like Shakespeare's contemporaries, the world of the flesh and the world of the spirit are indivisible: they coexist painfully in the same frame: the poet has a foot in the mud, an eye on the stars, and a dagger in his hand. The contradictions of any living process cannot be denied; there is an omnipresent paradox that cannot be argued, but must be lived; poetry is a rough magic that fuses opposites.

SHAKESPEARE IS A *contemporary of Kott. Kott is a contemporary of Shakespeare—he talks about him simply, first-hand, and his book has the freshness of the writing by an eye-witness at the Globe or the immediacy of a page of criticism of a current film. To the world of scholarship this is a valuable contribution—to the world of the theatre an invaluable one. Our greatest problem in England where we have the best possibility in the world for presenting our greatest author is just this—the relating of these works to our lives. Our actors are skilled and sensitive, but they shy away from overlarge questions. Those young actors who are aware of the deadly issues at this moment at stake in the world tend to shy away from Shakespeare. It is not an accident that at rehearsals our actors find plottings, fights, and violent ends "easy"—they have clichés ready to deal with these situations which they do not question—but are deeply vexed by problems of speech and style which though essential can only take their true place if the impulse to use words and images relates to experience of life. England in becoming Victorian lost almost all its Elizabethan characteristics.*

To-day, it has become a strange mixture of Elizabethan and Victorian worlds: this gives us a new possibility of understanding Shakespeare side by side with an old tendency to blur and romanticise him. It is Poland that in our time has come closest to the tumult, the danger, the intensity, the imaginativeness, and the daily involvement with the social process that made life so horrible, subtle, and ecstatic to an Elizabethan. So it is quite naturally up to a Pole to point us the way.

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experienced by us in real life. This production, deprived of the great soliloquies and of narrative quality, was marked by a violence typical of modern conflicts. Political, erotic and career motives intermingle, reactions are brutal, solutions are quicky effected. In this *Hamlet* there were even the "black outs" of modern political cabaret, and great ironic humour. Let us quote Shakespeare:

KING: *Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?*
HAMLET: *At supper.*
KING: *At supper! Where?*
HAMLET: *Not where he eats, but where he is eaten.* (IV, 3)

This joke might have been taken out of the Little Vocabulary of the Surrealists. It is in the same style, and has two meanings, one of which is derisive, the other cruel. Or let us take the short lesson in political opportunism which might serve as model for a real satirical cabaret. This is how Shakespeare puts it:

HAMLET: *Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?*
POLONIUS: *By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.*
HAMLET: *Methinks it is like a weasel.*
POLONIUS: *It is backed like a weasel.*
HAMLET: *Or like a whale?*
POLONIUS: *Very like a whale.* (III, 2)

HAMLET is like a sponge. Unless produced in a stylised or antiquarian fashion, it immediately absorbs all the problems of our time. It is, by its very imperfections, the strangest play ever written. *Hamlet* is a great scenario, in which every character has a more or less tragic and cruel part to play, and has magnificent things to say. Every character has an irrevocable task to fulfil, a task imposed by the author. This scenario is independent of the characters; it has been devised earlier. It defines the situations, as well as the mutual relations of the characters; it dictates their words and gestures. But it does not say who the characters are. It is something external in relation to them, and that is why the scenario of *Hamlet* can be played by different sorts of characters.

An actor always enters a ready part, written not only for him. In this respect *Hamlet* does not, of course, differ from other plays. At the first rehearsal the actors sit at a table. "You will be the king"—says the producer—"you will be Ophelia, and you will be Laertes. We shall now read the play." So far so good. But in the play itself similar things happen. Hamlet, Laertes, Ophelia also have to play parts imposed on them, parts against which they revolt. They are actors in a drama they do not always wholly understand, in which they have become involved. The scenario dictates the actions of the *dramatis personæ*, but does not dictate the motives underlying the actions, *i.e.*, the psychology; this is true of life, as well as of the theatre.

A secret organisation is preparing an action. The plan has been carefully worked out: place, time-table, direction of retreat. Then the parts have to be distributed. You will stand on that corner and raise your handkerchief when you see the grey car. You will go to Z. and bring a case with grenades to house No. 12. You will shoot in direction W. and escape in direction M. The tasks have been allotted, the parts taught. Even gestures have been defined. But, the evening before, the boy who is to shoot in direction N., could have read Rimbaud or drunk vodka, or both. He may be a young philosopher, or just a teddy-boy. The girl, who is to bring grenades, may be having an unhappy love affair, or may be a good-time girl, or possibly both. The plan of action will not be altered because of that. The scenario remains unchanged.

HAMLET can be summarised in a number of ways: as a historical chronicle, as a thriller, or as a philosophical drama. They will probably be three different plays, though all three have been written by Shakespeare. But if the summary is fair, the scenarios of the three plays will be the same, except that every time there will be a different Ophelia, or Hamlet, or Laertes. The parts are the same, but performed by different actors.

Let us have a look at the scenario. For, after all, Shakespeare had written, or rather rewritten, an old scenario, and the parts in it. But he did not distribute the parts: this has been done anew in every age. Every age has its own Poloniuses, Fortinbrases, Hamlets, and Ophelias. Before they enter the stage, they have to go to dressing-rooms. But let them not stay there too long. They may put on huge wigs, shave off their moustaches or stick on beards, put on medieval-looking tights, or throw Byronic capes over their shoulders; they may play in armour or in tails. This does not really make much difference, on condition that their make-up is not overdone; for they must have modern faces. Otherwise they would perform a costume piece, instead of *Hamlet*.

Bertolt Brecht wrote in his *Little Organum for the Theatre*:

> ... The theatre should always be mindful of its time. Let us take, as an example, the old play of *Hamlet*. I believe that in view of the bloody and gloomy times in which I am writing this, in view of the criminal ruling classes and general

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despair of reason . . . the story of this play may be read thus: it is a time of war. Hamlet's father, the king of Denmark, had, in a victorious war of plunder, killed the king of Norway. While the latter's son, Fortinbras, is preparing himself for a new war, the king of Denmark is also killed, by his brother. The brothers of the dead kings, having become kings themselves, conclude peace with each other. Norwegian troops, on their way to a war of plunder against Poland, have been permitted to cross Danish territory. Just at this time, the warlike father's ghost asks young Hamlet to revenge the crime committed on himself. After some hesitation as to whether he should add one bloody deed to another, Hamlet—willing even to go into exile—meets at the seashore young Fortinbras and his troops on their way to Poland. Following his example he turns back, and, in a scene of barbaric slaughter, kills his uncle, his mother, and himself, leaving Denmark to the Norwegians. Thus we observe how, in these circumstances, the young man, already somewhat stout, badly misuses his new knowledge acquired at Wittenberg university. This knowledge gets in the way when it comes to resolving conflicts of the feudal world. His reason is impractical when faced with irrational reality. He falls a tragic victim to the discrepancy between his reasoning and his action.

Brecht was writing his *Little Organum* in the years of the Second World War. No wonder that in Shakespeare's tragedy he saw, above all, armies devastating the country, wars of aggression, the powerlessness of reason. Hamlet's personal drama or Ophelia's misfortunes were made insignificant by the events of history. Brecht was sensitive to the politics in *Hamlet*. He was more interested in the sequences of historical conflict than in the depths of the Prince of Denmark's soul. The point of departure of Polish productions of *Hamlet* in 1956 and 1959 was very similar, however they might have differed from Brecht's concepts. *Hamlet* was a political play in 1956, and remained such in 1959, although the Prince of Denmark had by then became a much more complex personality and passed through new experiences.

Let us look at the scenario in order to find out what parts it contains, knowing that they will be played by modern characters. *Hamlet*, envisaged as a scenario, is the story of three young boys and one girl. The boys are of the same age: Hamlet, Laertes, Fortinbras. The girl is younger: Ophelia. They are all involved in a bloody political and family drama, as a result of which three of them will die and the fourth will, more or less by chance, become the king of Denmark.

I have deliberately written that they are involved in a drama. For none of them has chosen his part; it is imposed on them from outside, having been conceived in the scenario. The scenario has to be played to the end, no matter who Hamlet, Ophelia, and the other characters are. I am not concerned at the moment with what the scenario itself is supposed to be. It may be the mechanism of history, fate, or the human condition, depending on how we want to envisage *Hamlet*. *Hamlet* is a drama of imposed situations, and here lies the key to modern interpretations of the play.

The King, the Queen, Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern have been clearly defined by their situations. It may be a tragic situation, as in the case of the Queen; or grotesque, as in the case of Polonius. But character and situation are closely connected. Claudius does not play the part of a murderer and a king. He *is* the murderer and the king. Polonius does not play the part of a despotic father and a king's councillor. He is the despotic father and the king's councillor.

It is different with Hamlet. He is more than the heir to the throne who tries to revenge himself for the murder of his father. The situation does not define Hamlet, or at any rate does not define him beyond doubt. The situation has been imposed on him. Hamlet accepts it, but at the same time revolts against it. He accepts the part, but is beyond and above it.

In his student days Hamlet had carefully studied Montaigne. It is with Montaigne's book in his hand that he chases the medieval ghost on the terraces of Elsinore castle. The ghost has hardly disappeared than Hamlet writes on the book's margin that "one may smile, and smile, and be a villain." Shakespeare has thrust the most attentive of Montaigne's readers back into the feudal world. He has also set a mousetrap for him.

"Poor boy with a book in his hand. . . ." Thus was Hamlet described in 1904 by Stanislaw Wyspianski, painter, dramatist, designer, whom Gordon Craig used to call the most universal artist of the theatre. Wyspianski made the Polish Hamlet walk round the renaissance galleries of Cracow's Royal Castle. The scenario of history imposed on the Polish Hamlet at the turn of the century a duty to struggle for the nation's liberation. That particular Hamlet used to read Polish romantic poets and Nietzsche. He experienced his powerlessness as a personal failure.

Every Hamlet has a book in his hand. What book does the modern Hamlet read? Hamlet in the Cracow production of late autumn, 1956, read only newspapers. He shouted that "Denmark's a prison," and wanted to improve the world. He was a rebellious ideologist, and lived only for action. Hamlet in the Warsaw produc-

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tion of 1959 was full of doubts again; and again he was the "sad boy with a book in his hand...." We can easily visualise him in black sweater and blue jeans. The book he is holding is not by Montaigne, but by Sartre, Camus, or Kafka. He studied in Paris, or Brussels, or even —like the real Hamlet—in Wittenberg. He returned to Poland three or four years ago. He very much doubts if the world can be reduced to a few simple statements. Occasionally he is tormented by thoughts of the fundamental absurdity of existence.

The latest, the most modern of Hamlets, returned to the country at a moment of tension. Father's ghost demands revenge. Friends expect him to fight for succession to the throne. He wants to go away again. He cannot. Everybody involves him in politics. He has been trapped into finding himself in a compulsory situation; a situation he does not want but which has been thrust upon him. He is looking for inner freedom, and does not want to commit himself. At last he accepts the choice imposed on him; but only in the sphere of action. He is committed but only in what he does, not in what he thinks. He knows that all action is clear-cut, but he refuses to let his thought be thus limited. He does not want practice to be equated with theory.

He is inwardly starved. He considers life to be a lost cause from the outset. He would rather be excused from this big game, but remains loyal to its rules. He knows that "though man does not do what he wants, he is responsible for his life." And that "it does not matter what has been made of us; what matters is what we ourselves make of what has been made of us." Sometimes he thinks himself an existentialist; at other times—just a Marxist who has revolted. But he knows that "death transforms life into destiny." He has read Malraux's *La Condition Humaine*.

THIS ATTITUDE OF THE MODERN Hamlet is a defence of his inner freedom. This Hamlet fears, most of all, a clear-cut definition. But act he must. Ophelia may have a hair-do like Leonardo's *Lady with a Weasel*, or her hair may be let down loose; she may wear a pigtail, or a pony-tail. But she, too, knows that life is a hopeless business from the start. So she does not want to play her game with life at too high a stake. It is the events that compel her to overplay. Her boy friend has been involved in high politics. She has slept with him. But she is a daughter of a minister of the crown; an obedient daughter. She agrees to her conversation with Hamlet being overheard by her father. Maybe she wants to save Hamlet. But she falls into the trap herself. The events have driven her into a blind alley from which there is no way out. An ordinary girl, who loved her boy, has been given by the scenario of history—a tragic part.

TRADITIONAL 19th-century Hamletology devoted itself almost exclusively to the study of the problem of who Hamlet really was. The traditional scholars charged Shakespeare with having written an untidy, inconsistent, and badly constructed masterpiece. Whereas modern essays consider *Hamlet* from a theatrical standpoint. *Hamlet* is not a philosophical, moral, or psychological treatise; it is a piece for the theatre, that is to say, a scenario with parts. If this is so, then one must begin with Fortinbras, who plays a decisive role, as far as the scenario of *Hamlet* is concerned.

Imagine a modern producer starting analytical rehearsals of *Hamlet*. He has seated his actors round a table and told them: "We are going to do a play by Shakespeare called *Hamlet*. We will try to do it as honestly as we can. That means we are not going to alter the text. We will try to give as much text as can be put over in three-and-a-half hours. We will reflect on every cut. We will try to show a modern *Hamlet*. We will try to break with 19th-century naturalism, and be content with a back-cloth, rostrum, and two chairs on either side of the stage. We will endeavour to design colourful renaissance costumes. But these costumes will be worn by us, modern people. You must not throw your hands up in the air, walk on tiptoes, or on stilts. The world shown in this scenario is cruel, but every one of us has experienced the cruelty of the world. Some people revolt against this cruelty, others accept it as a law; but both are crushed by it."

An elderly actor who is to play Polonius will, perhaps, ask at this point: "Is *Hamlet* a political play?"

"I don't know"—the producer will probably reply. "This depends on what Denmark means to these three young people here." And he will point out a young girl, who is to play Ophelia, the young actor, who is just trying on the green costume of Laertes, and—Hamlet, who is sitting anxiously in the corner looking at his silver medallion. Then, maybe, the producer will be lost in thought for a while and say quietly to himself: "Perhaps it depends on who our Fortinbras will be?"

In all modern analyses of *Hamlet* (Granville-Barker, Francis Fergusson, J. Paris) the character of Fortinbras has been brought to the foreground. In structural interpretations *Hamlet* is a drama of analogical situations, a system of mirrors, in which the same problem is in turn reflected tragically, pathetically, ironically, and grotesquely: three sons who have lost their

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fathers, one after the other, or Hamlet's and Ophelia's madness. In predominantly historical interpretations *Hamlet* is a drama of power and heredity. In the first instance, Fortinbras is one of Hamlet's "doubles," *"alter egos,"* "mediums." In the other—he is the heir to the throne of Denmark; the man who has broken the chain of crime and revenge, who has restored order to the Danish kingdom. This order may be understood as the restoration of moral law, or as *"die neue Ordnung in Europa."* The ending of the tragedy has been interpreted in both ways. For if one wishes to place *Hamlet's* moral conflicts in a historical context, no matter whether renaissance or modern, one cannot ignore the part played by Fortinbras.

THE DIFFICULTY IS that in the text of the play Fortinbras is only broadly sketched. On the stage he appears only twice: for the first time in Act IV, when he and his troops are on the way to Poland; for the second time, when he comes to claim the throne after the general slaughter. But young Fortinbras is mentioned many times. His father has been killed in a duel by Hamlet's father. The fathers of all the young people in this play—Hamlet, Laertes, and Ophelia—have been murdered. Spectators get confused when tracing the history of young Fortinbras. From the prologue we learn that he wants to wage war against Denmark; then he fights with the Poles for a piece of land hardly worth having; at the end he appears in Elsinore. It is he who speaks the final words of this cruel drama.

Who is this young Norwegian prince? We do not know. Shakespeare does not tell us. What does he represent? Blind fate, the absurdity of the world, or the victory of justice? Shakespearean scholars have made a case for all these interpretations in turn. The producer has to decide. Fortinbras is a young, strong, and cheerful fellow. On his arrival he delivers a speech to this effect: "Take away these corpses. Hamlet was a good boy, but he is dead. Now I shall be your king. I have just remembered that I happen to have certain rights to this crown." Then he smiles and is very pleased with himself.

A great drama has been concluded. People fought, plotted, killed one another, committed crimes for love, and went mad for love. They told amazing things about life, death, and human fate. They set traps for each other, and fell into them. They defended their power, or revolted against power. They wanted to build a better world, or just save themselves. They all stood for something. Even their crimes had a certain greatness. And then a vigorous young lad comes, and says with a charming smile: "Take away these corpses. Now I shall be your king."

Warning to Children

During the Sino-Indian hostilities, 1962

Child, this happened in Kanpur, our northern town
a monkey crashed through a eucalyptus
tree and did not recover his balance
till he lay on his back in the gutter.
Considering the nuisance
the crows continually caused, it was
an easy death: an inkdrop falling on a blotter
usually takes more time to dry out.

Child, climbing a tree, beware. Recall
the monkey's folly. Crows, always in some
dither, grease the branches with their droppings;
and parrots can distract you into a fall.
Do not think that the only accident
which is nowadays likely to happen
is when someone in a spruce uniform
presses a button that lets go a bomb.

Zulfikar Ghose

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Robert Lowell

I

Going to and fro

It's authentic perhaps
to have been there, if now
you could loll on the ledge for a moment,
sunning like a couple,
and look down at the gaps—
if you could for a moment . . .

One step, two steps, three steps:
the hot-dog and coca-cola bar,
the Versailles steps,
the Puritan statue—
if you could get through the Central Park
by counting . . .

But the intestines shiver,
the ferry thugs with your pain
across the river—with pain,
suffering without purgation,
the back-track of the screw.
But you had instants,

to give the devil his due—
he and you
once dug it all out of the dark
unconscious bowels of the nerves:
pure gold, the root of evil,
sunshine that gave the day a scheme.

And now? Ah Lucifer!
how often you wanted your fling
with those French girls, Mediterranean
luminaries, Mary Myrtho, Isis—
as far out as the sphynx!
The love that moves the stars

moved you!
It set you going to and fro
and up and down—
if you could get loose
from the earth by counting
your steps to the noose . . .

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II

Myopia: A Night

Bed, glasses off, and all's
ramshackle, streaky, weird
for the near-sighted, just
a foot away.
The light's
still on an instant. Here
are the blurred titles, here
the books are blue hills, browns,
greens, fields, or running colour.

This
is the departure strip,
the dream-road. Once its landmarks
lined up as letters under
my yearning, puzzled stare;
and when I pressed a hand
across my eyes, the sharp
migraine in the thundercloud
widened, brightened, and smiled.

Later,
that dull and alien room,
my cell of learning,
white, brightened by white pipes,
ramrods of steam . . . I heard
the lonely metal breathe
and gurgle like the sick.
And yet my eyes shy at
that room. No need to see.
No need to know I hoped
its blank, foregoing whiteness
would burn away the blur
as my five sense clenched
their teeth, thought stitched to thought
as through a needle's eye . . .

I saw the morning star . . .
Think of him in the Garden,
that seed of wisdom, Eve's
seducer, stuffed with man's
corruption, stuffed with triumph:
Satan triumphant in
the Garden! In a moment,
all that blinding brightness
changed into a serpent,
lay grovelling on its gut.

What has disturbed this household?
Only a foot away,
the familiar faces blur.
At fifty we're so fragile,
A feather . . .

The things of the eye are done.
On the illuminated black dial,
green ribs of a new moon:
One, two, three, four, five, six!
I tremble and breathe,
and cannot sleep.
Then morning comes,
saying, "This was a night."

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III

The Returning

Homecoming to the sheltered little resort,
where the members of my gang
are bald-headed, in business,
and the dogs still know me by my smell . . .
It's rather a dead town
after my twenty years' mirage.

Long awash,
breaking myself against the surf,
touching bottom, rushed
by the green go-light
of those nervous waters, I found
my exhaustion, the light of the world.

Nothing is deader than this small town main street,
where the venerable elm sickens, and hardens
with tarred cement, where no leaf
is born, or falls, or resists till winter.

But I remember its former fertility,
how everything came out clearly
in the hour of credulity
and young summer, when this street
was already somewhat overshaded,
and here at the altar of surrender,
I met you,
the death of thirst in my brief flesh.

That was the first growth,
the heir of all my minutes,
the victim of every ramification—
more and more it grew green, and gave to much shelter.

And now at my homecoming,
the barked elms stand up like sticks along the street.
I am a foot taller than when I left,
and cannot see the dirt at my feet.

Yet sometimes I catch my vague mind
circling with a glazed eye
for a name without a face, or a face without a name,
and at every step,
I startle them. They start up,
dog-eared, bald as baby birds.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Sartre's Commitment

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE has raised the question of committed literature again. The case he put for it in his now famous interview with *Le Monde* (in ENCOUNTER June, 1964) has evidently shocked many of his fellow-writers in France; and what has shocked them most is his accusation that a writer who does not "put himself on the side of the two billion starving," who does not try "to speak to all and be read by all," is "at the service of a privileged class, and like that class, an exploiter." In *L'Express*, two irreproachably Left-wing writers—Claude Simon and Yves Berger—have been stung to answer Sartre. Claude Simon's article is especially impressive, partly because of the authority with which he, as a former volunteer in the Spanish war and a victim of the Nazis, can speak of a socialist's moral duties. To Sartre's assertion that art matters little to a hungry man, Claude Simon answers simply: "I have experienced extreme hunger"; and at that time, he recalls, "any book was precious to me. Reading did not stave off or appease my hunger, or make me forget it. It was something *quite different*." Moreover, Claude Simon recalls that his companions in misery, including the least educated ones, seized on books with the same voracity as himself.

Sartre asks: "Do you think I can read Robbe-Grillet in an underdeveloped country?" Claude Simon can ask, "Why not?" He is only puzzled that Robbe-Grillet should be regarded as the accomplice of a privileged class since the profits of his books are so very modest—especially when compared to the handsome royalties which Sartre himself accumulates from his plays acted on the boulevards and his books on top of best-seller lists. Claude Simon sees Sartre as the successor of a long line of philistine puritan moralists who can only appreciate literature in terms of utility, who think only of economic values, who can see no merit in the food of the spirit that art and literature produce, whose joy, at best, is in some mediocre daub entitled "October, 1917," or *"Lendemains qui chantent."* Claude Simon also points out—very shrewdly, I think—that Sartre's whole attitude rests on an unspoken contempt for "the people," for the underprivileged mass which he regards as being too ground-under to appreciate art and literature. Claude Simon speaks of his own experiences of talking about his own (none too easy) novels with factory workers: he found their questions, he says, no different from those of literary journalists and university students. Once again, he appeals to experience. Sartre, on the other hand, works from imagination. "I have seen children dying of hunger," Sartre says. He has seen and he thinks he knows what such people feel; but he has never felt such hardship himself.

SARTRE OFFERS THE WRITER two alternatives in the world of hunger we live in. The first is that of renouncing literature temporarily to do more urgent work. "In a country lacking cadres, in Africa, for example, how could an African who had been educated in Europe, refuse to become a teacher, even at the expense of his literary vocation?" The second alternative Sartre offers is "to prepare for the time when everyone will read" by "presenting problems in the most radical and intransigent manner." This second alternative, Sartre suggests, is "applicable in our own non-revolutionary societies." As an example of a book which puts questions in "the most radical and intransigent manner" Sartre names *Almagestes* by Alain Badiou. And this must seem a curious example to anyone who has read, or tried to read, that novel. It resembles (without being as good as) the work of the later Joyce, and also in some ways that of Alain Robbe-Grillet. Badiou tries to explore what he calls the myth of language; the book consists of meandering philosophical dialogues, some more frivolous than others, much schoolboy slang, and a great deal of word-play, often very amusing. Why this should have more to offer a hungry world than any other novel, it is hard to see. And if Sartre cannot read Robbe-Grillet, one cannot see why he should find such merit in a book which has so much in common with Robbe-Grillet. True, Robbe-Grillet's "philosophical" inspiration is said to come from Husserl, while Badiou seems to get his from Sartre himself (mixing existentialism and Marxism); but any argument for regarding *Almagestes* as readable in a world of hunger would equally be a reason for regarding Robbe-Grillet's books as readable. Both Robbe-Grillet and Badiou are trying to strike at the *clichés* of thought which have got, as it were, built in to ordinary language.

But what does Sartre really mean when he calls for books which are either written for all, or which are preparing for the time when all will read? He tells us that he is himself working on a study of Flaubert. Some of his views on this subject have been set down in his *Critique de la raison dialectique*. From this it appears that Sartre's study of Flaubert will follow the lines of his existing studies of Baudelaire and Genet, rather than the method of Alain Badiou's *Almagestes*. So it looks as if

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Sartre himself proposes to adopt *neither* of the two lines of action which he sees as being open to the writer to-day.

It is strange that Sartre should regard the first of the two alternatives he offers—that of abandoning literature temporarily for more urgent social work—as the duty only of natives of backward countries. Sartre's kinsman Albert Schweitzer once felt, as he does, that it was impossible to remain idle in a suffering world; and so Schweitzer forsook literature and music to go and live and work as a doctor among the people who were suffering most in Africa. Why does Sartre's reasoning not carry him in the same direction?

PRESUMABLY THE ANSWER must be that Sartre would regard Schweitzer's work as "philanthropic"; being done by a white man it is not a revolutionary enterprise, it is tinkering with an imperialist, capitalist system instead of trying to overthrow it and replace it with a better one. The ending of hunger, in Sartre's view, must begin, as he puts it, with "the liberation of man." But again, one must ask, what does Sartre mean by "liberation"?

It is not easy to understand him. On the one hand, he sets great store by national independence for Algeria and the Indo-Chinese states, and has favoured the use of violence to realise that independence. But where the national independence of Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, or Tibet is concerned, he has been on the side of the oppressor against the oppressed. It is the same in the matter of personal freedom. He has demonstrated for the release of political prisoners in Spain and Portugal, but refused to support appeals for the release of prisoners in Eastern Europe. He regarded the execution of the Rosenbergs in the U.S.A. as conclusive evidence that America was fascist—"fascism is not defined by the number of its victims, but by its method of killing them." But he did not see the abduction and summary execution of Imre Nagy as evidence of fascism in the Soviet world. Indeed he calls people who plead for the release of such prisoners as Madame Olga Ivanskaya "anti-communists," and he thinks of "anti-communists" as being akin to fascists. In all this *Alice in Wonderland* logic, one thing at least is clear: when Sartre talks of "liberation" he does not mean anything to do with liberty.

WHAT SARTRE SEEMS to want is Communist politics without Communist philosophy. He has summed up his position well in a note published by Simone de Beauvoir: *"Il fallait accepter totalement le point de vue de l'U.S.S.R. et ne compter que sur moi pour maintenir le mien."*[1] This is the position he chose when he broke with his "anti-communist" friends in 1952. What Sartre has worked for in these past twelve years is a United Front of the Left, in which the Communists are acknowledged to be the largest element. And I think it must be said in his favour that he has worked to this end not only as a polemicist, but also as a philosopher. In his latest theoretical book, *Critique de la raison dialectique*—a charmless and jargon-ridden work, though I do not find it as unreadable as some do—Sartre set out to produce a de-Stalinised, modernised, and existentialised Marxism which might serve as a basis of reunion on the Left. The first part of this book, *The Problem of Method*,[2] has just been published in an English translation, but the larger part is so far accessible to the English reader only in Dr. Laing's abridgement.[3] The chief defect of this ambitious work is that it disappoints the expectations which it raises. Sartre proclaims his allegiance to Marxism in what looks like uncompromising terms. Only it turns out that what he means by Marxism is nothing that anyone could recognise as such. Sartre says that Marxism is the one true philosophy of the modern age and that existentialism is a mere ideology that lives on the margin, waiting to be assimilated in the larger system. But in this larger system which Sartre depicts, existentialism gives up none of its tenets—about determinism, for example, and individualism—while Marxism is quietly stripped of its central metaphysical teachings. So what is promised to be a modernised revitalised Marxism turns out to be paradoxically marxified Sartrianism.[4]

This difficult book is relevant to Sartre's talk about hunger as well, though he does not say in its pages what he said in the interview with *Le Monde*. In the *Critique de la raison dialec-*

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[1] Simone de Beauvoir, *La Force des Choses* (Gallimard, 1963), p. 282.

[2] J.-P. Sartre, *The Problem of Method*. Translated by Hazel Barnes. (Methuen, 30s.)

[3] R. D. Laing and D. G. Cooper, *Reason and Violence: A Decade of Sartre's Philosophy*. Foreword by J.-P. Sartre. (Tavistock Publications, 25s.)

[4] Another of Sartre's French critics, Jacques Houbart, in a recent pamphlet entitled *Un Père dénaturé* (Julliard) puts forward the view (which I myself have always held) that Sartre is really a religious writer. In spite of Sartre's claim that his commitment to political action has "cured" him of "the neurosis of idealism," he remains as much a metaphysician as ever.

Pierre-Henri Simon in *Le Monde* (June 10th, 1964) sees a close resemblance between Sartre and Pascal: both regard as an immoral luxury whatever diverts the mind from salvation—Pascal thinking of the salvation of sinners, Sartre the salvation of the undernourished.

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tique Sartre says that scarcity has always been with us, and that it is impossible to imagine a world without scarcity. All human history hitherto has been the history of a struggle against scarcity. And according to this book, men have not struggled against scarcity in freedom. Men have overcome scarcity to the limited extent that they have done so only by forming social groups. These groups are not the result of men's social nature; they are the result of a sort of non-aggression pact, made among natural rivals and enemies to live by working together rather than to die by fighting each other. The origin of the group is fear; and the group is formed by a pledge; and the pledge is enforced by Terror. Violence is at the heart of social groups. The Terror makes all men in a society brothers by the violence it threatens to any man who betrays his pledge and acts in an unbrotherly way. Thus Sartre is able to talk, like Robespierre, of the Terror as a form of "mortal solicitude." The Terror *is* Fraternity.

THUS THE PROSPECT for what Sartre calls in his interview with *Le Monde* the "liberation of man" looks considerably bleaker in the difficult and tenebrous pages of his *Critique* than it does in the bright words of his journalism. But perhaps one must understand by part of what Sartre considers the duty of "speaking to all, and being read by all" that one must not say quite the same thing to different audiences. Sartre once authorised the producers who made a film of *La Putain respectueuse* to give the story a happier ending. He explained that films were seen by working-class audiences, and that working-class people "who are really pushed to the limit, who hang on to life because they must, have need of hope...."

But if some truths are too harsh for the hungry to be given until they are fed, what is the writer in the meantime to offer them? Alain Badiou in *Almagestes* offers what he calls *"le mot tourné par le mensonge."* It is hard to think of a more melancholy substitute for bread.

Maurice Cranston

International Commentary

Towards a Balance Sheet

The Changing World of the 1960s — By HANS KOHN

THE FIRST decade after the conclusion of World War II was one of general fear. Many people believed in the probability of a repetition of the 1930s: economic depression in the capitalist countries; seemingly higher efficiency of totalitarian régimes; Munich; the coming of another World War. To-day we know that none of these fears was justified. The situation was even in the 1950s different from that of the 1930s. Though two superpowers faced each other, as if they alone counted in the world and as if heavy armament represented the only power factor in a world community growing ever more interdependent, peace was on the whole preserved. The superpowers showed a degree of restraint which former times had not known.

The United States did not make use of its atomic power monopoly, and Stalin, though the ruthless omnipotent dictator of the powerful and victorious Soviet Union and its European satellites, hesitated to impose his will upon the hated "Trotskyite" or "fascist" renegade Tito whose Yugoslav forces were insignificant compared with those of Stalin's war-machine. The United States government, contrary to some military advice, refrained from carrying the Korean war into Communist China, and the Soviet Union renounced its rights of occupation in Austria, helped to establish the full independence of the country and respected its Western democratic character as much as that of Finland, Germany's ally in aggression against the Soviet Union. Lying in the shadow of the Soviet giant, having long common frontiers with the Soviet bloc, Finland and Austria were not attacked or blockaded for following an economic and parliamentary policy totally opposed to that of Communism.

Though the Cold War still goes on and will go on for the foreseeable future—nothing in

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history goes on for ever or in perpetuity—it has lost by the middle of the 1960s its all-inclusive and dominant character. Three main factors have contributed to this development.

1. The reassertion of Western Europe. The second German war left Europe prostrate. Largely through the help of the U.S.A. which held its protective umbrella over Western Europe and poured many billions of aid into its economies, the European nations have in the 1960s regained their strength. Very auspicious developments—the growth of European co-operation and of an Atlantic Community—happened in the 1950s. No one could have foreseen them before 1914 or 1939. They pointed toward a future in which the isolationist and self-centred nationalism in the Western world, which prevailed until 1945 and made the two great wars possible, would be overcome. But lately there has been a marked slow-down in this development. NATO, now fifteen years old, is threatened in its growth by apathy and disintegration. Under General de Gaulle France follows an emphatically French policy, contrary to that of the U.S., not only in Europe and towards the Communist countries, but throughout the world. France—and not only France—wishes to become an independent power-centre, politically, economically, and above all culturally. A united Western Europe will therein follow the French example without accepting French leadership. We have here the pattern of the fragmentation of one of the two superpower blocs.

2. The loosening-up of the Communist bloc. This bloc undergoes the same fragmentation as does the Western world. In 1945 Communist countries and parties formed a strictly unified monolithic structure which without hesitation accepted direction from Moscow. In 1955 Khrushchev recognised the right of Communist Yugoslavia to follow its own road, independent of Moscow. By 1964 nothing remains of the monolithic character of world Communism. Each Communist country and party follows more and more its own line. The COMECON and the Warsaw Pact have become much less of a reality than NATO. Moscow has learned to respect the desire of its former satellites to be treated as equals. In the fall of 1963 Communist Rumania, stressing more and more her "Latin" and non-Slav character, twice voted differently from the U.S.S.R. in the United Nations, and has since made a number of surprising diplomatic overtures to the West.

Nor is this a mere "Kremlinological" interpretation. President Johnson, in his recent Virginia speech of May 23rd, declared:

> . . . The nations of Eastern Europe are beginning to reassert their own identity. There is no longer a single Iron Curtain. There are many. Each differs in strength and thickness—in the light that can pass through it and the hopes that can prosper behind it. We do not know when all European nations will become part of a single civilisation. . . . We will continue to build bridges across the gulf which has divided us from Eastern Europe. They will be bridges of increased trade, of ideas, of visitors, and of humanitarian aid. . . . [We will] follow a course based on hope rather than hostility—based on opportunity rather than fear. . . . I predict the years to come will see us draw closer to General Marshall's bold design than at any time since he stood at Harvard. . . .

3. The appearance of Asia, Africa, and Latin-America "in the foreground of the stage of world affairs."[1] The assertion of equality on the part of these "underdeveloped" countries is the great revolution of the mid-20th century. It surpasses in global importance those of 1789 or of 1917. Like its forerunners—the Young Turk revolution of 1908, the Mexican revolution of 1910–17, the Chinese revolution of 1911–12, and finally Lenin's seizure of power in 1917—the global revolution of our days is a response to the dynamic challenge of modern Western civilisation which in the 17th and 18th centuries invigorated the North Atlantic countries, and of which Marx, who called it (in his over-simplifying way) the "bourgeois revolution," foresaw the world-wide revolutionary implications.[2]

THESE THREE transformations of the world situation in the 1960s have brought about two results. *First,* they have put an end

[1] The quoted words were used by General de Gaulle about Latin America on the occasion of his visit to Mexico in March 1964. De Gaulle's visits to Latin America in 1964 are as significant as the journey of Communist China's Premier Chou En-lai through Africa, which started with his arrival (in December 1963) in Cairo to begin discussions of "Asian-African solidarity." During his trip Chou En-lai visited also Communist Albania, whose Prime Minister Mehmet Shehu greeted his visit as "the best New Year's gift for the Albanian people."

[2] The passage in Marx's *Communist Manifesto* reads: "In place of the old local and national seclusion and self-sufficiency, we have intercourse in every direction, universal interdependence of nations. And as in material, so also in intellectual production. The intellectual creations of individual nations became common property. . . . The bourgeoisie, by the immensely facilitated means of communication, draws all, even the most barbarian, nations into civilisation. . . . It compels all nations to introduce what it calls civilisation into their midst. . . . In one word, it creates a world after its own image."

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to the rigidity of the bipolar ideological conflict as it appeared in the early 1950s. It has been replaced by a multiplicity of complex and shifting relationships. The *rapprochement* of de Gaulle's France and Communist China, of Franco's Spain and Castro's Cuba, the "flirtation" between Pakistan and China, between the Greek Cypriots and the Soviet Union, are only a few random examples of the shifting international scene. There is not one "Third Force" emerging, but many and varying "Third Forces" and re-alignments, in which ideology plays a minor role.

The events leading up to and shaping World War II, too, were not primarily determined by ideological considerations. Fascist Germany in 1939 did not attack democratic Britain or Communist Russia, but—in close co-operation with Communist Russia—semi-fascist, anti-democratic, anti-communist, anti-semitic Poland, with which Germany had closely collaborated for five years. Fascist Spain refused its protector Hitler the passage through Spain to attack Gibraltar and occupy North Africa. Fascist Italy selected as its victim in October 1940, Greece, which was then under General John Metaxas an outright fascist state. And when the Germans stood at the gates of Moscow at the beginning of December 1941, the Japanese turned not against the Soviet Union which in this case would have lost the war, but against the United States.

Second: the growing strength of nationalism everywhere is the best safeguard against the control of mankind by one power or one ideology. Global aspirations of a centrally unified and directed order were still pursued in the 1930s by Hitler and the Japanese dynastic oligarchy and in the 1940s by Stalin. To-day they are doomed by the insistence of each nation on being "itself," whatever that may mean in the concrete circumstances. This insistence on equality of status (whatever the actual power behind it) exists to-day among all nations, strong and weak, old and new, democratic and communist as well as the very many which are neither democratic nor communist. It has withdrawn Cuba and Panama from the United State's sphere of influence and has frustrated Russia's age-old aspirations of establishing control in the Middle East and her new aspirations of gaining a footing in Africa. These aspirations still dominated Stalin's thought when he demanded in 1945 bases in the Bosphorus, in the Dodecanese, in Eritrea and Libya.

Soviet Russia under Khrushchev still aspires to become the leading or the greatest world power. This is a legitimate aspiration, fundamentally different from that of becoming the only dominant world power. In the 19th century, Britain was the leading power; in the 1950s and at present the United States is in this position; no nation remains the leading power for ever. Russian nationalists dreamt of such a position for Russia throughout the 19th century after Napoleon's defeat; whether Russia will achieve it in the 20th century is very doubtful, but even then being the strongest single power does not mean dominating the world. To-day the United States still has great superiority of military and economic power over the Soviet Union or any other country or combination of countries, but it is aware of the fact that superiority which in responsible hands is an instrument of peace does not mean—and ought not to mean—supremacy, which is an instrument of domination, of imposing one's will upon others.

In this rapidly changing world pattern the Soviet Union and the United States are losing the illusion of omnipotence which Stalin had and some Americans may have had in the first decade after 1945. Their heavy armaments, their potentiality of "over-kill," are of little help to them in facing their concrete problems. Khrushchev put forward his ultimatum regarding West Berlin in November 1958; though this ultimatum threatened action after six months, West Berlin finds itself years later as free as in 1958. Nor could Russia impose her will on tiny Albania. Russia was forced by Albania to evacuate her valuable submarine base at Valona in the Adriatic Sea, her only military stronghold in the Mediterranean area. In February, 1964, Albania seized the Soviet-built and Soviet-owned embassy buildings in Tirana, against which Russia could do no more than protest.

In 1961 France defended her most important Mediterranean naval base in Bizerta against a Tunisian take-over and killed many hundred Tunisians; two years later Bizerta was evacuated by the French and came under undisputed Tunisian control. French international prestige suffered as little by this abandonment of an "indispensable" military position as it did by negotiating the complete independence of Algeria. On the contrary, France gained in strength by this policy. Purely military and strategic considerations are losing in importance, and the power of a nation in to-day's world politics is not based on arms alone.

Under the conditions of the 1960s, technical agreements on the control of armaments are less important than the self-restraint, the patient will to negotiate and the openness to discourse, which if practised over a long time can create the conditions for concrete and limited armament agreements. A

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psychological change has to precede any more far-reaching actions. Such psychological changes are possible, and have happened again and again. Twenty years ago Americans regarded the Japanese and the Germans as their mortal enemies—who would have predicted then their present friendship? Within two years, between the Truman Doctrine in March 1947, to the North Atlantic Treaty of April 1949, public opinion in America, adapting itself to (and learning surprisingly well from) changing world conditions, turned from extreme isolationism and a deep-seated distrust of British "imperialism" to responsible participation in world affairs in co-operation with Britain.

One must beware of drawing ever-valid conclusions from experiences of the past. A comparison with "Munich" is of little help to-day. In 1938 the West—the U.S. and Britain—was disunited, disarmed, and still suffering from the depression. To-day the opposite is true. After a lost war the Germans in the 1930s, though wrongly, felt deeply humiliated and degraded, in need of "living space," a "people without space"; the Russians after a war imposed upon them and gloriously won by them feel stronger than ever in their history and cannot complain about claustrophobia and being hemmed in. Hitler was an impatient emotional "romantic" ready to risk a *Götterdämmerung*; Khrushchev is a shrewd peasant, unwilling to risk his great gains. This is true to-day of Russian society in general; though the Russians conquered infinitely more territory in their history of expansion than the Germans did, their folk-myth did not glorify war and the warrior-hero as did German folk-myth.

NOT ONLY HAS the situation of 1938 no parallel to-day, but in the middle of the 1960s some recently unforeseeable psychological changes make world-wide intercourse possible and the preservation of peace probable.

1. The changed attitudes of the Soviet and American administrations. In its reply of July 13th, 1963, the Russian Communist Party warned the Chinese,

> Suffice it to say that the explosion of only one thermonuclear bomb surpasses the explosive force of all ammunition used during all previous wars, including World Wars I and II. And many thousands of such bombs have been accumulated! . . . We ourselves produce the thermonuclear weapon and have manufactured it in sufficient quantity. We know its destructive force quite well.

Twelve days later the treaty for a partial nuclear test ban was signed in Moscow. The following day President Kennedy declared to the American people:

> Yesterday, a shaft of light cut into the darkness. . . . For the first time an agreement has been reached on bringing the forces of nuclear destruction under international control. . . . It offers to all the world a welcome sign of hope. It is not a victory for one side—it is a victory for mankind. It ended the tests which befouled the air of all men and all nations.[3]

On the occasion of the Soviet-German Friendship Treaty (June 12th, 1964), Mr. Khrushchev departed from his prepared text to say:

> Is there a madman or a clever man who could tell what would happen after a nuclear war? It's stupid, stupid, stupid. . . . And there are people among Communists who believe that war is good for revolution. Those who call for revolution now should go to see a psychiatrist. . . .
> (*The Times, 13 June*)

2. The Papal leadership towards a re-examination of traditional attitudes of hostility and separateness. Pope John XXIII stressed in his encyclical *Pacem in terris* in an entirely unprecedented way human liberty, individual rights, equality of races, and the importance of the United Nations. The Second Vatican Council intended not only reforming the Church in the spirit of the mid-20th century, but building bridges which in full awareness of fundamental differences might open a dialogue and a co-operation in limited concrete fields of common human interest with non-Catholics, non-Christians, and non-believers, thus taking into account the growing catholic character of all human problems to-day.

3. The growing importance of the United Nations. The United Nations will soon be twenty years old—at that age the League of Nations was dead after a long agony. The United Nations on the other hand is young and growing in strength. It is the recognised meeting ground for all peoples, races, creeds, ideologies, which in full awareness of their many conflict-

[3] The basis was laid by President Kennedy's Commencement address at the American University in Washington on June 10th, 1964. The full text was published the next day in *The New York Times* and in *Izvestiya* (Moscow), the official Soviet newspaper. Mr. Kennedy rejected in his speech the concept of a *pax Americana* or a *pax Sovietica*. He demanded the recognition of the possibility and necessity for living together in diversity: "Let us not be blind to our differences, but let us also direct attention to our common interests and the means by which these differences can be resolved. And if we cannot end our differences, at least we can help make the world safe for diversity."

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ing interests follow the Western parliamentary tradition of discussing them and of trying to find compromise solutions. They enter more and more into an open discourse, in which the small nations are heard on equal terms with the great powers. Few have better defined the nature of the United Nations than Pope Paul VI, assuring the U.N. Secretary-General (characteristically for the organisation's universal character a Buddhist) in 1963, that the Holy See

> considers the United Nations as the steadily developing and improving form of the balanced and unified life of all humanity in its historical and earthly order. The ideologies of those who belong to the United Nations are certainly multiple and diverse, and the Catholic Church regards them with due attention. But the convergence of so many peoples, so many races, so many states in a single organisation, intended to avert the evils of war and to favour the good things of peace, is a fact which the Holy See considers as corresponding to its concept of humanity.

These various changes in the international climate in the 1960s may in the years to come provide a more concrete meaning for the words which President Johnson spoke (in December 1963) to the U.N.: "The greatest of human problems—and the greatest of our common tasks—is to keep the peace to save the future.... The United States wants to press on with arms control and reduction." But it will take time, patience, and self-restraint on all sides before this goal will be in sight, a world safe for diversity and a better place for all generations in the years to come. Disarmament is not so much a technological as a psychological question: the readiness of men for it. The premise for it—the deadly destructiveness of total weapons and the neighbourly interdependence of all peoples—has come into existence for the first time in the post-World War II world.

The Confused Martyr

A Reply to Herbert Matthews — By THEODORE DRAPER

EVER since my exchange with Herbert L. Matthews in ENCOUNTER two years ago. I have deliberately refrained from making any personal allusions to him. He has apparently been less capable of controlling himself. Twice, in recent months, he has found it impossible to let well enough alone. In his article, "Dissent over Cuba," in the July ENCOUNTER, I am the only writer whom he mentions by name, and most of his resentment seems directed against me.

Unfortunately, Mr. Matthews has seen fit to repeat the distortions and misrepresentations that I controverted two years ago. It is unconscionable for him to replay his old record about my imaginary belief in a doctrine of "inevitability," when he has repeatedly used "the logic of the Revolution" to justify Castro's injustices and in this very article bids us to stop "quarrelling with history" and with events that "move like the tides." There is so much that is contradictory, muddled and disingenuous in Mr. Matthews' latest effort to explain himself that it would be necessary to use at least as much space as he did to set the record straight again. For those who are interested, the previous correspondence with Mr. Matthews was reprinted in my book, *Castro's Revolution: Myths and Realities*, pp. 185–99.

In order not to waste any more time, I would like to deal with only three points here.

1. Dissent. I would have more respect for Mr. Matthews' plaint on behalf of Public Dissenter Number One, his perhaps overweening title by self-appointment, if he defended the right to dissent in principle everywhere. But, for at least the second time in his career, he uses the right to dissent in order to give assent to systems that stifle the right to dissent. He once defended Mussolini's system, and even after it had fallen, he wrote that he would make no apologies for having "admired Fascism" (*The Education of a Correspondent*, p. 12). Now he defends Castro's system which, in this respect, is not a whit better than Mussolini's. "Public agitation," as it is called in the law of Castro's Cuba, is proscribed on principle; it is a "counter-revolutionary" act punishable by a 10-to-20 year prison sentence or, if interpreted as part of an attempt to overthrow the régime, the death penalty. There was no comparable prescript or practice even in Batista's Cuba. When some housewives in the city of Cárdenas came out in the streets beating pots and pans to protest food shortages, tanks and helmeted troops staged a parade to warn of the consequences if the incident were repeated, and

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the Cuban President, Oswaldo Dorticós, threatened such protesters with violence. As for journalists, the columnist of the Havana newspaper, *La Tarde*, disclosed in late February 1964, that Minister of Industries Guevara had virtually threatened to send him to the "labour camp" at Guanahacabibes if Guevara did not like his work; Fidel Castro made a derogatory remark about this columnist on television the following month, and he was immediately sacked.[1]

Would that all "dissenters" in Cuba and elsewhere were persecuted the way Mr. Matthews has been! He has received many nasty letters and the more dull-witted readers of the right-wing *National Review* did not recognise a spoof when they saw one. But Mr. Matthews is still the editorial writer on Latin American affairs, including Cuba no less, for the most powerful newspaper in the United States, perhaps the most influential in the world. As late as December 31, 1963, he wrote an editorial so favourable to Fidel Castro that Castro spent about fifteen minutes reading it on television two days later, savouring every word. On January 14, 1964, Mr. Matthews used the editorial page of the *New York Times* to discredit and deride the U.S. blockade of Cuba. Whatever one may think of the issues, where and when has a "dissenter" dissented from such a privileged platform?

Yet Mr. Matthews is capable of writing:

> Meanwhile no free, open, acceptable dialogue is possible in the United States on the subject of Cuba; there are no two sides; no bases for argument; no way of reaching intermediate or different positions.

In what country has he been living? On a hunch, I went to the Columbia University Library to check the books on Cuba published in the United States in the past five years. Of about twenty, I found that *the majority were pro-Castro*. C. Wright Mills' book on Cuba probably sold more copies than all other books on Cuba combined. My files bulge with pro-Castro articles in a great variety of magazines. At least three of our foremost newspapers, the *New York Times*, the Washington *Post* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, have given Castro an even break or, on occasion, better—and they are not the only ones. I do not wish to go to the other extreme and pretend that the U.S. press has not been heavily anti-Castro; it has been, especially in the so-called mass media. But it is equally fantastic to pretend that "dissenters" like Mr. Matthews—and many others far more uncritically pro-Castro—have not been able to get their side into print and even on television. Under the circumstances, it is astonishing how much pro-Castro propaganda gets around in the United States, especially in the more influential intellectual and political circles.

Inasmuch as I have suffered more than my share of partisan abuse and misrepresentation, I cannot consider Mr. Matthews' plight to be so grossly one-sided. There have been more than a few occasions when I have felt like the "dissenter," not only from the pro-Castro schools of thought but from what often passes as anti-Castro positions. In these moments of adversity, I have found it useful to recall the immortal words of that political philosopher, Harry S. Truman: "If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen."

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[1] The camp at Guanahacabibes is the only one I have seen mentioned in the Cuban press. The same columnist, "Siquitrilla," published an interview with Guevara in *La Tarde*, November 11, 1963, in which he suggested to the Minister of Industries that this camp might have been responsible for producing "inhibitions" in the sluggish Cuban bureaucracy, about which Guevara had complained. Guevara shrugged off the suggestion. Refugee sources claim that there are no fewer than 23 punishment camps in Cuba, some on the order of "concentration camps," some called "state rehabilitation farms" (*granjas estatales de rehabilitación*).

A distinguished physician, Dr. Mario Robau Cartaya, over sixty years of age, son of a Cuban general in the nineteenth century War of Independence against Spain, recently spent 49 days as an accused political prisoner in the dreaded La Cabaña military prison. He was arbitrarily arrested, and just as suddenly released, after which he managed to get out of the country. He has described in detail the physical and mental tortures inflicted on political prisoners, of whom he estimated that 70 per cent were "humble people, the majority workers and peasants."

I have a copy of a *Prensa Latina* story, dated March 31, 1964, in the Cuban press, reporting that one, Ramón López Rosa, had been sentenced to *30 years in prison* for stealing "a bag of vegetables." It may seem incredible, but I have the clipping. I have no way of verifying the refugee reports on the Cuban camps, but Castro has refused to permit any outside agency to check on them. The large number and extreme verisimilitude of the reports, which contain the exact locations of the camps, remind one of the cries of anguish about similar camps that were denied and ignored for so long in Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia.

An "Association of Relatives Pro Freedom of Cuban Political Prisoners" tried to negotiate with Castro for a general amnesty of political prisoners last September through former U.S. Representative Charles O. Porter. It appears that Castro first indicated that he was willing to release some categories, beginning with women who were sick, aged and heads of families, but for some reason, soon changed his mind.

Where is the "dissent" against all this?

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2. Totalitarianism. At one point, Mr. Matthews accuses me of a new sin: "totalitarian" thought. It appears that my references to "government decrees, statements, speeches, and newspaper or magazine articles as if they represented a carefully planned progression or a complete structure" have made me guilty of "the technique of totalitarian, 'scientific' thought or the school of Kremlinology." In this peculiar jumble, I merely wish to call attention to the curious linkage of "totalitarianism" and "scientific." It is true that I basically believe in traditional historical documentation, and I try to use it as much as possible in my work. It may have its limitations, but what in the world does it have to do with "totalitarianism"? Are the Kremlinologists "totalitarian" or is the subject they are studying? This is an incredible inversion. One would imagine that anyone who really took the trouble to study the Cuban decrees, statements, speeches, and articles, and presented them honestly and accurately, as Mr. Matthews admits I do, would at least be given credit for having earned the right to his views, which is more than I can say for those who have not even tried to study the Cuban decrees, and statements, speeches, and articles. I do not happen to believe that the Cuban revolution was "a carefully planned progression" throughout its course, though I think that it was in part and at times more carefully planned than Mr. Matthews seems to think; I have never claimed to see a "complete structure," though I have tried to elucidate parts of it whenever I have felt that I had enough hard evidence or information to do so. Still, even if I believed in this progression and this structure, why "totalitarian"?

Three pages later in Mr. Matthews' article, however, I could hardly believe my eyes. For there, Mr. Matthews himself suggests that he is not such an irreconcilable enemy of totalitarianism.

> Conceivably, there may be no other way for an underdeveloped nation to make the quick and drastic social and economic reforms required, except by totalitarian, socialistic methods. . . .

This is, of course, not merely "conceivable"; it is what the apologists of totalitarianism actually conceive. I must confess that to be charged with totalitarianism for a rather arduous and painstaking method of study by one who admittedly conceives of the necessity for totalitarianism as a political and social reality leaves me at a loss for an adequate but printable response.

3. Anticlimax. In his article, on page 87, Mr. Matthews glories in his role of one who has refused to repent having worshipped the "idol" of Fidel Castro. In the same article on page 90, he quotes from a statement which he made on behalf of the *New York Times* in October 1961, and which he seemingly intends to represent him to-day: "We have different ideas about how to combat the Cuban Revolution—and we are opposing it in the way we think best."

At this point, I became thoroughly confused. It is clear to me that Herbert Matthews wants to be considered a martyr; it is not so clear whose martyr he wants to be.

The Risks of Dissent

HERBERT MATTHEWS is an able and honourable newspaperman who has combined exceptional journalistic skill and enterprise with a deep commitment to popular causes. His testimony is entitled to respect. But I confess that much of his piece "Dissent over Cuba" [ENCOUNTER, July] seems to me extravagant and erroneous. Let me comment on his two major themes—the attitude in the United States toward the Cuban Revolution and toward Latin American social change in general; and the place of the dissenter in the North American community.

Mr. Matthews agrees that the Cuban Revolution can now be properly described as communistic and accepts Dr. Castro's suggestion that mid-1960 is "as good a date as any" to mark the conversion to communism. Mr. Matthews also implies, though he denies saying quite this, that an insensate policy of United States hostility—"the intense emotionalism, the inflexibility of mind, the blind certainty, the fear, the hatred, the intolerance, the ruthlessness of American public opinion"—left Castro no alternative but to go down the communist road.

I hate to rehearse the familiar chronology once again; but the demonstrable fact is that the movement towards communism in Cuba was clearly gathering force in the spring of 1959. By the end of that year, the Communist party was the only party in Cuba permitted freedom of political action. Anti-communism had become a crime; a hero of the Revolution, Major Huber Matos, was sent to prison for 20 years as an anti-communist. The communisation of the Army was well under way. Non-communist radicals, like Manuel Ray, had left the government. In a few months, with the arrest of David Salvador, the communisation of the labour movement would be complete. The 26 July Movement itself was being shunted aside in favour of the communists.

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What was United States policy during these months? The public reaction to the overthrow of the Batista tyranny had been highly enthusiastic; and Castro's visit to the United States in the spring of 1959 was something of a triumphal tour. The myth that Castro sought economic assistance from the United States on that trip and was turned down has, of course, long since been exploded. In the summer of 1959, the United States Government sent Philip Bonsal to Cuba as Ambassador because of his success in dealing with the Bolivian Revolution; for a long time, Castro would not even receive him. The Cuban negotiations with the Soviet Union began when Mikoyan came to Cuba in February 1960. By that time the leaders of the democratic left in Latin America—Betancourt, Haya de la Torre, Figueres—had lost hope in Castro. Castro has now told Mr. Matthews that he had become a communist by mid-1960. Yet the Eisenhower Administration did not reduce the Cuban sugar quota until July—the event which my socialist friends in England for a long time fondly supposed propelled a reluctant Castro into the embrace of Moscow. This was followed by a series of expropriations of United States property—but the United States did not break off diplomatic relations until January 3, 1961, and this because of Cuban demands that the Embassy be reduced to a handful of people.

IT SEEMS WORTHWHILE to recall these facts because I doubt whether the reader of Mr. Matthews' piece would emerge with quite this impression of the evolution of United States policy towards Cuba. Far from mounting an hysterical anti-Castro crusade, far from stimulating "an emotional reaction that has had few precedents in U.S. history," Washington's response to the communisation of Cuba seems in retrospect surprisingly lethargic. Since that period, opinion has hardened; and Mr. Matthews is right in saying that public reaction has not done justice to the complexities of the Cuban situation, of Cuban communism, or even of Castro himself. But Mr. Matthews makes the American reaction to Castro far too much of a piece. One strongly doubts, for example, whether Mr. Matthews' 1957 despatches from the Sierra Maestra sent, as he writes, "a shock of anxiety ... through the American business community." American businessmen had other things to worry about in 1957.

He adds the notion that "the U.S. attitude towards the Cuban Revolution and Fidel Castro has its application towards the whole of Latin America." The implication, I take it, is that any form of social upheaval in Latin America will promptly be labelled communist in the United States and given the Castro treatment. Of course there is always the Bolivian Revolution, which divided the land and nationalised the tin mines—a revolution which even the Eisenhower Administration accepted and subsidised—but this, Mr. Matthews explains, did not involve United States property, and no one cared. What, he asks, about Chile, Argentina, Peru, Panama, Brazil, Ecuador?

I do not know how Mr. Mann, the new Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs (whose appointment Mr. Matthews saluted with a glowing editorial in the *New York Times*) is likely to react to non-communist social revolution in Latin America; but it is a matter of public record that President Kennedy repeatedly made the point that the objection to the Castro Revolution was not that it was a revolution or that it nationalised American property (which has happened elsewhere in Latin America without bringing in the Marines) but that it provided Soviet Russia with a bridgehead in the western hemisphere—an objection which the events of October 1962 showed not to have been academic. The President said in a speech in Miami a few weeks later:

> We support for Cuba and for all the countries of this hemisphere the right of free elections and the free exercise of basic human freedoms. We support land reform and the right of every *campesino* to own the land he tills. We support the effort of every free nation to pursue programmes of economic progress. We support the effort of every free nation to freely transform the economic and political institutions of society so that they may serve the welfare of all.

He added, "I am confident that all over the island of Cuba, *in the Government itself, in the Army, and in the militia*, there are many who hold to this freedom faith." This is not precisely the monolithic conception of the Castro régime which Mr. Matthews ascribes to all Americans, except those few intrepid and persecuted heretics like himself.

THE POINT ABOUT the "revolutionary situation" in Latin America is that it is not a homogeneous affair, in which Castro is the benevolent ally of men everywhere who want land reform, child welfare, education, medical care and sanitation for their people. The point is that an exceedingly savage contest is going on in Latin America for the control of the Latin American revolution between the communists and Castroites, on the one hand, and the progressive democrats on the other—the *partidos populares*, like "Accion Democratica" in Venezuela, and the left-wing Christian Democratic parties, as in Chile. Castro's main effort in Latin America has been precisely to destroy the democratic revolution, which is why the main target of

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his terrorist efforts in other countries has been, not the oligarchies or the military dictatorships but Betancourt of Venezuela. As Asia confronts a choice between the Chinese way and the Indian way, and as China therefore is doing everything it can to wreck the Indian experiment in democratic social change, so Castro knows that he will fail if social democracy and the Alliance for Progress succeed. Castro is no threat to the United States. But he is a deadly threat to the possibility of democratic revolution in Latin America.

THE REST of Mr. Matthews' piece deals with the problems of holding unpopular views in America. "The role of the dissenter," he writes, "is not an easy one in the United States." I do not suppose that it is terribly easy anywhere, but presumably people who adopt that role know in advance that it will not be roses all the way. Mr. Matthews has been assailed by Eisenhower's pro-Batista ambassadors to Cuba and by right-wing congressmen and journalists; he has received denunciatory letters; he has been victimised by a satirical piece in the *National Review*. But who hasn't? One is tempted to ask: is this persecution? If Mr. Matthews had been thrown out of his job on the *Times*, if he had been denied other employment, if his books had been suppressed, if he had been mobbed and beaten, if he had been sent to a labour camp in North Dakota, then his experience might justify his rhetoric. But, so far as I can see, nothing more happened to him than happens to anyone who assumes the risk of comment on current affairs.

One dislikes invoking one's own experience; but, as one who was attacked by Senator McCarthy in a nationwide telecast in 1952, who has been repeatedly denounced by right-wing congressmen, vilified in anonymous letters, lampooned in the *National Review* and subjected to most of Mr. Matthews' harassments and others besides, I can only testify that I have never felt unduly abused by all this. Surely it is no more than the occupational peril of free comment—and in the United States the rewards, in both Mr. Matthews' case and my own, far outweigh the difficulties.

NATIONAL SELF-HATRED of the sort expressed in Mr. Matthews' piece is a cherished part of the Anglo-American tradition, but it should never be taken as a literal statement of the facts. The very day that I received the proofs of Mr. Matthews' article the headlines in the newspapers reported a speech by Senator Fulbright, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, condemning mythology and moralism in popular thinking about foreign affairs and calling, among other things, for a re-examination of policy towards Cuba. I think there is a good chance that Senator Fulbright will live out the month without being tarred and feathered, and that he can return to his state of Arkansas, not one of the notably enlightened states in the union, without being lynched, or even defeated in the next election. Life is sometimes hard in the United States—but really not so hard as Mr. Matthews suggests.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Silone Revises

THE first edition of Ignazio Silone's *School for Dictators* (*La Scuola dei Dittatori*) appeared in 1939, when the author was living in Swiss exile because of the Fascist régime. Its now-out-of-print English translation appeared in London and New York the following year. The Milanese publisher Mondadori has recently issued an Italian edition, and if basically it is the same book, it has been to an interesting extent re-written.[1] The passages rendered obsolete by the fall of Mussolini's Fascism have been deleted, but the fundamental concepts which Silone thinks remain valid to-day have been analysed in greater depth. Nazism and Fascism have been destroyed by force of arms—but is the danger of totalitarianism, perhaps in some new and unpredictable form, still latent in present-day society? Does there exist, objectively, a set of social conditions which, in times of extreme crisis, would still tend to favour such a degenerate solution? And what, in such an event, is likely to be the fate of political liberty and of the labour movement?

These are some of the questions raised by Silone's new *School for Dictators*. A cursory glance at the present Italian edition shows the work Silone has done on the text of the 1939 edition to bring it up to date. The basic idea of the book and its structure have remained the same, but the reasoning has, I think, been clarified, even simplified. A good deal of the documentation which in 1939 was still necessary to counteract Nazi and Fascist propaganda has been cut; the question of the conditions under which a totalitarian peril is likely to emerge in modern society has been developed. The aim of the book has remained what it was: to unmask the various forms of deception and violence which, even in supposedly democratic countries and institutions, constitute a threat to the free-

[1] It has just been published in English by Gollancz (London) and Atheneum (New York).

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dom of the individual citizen. Silone has evidently borrowed the formula from Machiavelli's *Prince*—here is another "manual" for the use of those who aspire to become dictators. Fourteen dialogues are woven around an ironical imaginary situation: an American, Mr. W. (an aspiring dictator) and Professor Pickup (his ideological expert) are subjected to the opinions of Thomas the Cynic (an Italian political émigré) as to ways and means of achieving tyranny. Mr. W. and Professor Pickup have been travelling round Europe, interviewing the various dictators—but in the end it is from the foe of tyranny, the Italian exile, that they learn the secret of how, at a time of crisis in a democratic society, it is possible to come to power.

Still, it is not difficult to recognise Silone the novelist-moralist, the dedicated exponent of humanism and liberty, in the Silone of this "cynical" essay, which condenses within a rigorous framework all the ferment of problems to which his impassioned intellectual quest has been, and continues to be, devoted.

How, then, is freedom to survive when "mass society" is plunged into economic and political crisis? Silone argues the existence of *latent* totalitarian trends in every *mass* society. At the same time he divests the concept of totalitarianism of the various garbs it has hitherto assumed, showing that it is liable to reappear in new and unsuspected forms. He defines what is essential in totalitarianism: an ideology which sacrifices society as a whole to a single one of its parts or aspects: Proletariat, Nation, Race—the One-Party system—the enforced regimentation of the masses—the monopolising of all channels of mass-communication and propaganda—the process of rendering people at large indifferent to politics—the régime of terror.

In Silone's analysis, Fascism is shown as the Italian form (or rather, one of the possible Italian forms) of modern totalitarianism. The usual tendency in Italy is to ignore the fact that Italian Fascism was conceived in the same womb as the various other dictatorships of our time. Since the Liberation, Italian anti-Fascist writers

The Meaning of "Commitment"

"I THINK *that several phenomena which characterised literary life at the end of the last world war seem now to have faded away, even though some people still go on talking about them. We have now really come to the end of the post-war literature. Present problems are no longer those of 1945. Great difficulties remain, especially if we are entering upon a pre-war period. We certainly hope that we are not, but in any case I think it is rather pointless to persist in presenting the problems as they were in 1945.*

One of the topics that we may assume to have been exhausted is certainly that which Jean-Paul Sartre formulated and made known as "commitment." This goes back to a much older phenomenon, but we must acknowledge that Sartre did give it a range, a meaning, and a particular resonance; and it is no mere coincidence that he himself is now rather silent upon this theme—at least since what happened in Budapest in 1956. However, the few things I want to say do not particularly or directly concern him. I would like to sum up my opinion briefly, in four points.

I think the first mistake people are liable to make in this matter of commitment is to take it to be a norm—like an obligatory service which includes, as its corollary, the persecution of, or contempt for, those who are not committed. This serious error appeared in grotesque and horrifying forms when, in certain countries, the poets and writers were organised into "shock troops," and groups of writers were sent to work on farms, or in factories, in order to give literary or poetic form to whatever happened to be the order of the day in the Party or in the State. That was an extreme case; but it belongs to the same category of error as do pejorative judgments upon poets or writers who, instead of writing upon political or social problems, still write about love, or flowers, or their dreams....

My second observation concerns the mistake that most of those committed (in the sense just indicated) are prone to make: the mistake of identifying the ideal, the absolute, the good, true, or beautiful, with an institution—of identifying the cause of literature, of poetry, or the cause of truth with a Party or a Church or a State. This is the most widely prevalent form of idolatry in our age; to bow down with a reverence due to God or to the Absolute, and to direct this idolatry to historical and transitory things. Idolatry is the most primitive and inferior of relationships between the person and the world of the spirit....

My third observation will be a defence of commitment as a personal vocation. This conception of it does not prevent one from exhorting the young, those who are still uncertain of their own vocation, to follow one's own ideal. But one cannot go beyond that. The conception of commitment as exclusively a personal vocation implies respect for artists who do not want such a commitment, and implies the rejection of every judgment of their work by standards external to the work of art, whether this be a judgment according to the social utility, the political utility, the national or class utility, of the work in question. This conception of commitment implies a just respect for the autonomy and the liberty of culture. It is not the police officer, nor the party secretary, nor the minister of culture who decides what is beautiful or ugly,

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and historians have been producing a vast body of documentation concerning Italian Fascism; but its real causes have been allowed to remain obscure (or at best have been defined from shaky pseudo-historical standpoints). The importance and the interest of Silone's thesis, based as it is on a new and more modern concept of totalitarianism, is therefore evident.

THIS WAS THE FIRST topic raised in my conversation with Silone. "People's notion of what Fascism means is still rather confused," Silone said. "Look at the arbitrary way in which even intelligent people will apply the term to situations as vastly different as de Gaulle's régime in France, a military *pronunciamento* in South America, or a London policeman's energetic way of dealing with some demonstration that is holding up the traffic. All this mental confusion arises from the fact that people see Fascism as residing in one or the other of its external aspects (violence, suspension of parliamentary prerogatives, censorship, etc.) and are unaware of what it means essentially. One would almost think that twenty years of Fascism in Italy were not enough to make everyone understand what it was all about. For some, the difficulty of understanding is a consequence of the national limitation of their culture. Fascism and Nazism are explained, separately, by retracing the separate historical traditions of the two countries concerned. Now it is evident that Italian and German historical tradition did play a great part in determining certain aspects of Nazism and Fascism. But this should not obscure the fact that their fundamental characteristics were identical, the same as are to be found, I believe, in all other totalitarian dictatorships.

"For others, the difficulty of understanding Fascism lies in their habit of subordinating ideology to the tactics of the moment. Thus the Communists, with each of their numerous changes of party-line, have produced a different definition of Fascism (Fascism as "anti-Bolshevism," as the "dictatorship of Big Busi-

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what is good painting, good music, or good poetry. That is the domain of (literary, artistic, musical) criticism....

I believe you will not be surprised that an artist as committed as I am—I cannot conceive a literary work without a social stimulus—should speak to you in this manner about the respect that I observe towards writers and artists who differ from me, whose works are responses to intuitions which come only from their own consciences, from their inspiration. It may be that there are periods in which a whole society may be mobilised for political, national, or economic tasks. A poor society, which is in need of all its forces, may also appeal to its intellectuals to "join in the common effort to create a new national community," a new society, to educate the people in the ways of a new order. But, I repeat, this should not be an obligation, a law. And even then, I respect those who, having no longer any opportunity to publish their poems (because the publishing houses reject them) or to exhibit their pictures, go on working in their garrets, writing or painting according to their personal inspiration. A German poet has said that the day might well come when men would disdain beautiful silks or other fabrics, and again dress themselves in iron or other metals, to protect themselves against their enemies. But even then the silkworm would continue to spin silk.

My fourth observation, which concerns those who accept commitment as their personal vocation, is that they must never identify their ideal with institutions or with powers. Here there may sometimes be coincidence: at a given moment one's political ideal, one's national or social ideal, may be best represented by one party or another. It is not against such alliances or such coincidences that I would pronounce judgment, but against false identifications. One cannot identify the God of the Christians with the Vatican City State; one cannot identify Socialism with the Soviet Union, nor Democracy with the United States of America. Each of these ideals, this God, this socialism, and this democracy, has some relation to the institutions I have mentioned, but they are not identical with them. And the poet who is inspired by religion, by socialism, or by freedom, would be wrong to identify himself with the interests or with the causes of these institutions. That, I think, is just the error that Sartre fell into, and of which he became aware in November, 1956, at the time of the Hungarian Revolution. He had identified his undoubtedly sincere and authentic will to socialism with an institution which, perhaps, originally started from that same ideal but which later, because of historical circumstances, had become what the Budapest newspapers in 1956 proved it to be. On one side there was an army that still called itself "Soviet," and it marched on Budapest to abolish the Hungarian Soviets....

My conclusion is very brief. The writer who is committed, who has a personal vocation for commitment, belongs to society and not to the State. He ought never to accept obligations that come to him from any inquisition or from a Zhdanov or a McCarthy. The writer who is committed sincerely and by vocation and who wishes to be true to himself must remain in the service of man or his fellow-men...." IGNAZIO SILONE

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ness," as the "reactionary bloc," as "anti-democracy," etc.). There are yet others for whom the difficulty of understanding Fascism is of a social nature: for example, they shrink from recognising the real reason for which the Church—any Church—always ends by getting involved in the political vicissitudes of the society whose official faith it represents. As a result of these various intellectual and emotional obstacles to clear thinking where Fascism is concerned, many people simply prefer to go on deploring and denouncing. In point of fact, the problem of understanding any modern dictatorship lies in discerning how its outward forms correspond to local historical requirements. Its essence, however, is conditioned by the crisis of old-fashioned political structures in a society that has reached the stage of mass civilisation...."

In Silone's book, a good deal of space is devoted to analysing the errors of democracy—from a democrat's viewpoint. Totalitarianism does not "fall from the skies." The blindness of many democrats is very useful to aspiring dictators—blindness to the trend towards excessive State control, in which democracy "devours itself"; the trend towards centralisation, in which democracy, by suffocating the various forms of local autonomy, suffocates its own vitality; the inadequacy or artificiality of parliamentary control, as shown by the elephantiasis of State budgets; the bureaucratisation of political parties and trade unions, with its corollary, the de-politicisation of their members—even the spread of prosperity, the use that is made of the instruments of mass information, and the degeneration of culture into "mass culture." All these are trends which the author of *The School for Dictators* sees as "possibilities" or, rather, causes of conflict. The emphasis is on *conflict*; Silone does not fall into the trap of any kind of absolute determinism. A certain set of social conditions will encourage totalitarian ventures, but does the struggle for political liberty thereby cease?

"Mass civilisation," Silone says, "helps totalitarianism but does not necessarily create it. As you are aware, democratic opinion is still very much divided on the subject of the 'mass media.' The verdict of certain sociologists is frankly pessimistic, catastrophic in fact. Others are considerably more lenient in their attitude towards some aspects of the question, notably that of mass culture, arguing that mass media, for all their faults, have some kind of mentally stimulating effect on people in backward areas. The debate still continues, and one would like to see some intellectuals from the remoter districts taking a serious part in it. Only then would the debate, for me, become realistic and freed from the prejudices of one or the other extreme. At all events, it would be ridiculous to try to reconcile the opposing points of view by a Solomonic verdict. But there is one attitude that for me can admit of no compromise. It seems to me to be incumbent on every human being who values liberty—whatever the situation, even the most adverse—to refuse to accept defeat. Even in hell, even under the absolute dominion of evil, one must never surrender...."

THE SELF-CRITICISM is even more caustic when it comes to the attitude of the two wings of the European labour movement (Social Democracy and Communism) towards totalitarianism. The quotations with which Silone illustrates the stupidity and the inconsistent behaviour, with regard to Fascism and Nazism, of the leaders of the labour movement, are very often discouraging, but one feels that they are given primarily as a warning—a warning to all political parties which value justice and freedom to keep their members morally on the alert, to prevent themselves from growing lazy in their acceptance of traditions or "revealed truths," to exercise a constant and unbiased reappraisal of their contact with the individual citizen and with society. This was the last point raised in my talk with Silone.

"The most alarming fact of all," Silone said, "and one which should give much food for thought to every militant in the labour movement, is this: Hitler's victory had been preceded only a little while earlier by the apex, numerically speaking, of the growth of the two labour parties, the Social-Democratic and the Communist, on both the organisational and on the electoral level. One year later, those so-called Marxist masses were regimented—as silent and as disciplined as ever—in the Nazi State. Anyone wishing to take up a stand at least against the moral and psychological conditioning which favours totalitarian ventures must therefore begin at home. He must educate his companions to understand and to reason, to respect opinions if they happen to differ from their own, to keep alive a spirit of criticism, to reconcile freedom of thought with discipline in action, to encourage others to develop a sense of awareness, a sense of conscience. If one sets oneself a task of this kind one will never be disappointed, one will never have cause for regret. It seems to me to be the most effective way of combating the contagion of the totalitarian hypnosis...."

Mario Raimondo

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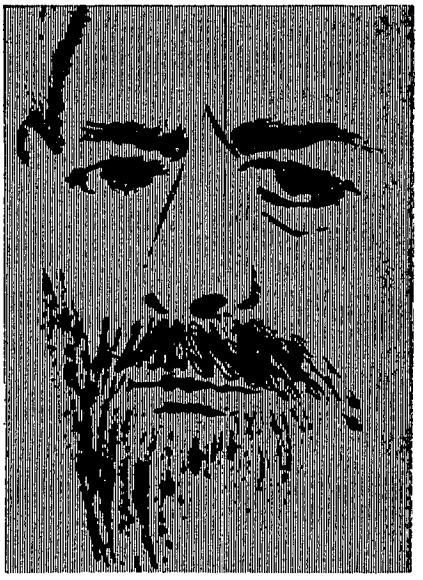
Letter from Heidelberg

Storm Over Max Weber

IT WAS very strange. Of the four principal papers read at the German Congress of Sociology in Heidelberg three were by scholars from abroad. Was this accidental or significant? After all, the Congress was devoted to the theme of "Max Weber and Contemporary Sociology" (marking the centenary of the great Heidelberg scholar's birth), and it was hoped to establish which parts of his enormous output are still of interest and relevance to sociologists to-day. Wasn't it, therefore, fitting to hear the views of foreign non-German scholars? But then, too, sociology had been a "Jewish science" and had been excluded from German universities for the twelve Nazi years; Max Weber studies were neglected and the torch has only been kept alight abroad. There was still another reason for the preponderance of foreign scholars, and it emerged in the dramatic course of the Congress itself. Reinhard Bendix (from Berkeley, California)[1] drew attention to the fact that Max Weber was not, as one might suppose from German emphasis on this aspect of his work, *merely* a writer who held "controversial political opinions." What struck him as he travelled about the world was, rather, that in all the countries where the Western tradition of scholarship prevailed (including India, for example) the science of sociology had moved forward along lines established by Max Weber. Yet in Germany he was regarded almost exclusively as a "political thinker"—with an older generation of "right-wing Weberians" and a younger generation of "left-wing Weberians." Only the strong contingent of foreign scholars prevented Weber's work from being interpreted all too one-sidedly by "those who after two World Wars are wiser men than the wisest of those who preceded them. . . ."



MAX WEBER

This was the background to the decision by Professor Otto Stammer (of Berlin) and Theodor W. Adorno (of Frankfurt) to invite Talcott Parsons, Herbert Marcuse, and Raymond Aron to address the Congress.

THE PRINCIPAL OPENING PAPER was read by Ernest Topitsch who dealt sharply with two variants of the criticism to which Max Weber's work has been subjected: from the "socialist dialecticians" and from the champions of the natural law "for whom the world is a purposeful cosmos grounded in absolute values." He described Weber's theory of the origins of the modern industrial world as involved in "an irresistible process of rationalisation," and since it is regulated and controlled by science it demands the renunciation of value-judgments (*das Prinzip der Wertfreiheit*). In other words the scientific method must be so refined as to prevent the "pollution" of the results of scientific research by the influx of traditional values (or values representing "future aspirations"). In particular, Topitsch described the polemics that arose after World War II against this principle of Weber's that has been a matter of controversy for half a century. Topitsch explained that he had first encountered Weber's work in Vienna after 1945 at a time when power politics was being condemned in a torrent of books and articles; yet it needed only a slight fluctuation of policy for the earth to tremble under the balance of new power blocs. . . .

New and systematic efforts were being made to "overcome modern thought" but no truly compelling arguments against the critical rationalism of the contemporary world have been brought forward: "In the midst of this twilight atmosphere of insidious intellectual dishonesty, the work of Max Weber sheds a flood of cold hard light. Anyone who has once been thunderstruck by contact with him can never see the world in the same light again. . . ." In the course of the last thirty years hasn't both the dialectic method and the theory of natural law been used to justify anything and everything? In Austria, scholastic "natural law" was used in 1933 to legitimise a Christian corporate state and in Germany to celebrate the idea that "the *Führer* has reinstated the natural orders and realities as against the unnatural pretensions of Liberalism and Bolshevism." In the Soviet world "dialectics" had been used to establish the coincidence of alternating political objectives with the teaching of Karl Marx. Dialectics

[1] Reinhard Bendix, *Max Weber: An Intellectual Portrait* (Heinemann, 1960; Doubleday, New York).

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and natural law now ostentatiously set themselves up as the defenders and embodiment of "human dignity and democracy," but do they really represent a challenge to the theories of Max Weber? On the contrary, under the pressure of criticism and social reality they had emerged as empty formulæ "smoothly conforming to each new political impulse." Instead of confuting Weber's theories they had splendidly confirmed them.

Talcott Parsons, the Harvard doyen of American sociology,[2] described the great influence which Weber's principle of *Wertfreiheit* (freedom from value-judgments) had exerted on American sociology. He would not exactly call himself "a disciple" though he had studied in Heidelberg in 1925 when the Weber tradition there was still fresh and strong; but from a prolonged study of his writings he felt he had a right to claim that Weber had been equally opposed to all the intellectual currents of his time in Germany and had been able to take an elevated standpoint as "the herald of the end of ideology" since he saw that the classical positions of liberalism, socialism, and capitalism would cease to have any meaning in the world that was approaching. Events had proved him right.

[2] Talcott Parsons is the author of *The Structure of Social Action* (Allen & Unwin, 1937). He translated Max Weber's *The Theory of Social and Economic Organisation* (O.U.P., 1947) and also his famous *Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* (Allen & Unwin, 1930).

It was in the subsequent discussion that the "conflict between the generations" first flared up, and it added considerable intellectual and political excitement to what might have been an academic conference. Professors Henrich (Berlin), Rossi (Turin), and Albert (Mannheim) continued to deal mainly with some of the more subtle aspects of the "methodological questions" raised by Parsons. But then, heralded by applause from the contingent of young students in the audience, Professor Jürgen Habermass of Heidelberg entered the discussion and appended to his purely theoretical considerations *"eine kleine geistesgeschichtliche Bemerkung."* He envied the ease with which his American colleagues were able to interpret Weber as the thinker who overcame the ideological civil war in Europe. He insisted that Weber's ideas had had a different history in Germany itself, that this nationalistic liberalism had led to the "Cæsaristic *Führer*-State." A Nazi apologist like the famous Carl Schmitt might well be regarded as the legitimate disciple

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of Max Weber. Far from breaking the spell cast by the ideologies, Max Weber had in fact intensified it. The audience aplauded and hissed with great vigour.

Raymond Aron[3] tried to restore a sense of balance. He emphatically avoided "the arrogance of a later generation made wiser by experience." Aron described Max Weber as a "power-politician" in both politics and sociology who, like almost everyone else in his time, had been a nationalist: with Treitschke, Darwin, and Nietzsche as his masters, he had pondered on the policy which could best make the *Reich* greater and more powerful. As a result he had come to criticise the pseudo-monarchistic bureaucracy of the Wilhelminian era which was destructive of the true *Reich*; he had then arrived at the theory of the "plebiscitary *Führer*-democracy"; finally he came to accept resignedly that the Germans were not really cut out to be a *"Herrenvolk"* since they had "never cut off a prince's head."

Aron demonstrated with the aid of fascinating quotations the contradictoriness of all Weber's work and sought to attribute it to the upsetting impact of the period's feverish nationalism. For his choice of mutually contradictory texts Aron was subsequently criticised by those who felt that Weber had been compromised by a particular quotation ("but had he not said something quite different a few sentences further on?"), and also by those who have become accustomed, by means of selection of appropriate references, to simplify Weber's complex work into a system of clear strands of thought. The work that Weber left behind (he died in 1920) was rich, unfinished, chaotic, a mine open to exploitation on every side by thesis-writers on the theme "Max Weber &. . . ."

SINCE THE PUBLICATION of his documentary work on *Max Weber und die deutsche Politik* (in 1950), the young Cologne historian Wolfgang Mommsen has had the reputation of being the sworn enemy of all those Weber scholars who worship the master. He took Aron's thesis even further. For him Weber was not merely a conventional nationalist, but "the chauvinistic and imperialistic forerunner of even worse." Weber supplied a sociology of power more cheerless than anything written since Machiavelli and Hobbes. His conception of law had been one of purely rational expediency: the idea that the limitation of power might even occasionally be necessary had not occurred to him. With Nietzsche he had dreamed of "a charismatic dictatorship. . . ." At this point Mommsen was quickly called to order.

Herbert Marcuse's exposition of Weber's ideas on "Industrialisation and Capitalism"[4] was received with great enthusiasm by the students, but with unanimous and at times biting disapproval by speakers in the discussion. First of all Weber had described the enslaving system of capitalistic bureaucracy as an apt expression of "the progress of reason"; then he had recognised it fatalistically as an unavoidably human destiny; and had finally defended it, rejecting the possible alternative of another form of "historical rationality." But the machine is not neutral, does not come into being automatically, but is invented by man for a purpose. Marcuse asked—in order to "save" Weber—whether there was not an element of irony there, exposing the true predicament of modern man. Surely it was no longer possible to discern an authentic reasonableness in the ever-hardening structure of modern society, unless it be the reason of pure technics. However, was not the realisation of "a new, true, and humanist reason—even in science—still a possibility for the future?" This prompted long applause.

For Reinhard Bendix all this was only an "apocalyptic extract from Weber," a purely abstract concept of bureaucracy culled from generalisations and exaggerations. Weber had, however, only spoken of "approximations." Professor Benjamin Nelson (New York)[5] described Marcuse as the prophet of an American school of sociology which in its violent opposition to the "Establishment" was eager to claim Max Weber as one of its prophets. If Marcuse could not stand the rationalisation of the scientific world, why didn't he try poetry—or even dialectics—instead? . . .

And so the Congress came to a close on a somewhat acid note. A thousand participants exhausted themselves in three days of non-stop sessions. Max Weber had returned as a prophet in his own land, for some (mostly visiting intellectuals) with honour, for others (mostly passionately sceptical Germans) with dishonour. Only seventy-two hours ago all had begun piously in the spirit of reasonable impartiality, and how far the storm of controversy had carried them!

Carl Cerny

[3] Raymond Aron published an account in 1935 (Heinemann, English translation, 1957) of *Contemporary German Sociology* (with a chapter on Max Weber). He has recently returned to the subject in his foreword to Weber's *Le Savant et le Politique* (Plon, 1963).

[4] See Herbert Marcuse, *One-Dimensional Man* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1964, and Beacon Press, Boston).

[5] B. N. Nelson, an Editor of *The Psychoanalytic Quarterly* (New York), and author of "a footnote to Max Weber" entitled the *Idea of Usury* (1949).

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New Nations, Old Nations

On Lipset's America — By DAVID MARQUAND

FOR MOST of its history, the United States has been the "arsenal of democracy" in an intellectual and moral, as well as in a material sense. During the nineteenth century, even at times when American domestic affairs were in fact dominated by a notably selfish, inward-looking and xenophobic Right, the United States as a society symbolised the values and aspirations of the Left. This remained true during the progressive era before World War I, and still more during the 'thirties. But it is not true now, and it shows no sign of coming true in the near future. To most European socialists the American alliance is still a necessity, but American society is no longer an inspiration. Even in this country, where the United States is far better understood than it is on the continent, and where the moderate Left has often owed much to American examples and sometimes to American teaching, the image of America is at best an ambivalent one. President Kennedy was an attractive figure to most British liberals and democratic socialists. But the attraction lay in his style, and to some extent in his handling of foreign affairs, not in his domestic aims or achievements. The exaggerated dismay which greeted President Johnson's succession to the White House showed, among other things, how purely personal his predecessor's popularity had been. In any case, even Kennedy never had anything like the popularity which Franklin Roosevelt once had; and what is more to the point, the New Frontier never generated anything like the enthusiasm evoked here by the New Deal.

The explanation lies partly in the fumblings of Dulles' foreign policy, the effects of which have not been altogether offset by his successors, and partly in the impact of McCarthyism, which cast an even darker shadow on this side of the Atlantic than it deserved to do. Both of these are outside the scope of this review. But part of the explanation lies in the inadequacies—above all in the theoretical inadequacies—of the American Left itself; and here Professor Lipset's new book[1] is an invaluable, if unintentional, piece of evidence. For it is clear that Professor Lipset believes himself to be on the Left, and that in American terms he actually is on the Left. Yet it is equally clear that his conception of what Left-wing politics are about makes no sense outside an American context; and that, so far from recognising the limitations of contemporary American liberalism, he has tacitly assumed that it is the right model for the rest of mankind. It is as though a caged bird had set out to persuade his cousins in the forest that they would be better off in an aviary.

Professor Lipset's propagandist intentions, it is fair to say, are not explicit and may not even be conscious. His ostensible purpose is not political, but academic. He has set out to provide a sociological explanation of the long and subtle process which transformed the United States from "the first new nation," wracked by the tensions and insecurities of its ex-colonial status, into a mature and stable democracy. At the same time he has tried to compare the American "value-system" with those of the stable democracies in the British Commonwealth, and also with those of the notably unstable policies of France and Germany, partly in order to illuminate his first theme and partly to examine what contribution a sociological analysis of this sort can make to the study of a nation's political institutions. The important point about this exercise, however, is that it is a resounding failure, though in many ways a magnificent one. And the important point about the failure is that it is due, to a very large extent, to the political assumptions and prejudices which have distorted the author's vision.

BUT THESE ASSUMPTIONS and prejudices are not explicitly formulated. Professor Lipset does not present us with a coherent ideology, and invite

[1] *The First New Nation*. By SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET. Heinemann, 35s.

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us to inspect it. Indeed, if he were told that he has an ideology to present he would probably rebut the suggestion as a foul and shocking calumny. His political attitudes have to be inferred piecemeal from stray hints and half sentences, distributed at random through the book. To force them into the straitjacket of a theoretical system would necessarily be to misrepresent them, if only by making them seem sharper and more clearly defined than they are. The best way to discuss them, therefore, is by examining concrete examples of the phrases and half-sentences in which they make their transient and embarrassed appearances.

The first example occurs early in the book, in a passage in which Professor Lipset discusses the advantages enjoyed by the youthful United States over the young nations of today. The absence of mass communications, he points out, meant that the United States was relatively isolated from the rest of the world. It did not face a "revolution of rising expectations" of the kind faced in Asia and Africa at present. The open frontier acted as a safety valve for discontent, contributing much to social and political stability. These advantages were certainly present; and Professor Lipset is right to emphasise them. But in a phrase of startling naïvety he also points to another alleged advantage; and it is here that we see his slip showing for the first time.

> Although internal conflicts stemming from attitudes towards the French Revolution disrupted the young American polity [he writes] there was no world-wide totalitarian conspiracy seeking to upset political and economic development from within.

No world-wide conspiracy? Then why the heresy hunts and treason trials in Edinburgh and London? Why the furious rhetoric of Burke's *Reflections*? Why the Combination Acts with which the younger Pitt tried to smash the infant labour movement, lest it join hands with revolutionary France? Is Professor Lipset really saying that all this vigilance was vain? And does he realise how dangerous such an argument might be—if it were to get into the wrong hands? For it is easy to say *now* that there was no world-wide conspiracy in the 1790s: that merely proves that we are all on the side of the angels when we know they have won the battle. The point is that plenty of honest men, moderate liberals in their day as Professor Lipset is in his, did not say so in the 1790s. Burke and Pitt were not ogres of reaction. They were moderate reformers who lost their nerve—and who justified their loss by precisely the same kind of sweeping oversimplification as the one Professor Lipset employed in the sentence I quoted. They

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and their followers honestly believed that they faced a world-wide conspiracy, just as Professor Lipset believes that he faces one. Their reasons for thinking so were as powerful as his reasons: to a large extent, they were the same reasons. Yet they were wrong; and their error crippled the cause of Parliamentary Reform for thirty years. I do not suggest that there is an exact parallel between the American response to Soviet Communism and the British response to the French Revolution. But it would not be altogether fanciful to draw an analogy; and if any comparisons are to be made one would have thought that the obvious—and highly disturbing—analogy should at least be considered, if only to be rejected.

My second example of Professor Lipset's prejudices in action is more complicated, but also more revealing. After a long and patronising analysis of the instability of French politics he graciously concedes that nowadays even the French have begun to mend their ways. But, he warns sternly, they have not yet mended them enough. "The emergence of a 'modern' France," he writes sadly, "would seem to be negated by the continued strength of the Communists as a party and union movement"; and a page later he adds:

> France remains unstable politically. It may currently be in the final process of cultural "modernisation," but historic institutional commitments still prevent the emergence of a fully modern domestic politics, one in which the basic internal issues revolve around an interest struggle for the division of national income within a welfare state.

The tone is more restrained than Mr. Khrushchev's when he boasts that our grandchildren will live under what he quaintly calls Socialism. The message, so far as I can see, is as arrogant, as narrow-minded, and as parochial.

For what Professor Lipset has done in the passage above is, of course, to describe what American politics are like. The implication that American politics represent the norm of a "modern" society rests on no evidence, and is defended by no serious argument. It is simply taken for granted; and the use of quotation marks around the grossest examples of question-begging is a poor substitute for the careful reasoning we are entitled to expect. As a matter of fact I should have thought that the evidence of British domestic politics, at any rate, points in the opposite direction. Three or four years ago it did look as though internal politics in this country might come to revolve solely around the division of the national income. But in the last two years it has become clear that this prediction was false. The fundamental domestic issue in the current general election campaign is not the distribution of the national income, but the failure of an unplanned economy to increase the national income at an adequate rate. The two liveliest subsidiary issues, in terms of the interest and excitement they generate, are the need to prevent land speculation and the need to create a more egalitarian educational system. The thread linking almost all the domestic issues together is the Galbraithian contrast between private wealth and public poverty, and the Tawney-esque contrast between the profit motive and social need. The conclusion to which this thread irresistibly leads is the need to extend the public sector.

Professor Lipset could, of course, retort that this merely shows how backward Britain is. But such a retort may soon backfire. There are signs—for example in President Johnson's war against poverty, and in a quite different way in the Civil Rights Bill now before the Senate—that so far from British politics following the American model, American politics may yet come to follow the British model. On the surface, no doubt, the war against poverty is simply an attempt to alter the distribution of the national income. But if the war against poverty is to succeed it will need an immense extension of state activity, and a more far-reaching form of economic planning than any the United States has so far experienced. Conventional New Deal welfare-statism cannot solve the problem, since the mere fact that the problem exists is a proof that welfare-statism has failed. As for the Civil Rights Bill, its most striking characteristic—and the characteristic which has most alarmed its conservative critics outside the South—is precisely that it involves a massive and detailed extension of federal power into the furthest corners of social life. Even in the United States, in fact, democratic socialism rather than welfare-state liberalism may one day become the wave of the future. Brothers, as Mr. George Brown might put it, we are on our way!

But before this happens it will be necessary for the American Left to break out of the intellectual straitjacket in which it has been confined for so long, and which Professor Lipset unconsciously celebrates in this book. To a European Socialist, the most obtrusive features of this straitjacket are those hinted at in the examples I have quoted: the manichaeism which still sees the scattered, heterogeneous and hopelessly schismatic armies of internal Communism as a single conspiracy; and the cultural chauvinism which puts the United States in the van of political "modernity." But in the end these are incidental blemishes. They make the straitjacket more uncomfortable than it might be, but even if they were removed it would still be there.

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Its really crippling feature is the political fatalism implied in Professor Lipset's sociological method itself.

He has tried to provide a sociological explanation of the long and elaborate process by which the United States became a stable democracy. In doing so he has inevitably had to compare the American experience with the experiences of other stable democracies—notably Britain and the major British Dominions—and also with the experiences of the two most obviously unstable polities in the Western world: France and Germany. It is a fascinating and important enquiry. But unfortunately the explanation arrived at in the end is hopelessly circular. The United States, we discover, became a stable democracy because American "values" were such as to promote a stable democracy. Britain did the same because British "values"—although very different from American values—also promoted a stable democracy. France, on the other hand, did not become a stable democracy because its system of values, although in some respects closer to the American pattern than to the British, contained elements antipathetic to democratic stability.

The danger in this exercise is not just that it tells you little which you did not know before. A much more fundamental danger is that it tells you something which is positively debilitating. Although Professor Lipset says at one point that he does not want to put forward a sociological equivalent of the economic determinism of vulgar Marxism, it seems to me that he falls into just that trap. For one of the central messages of his book is that a nation's values do not change. American values, in particular, are alleged to be substantially the same now as they were at the beginning of the nineteenth century; and although British values are not analysed in the same detail, Professor Lipset makes it fairly clear that he thinks that they have changed equally little. But if a nation's political history merely reflects its system of values, and if its system of values is more or less unchanging, it follows that a determined and purposive attempt to transform society is doomed in advance, and that political developments can only occur within a given framework. To some extent, of course, this is true—though not exactly novel. But it is not a doctrine which needs new emphasis in the complacent climate of the western world to-day. What we need to learn now is not how little society can be changed, but how much.

EDITOR
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NAKASA

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All The Conspirators

Germans against Hitler. By Terence Prittie. *Hutchinson*, 35s.

The July Plot. By Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel. *The Bodley Head*, 30s.

Mr. Prittie's book is a competent if somewhat pedestrian account of what we already know about the various forms of opposition to Hitler within the Third Reich, in the trade unions, in the remnants of the Social Democratic and the Communist parties, in the churches, the universities, and in the Army; and also of their culminating point in Operation *Valkyrie*, the conspiracy of July 20th, 1944, now just twenty years ago.

Since Mr. Prittie has shown himself to be an acute, well-informed, and sympathetic observer of German affairs, one might have hoped that his book would have provided us with some deeper insight into its subject than any we have yet had; equally, that Mr. Prittie might have drawn upon some of the vast store of original source material which is by now becoming available. Such hopes are unfortunately disappointed; Mr. Prittie does no more than tell us rather less than what is known already; and adds to it only a few overtones of his own of a peculiarly tasteless kind.

Indeed, Mr. Prittie himself seems to have some doubt about their relevance.

> It may seem to readers of this book that in the pages which follow there are too many oblique or direct references—in connection with the men and women who opposed Hitler—to Christ's sufferings on the Cross. No reference of such a kind has been made in a spirit of inconsequence, let alone blasphemy. There is no direct parallel between the sufferings of our Lord and those of any human being. Yet references of this kind may not be altogether out of place.

Mr. Prittie is quite wrong. They are singularly out of place, all the more because they do not in the least help us to understand the spirit either of Christ or of Cæsar, both of which played their part in the German resistance. They seem even more inappropriate if one reflects, for instance, that among the victims and heroes of July 20th one must count such characters as the swashbuckling bravo Graf Helldorf, the Polizeipräsident of Berlin.

The July Plot is more informative, so far as the events of July 20, and their aftermath, are concerned. It supplements published sources with the testimony of participants who survived the plot, and is written in a popular journalistic style which makes it difficult to distinguish between fact and surmise.

The men and women who composed the opposition deserve a better memorial than this. Some of them I had known when young: Adam von Trott zu Solz, Helmuth von Moltke, Werner von Haeften. I had drunk with some of them in Berlin *Kneipe*, argued with them about Hegel and Marx, about Hölderlin and Stefan George and Moeller van den Bruck, all that delirium of the brave which so filled the minds of their generation. Who could have guessed then that it was to be their fate to be strung up like carcasses on butchers' meat hooks, objects of derision to both the Nazis and the Allies, targets for the jeers of Dr. Goebbels and Dr. Taylor alike. In this respect at least Mr. Prittie's book will help to set the record straight; in particular one must welcome Professor Trevor-Roper's handsome acknowledgement, in his admirable introduction, that the time has now come for historians to revise their estimate of the significance and extent of the opposition offered to Hitler by Germans themselves.

In making such a revision, they would have to take account of the question how far the Allies were partly responsible for the weaknesses of the German opposition by their refusal to offer it either recognition or support. Certainly there is every reason to think that Allied recognition and support were the essential condition for the success of any resistance movement, in any country; deprived of them, the German resistance had no more chance of success than General Mihailovitch.

But the German resistance also suffered from other handicaps, which were peculiarly its own. It was one of Hitler's historical functions to carry out, too late and by the most perverted and evil means, the revolution which Germany had failed to make for herself in 1848 or 1918. In so doing, he so pulverised and atomised German society that he shattered all its existing institutions. In their place, he substituted the Third Reich; anyone who refused to accept it could do so only as a lonely and isolated individual who had fought his own moral and spiritual struggle against the temptations and satisfactions offered by the Anti-Christ, the "Prince of Vermin" as he is described in George's marvellous poem, which the one-eyed, one-armed Stauffenberg, mutilated yet radiant, used to declaim as his personal battle-cry against Hitler.

As Professor Trevor-Roper rightly emphasises, it is this element of individual moral struggle, against the dictates of patriotism ("I am employing all the means at my disposal for the purpose of committing high treason," said Stauffenberg), against the categorical imperative implied

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in the oath of loyalty to Hitler, against the claims of the natural man and Christian belief in non-violence, which gives the German resistance its particular and unique, one might almost say its distinctively German character. If in some cases the struggle went so deep as to leave a margin of indecision which was never finally overcome, that is not surprising, in view of the tremendous issues involved. But it could also have fatal consequences, as we can see in the almost Hamlet-like irresolution and apathy which descended on the conspirators in the Bendlerstrasse, on July 20th, during the few hours of Stauffenberg's absence from Berlin on his mission of assassination at Rastenburg.

Successful resistance movements are not made out of acts of individual moral heroism. They require a broad social and national basis; an organisation with means of communication; all the social ramifications by which the individual is tied into the life of the nation; foreign aid and support. All these were lacking to the German resistance, and that is why in the end only the Army could offer, if not a genuine base for resistance, at least a substitute for one. Yet the Army as a base for resistance was bound to fail, because for the Army as a whole, if not for individual officers, the question of resistance to National Socialism could only become effective after, not before, the elimination of Hitler, so that everything came to hang upon the single act of assassination.

If, in such circumstances, *Valkyrie* failed, that is less surprising than how near it came to success and how widely the military conspiracy had ramified into other circles, outside the Army, in politics, the trade unions, the churches. Yet now, twenty years after, it becomes increasingly clear that, by their failure, the conspirators may have achieved more for Germany than any success could have done, by creating the basis for a legend which, precisely because of the profound issues of individual morality involved, sheds a radiance on the long path which Germany has to take before she becomes reconciled with herself.

The German defeat of 1918 left to the young of Weimar a legend based on the historic lie of "the stab in the back"; the defeat of 1945 left to the young Germans of to-day a legend based on the knowledge that, even in the abysses of shame and despair, there were many Germans who had dedicated to Germany a love which surpassed the love of country. The Germans who fought against Hitler were not only conspirators who failed. They were also the ten just men who could have saved Sodom and Gomorrah. That was and remains their justification, and it is only by understanding this that we can become reconciled to the terrible vengeance exacted from them and their wives and children by the triumphant Anti-Christ they failed to destroy. For it was too late for vengeance then; by then the conspirators had already and at last committed the decisive act which might give Germany the grace one day to find her own salvation.

Goronwy Rees

Djilas' Ballad

Montenegro. By MILOVAN DJILAS. Translated by Kenneth Johnstone. *Methuen*, 25s.

THIS is not so much a historical novel as a novel about history. There is no cast of characters or single individual connecting the three parts; they are instead connected by the theme of a society which is dissolving, to which all the men and women in the book belong and whose fate their impulses and reflections describe. Montenegro, torn between pride in her own unconquered identity and hope in the "Serb Idea" which will melt down that identity in the forging of a free South Slav state, faces the advancing Austrians at the bridge of Mojkovac, in 1916. Defeated and occupied, the Montenegrins are forced against a choice between life itself and the Idea, when the one demand that they have made of the life which they so splendidly appreciate is that it should be crowned with an Idea, or with honour. And after the collapse of Austria and the coming of the Jugoslav state, Montenegrins fight among themselves in feuds from which all the ancient heroism and relish have somehow drained away, leaving a new sort of cruelty which aims to humiliate and rises no higher than backstreet murder.

These are the three parts of the book, told in terms of individual experiences against the background of history. It is a bold sort of book to write. But Djilas assumes that naturally, obviously, human beings are bound to each other with such strength that each life is a specimen from which to reconstruct the whole. A young student and a girl from his village (he already becoming a "greater Serb" and she irrevocably a part of the old Montenegro) find that their love affair is about to become serious and they run away from each other; in this, they are in touch with—not "allegorising" or personifying, as Djilas writes about them—the heartbreak of Montenegro itself as the nation takes leave of its magnificent past.

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It is not difficult to find such wholeness, for a Montenegrin writer describing a nation of only 300,000 people who are bound one to another by tribal ties of brotherhood and clan. But there is more to the idea than this. In reading *Montenegro*, I was reminded of that extraordinary Scottish trilogy *A Scots Quair*, by the late Lewis Grassic Gibbon. This also is an attempt to describe the historical process as it overwhelms one society and brings another to birth, through episodes in the lives of a few individuals. *A Scots Quair* and *Montenegro* are both attempts at what might fairly be called the socialist novel, grounded on the faith that although "the collective" should be the basic subject of study, it can best be described through the fictional lives and experiences of single men and women. To neither of these writers, Gibbon or Djilas, does this mean belittling or typing their characters in the manner of Stalinist writing. They merely believe that the glory of each man is that he is *not* an island, even when he thinks he is.

Gibbon's novel is doctrinaire in one remarkable way: it is the only novel I have ever come across which is painstakingly Marxist in form. The three books correspond to the "substantive" (Scottish smallholders in their last years of traditional life), the age of contradiction (life in a small town racked by unemployment and factional hatreds), and the prophetic, unconvincing synthesis of open Communist struggle in a Scottish city. Djilas, disabused of doctrine's worst rigidities, would not have tried this schematism even if it had suited his subject, and there are no dawn-gilded masses on the march, no solutions, in the last part of *Montenegro*. Yet it is true that he is fascinated with contradictions, as Gibbon was, and with the sense that even disaster and death are fertile in living consequences. The last sentences of this book express this movingly.

> You, Montenegro, land and state, and you, chiefs, had to fall. Perhaps, Montenegro, this was the only way for something of you to survive—that which made you what you were, which your children will inherit, and which will be grafted on to other countries and other peoples.

The blurb talks about a "ballad-like tone." There are certainly elements of the ballad in *Montenegro*, not so much in any overblown or affected language as in some patterns, many references and allusions, and in Djilas' strongly-held feeling that self-dramatisation in terrible circumstances is something both necessary and magnificent. In the first book, the officers confer before the battle, sitting around a table with their plum brandy, and speak out one by one: "then up and spake Sir Patrick Spens," or as the warriors give their counsel in turn in the *Iliad*. Two of them, Stojan and Mašan, have shared a famous friendship which turned to enmity, only to be stilled by the death of one of them. Stojan, an insatiable woman-hunter, discovers a pretty widow a few miles from the battlefield but decides to hand her over to one of his brother-officers for what may be their last night alive. Here the ballad element is getting almost absurdly strong; the curious obsession of Serbs with widows which blocks up the Belgrade museums with Meštrović's gigantic statues of "Young Widow," "Widow of Kosovo" and so forth is still powerfully active to-day. The nineteenth-century grammarian Vuk Karadjić may have created a Serb literary language, but he is best remembered for saying urgently—on his death-bed, for all I know—"Young widows are best!"

In the second part, the battle of Mojkovac has been lost and the Austrians have occupied Montenegro. Three men are in prison, condemned to death for acts against the occupation, struggling against their own fear and the cunning efforts of the gaolers to make them betray their own cause. One of them is an old peasant, who surrendered to impulse and beheaded an unwary Austrian soldier with his axe. The second is the violent Captain Draško, who fought back when the Austrians arrived to intern him and take away his pistol. The third, with whom Djilas is really concerned, is young Miloš, a student who had lived in Belgrade and committed himself to the "Serb Idea", but who was caught helping his brother—loyal to Montenegrin separatism and the old order—to escape to the hills. Against Miloš, the Austrians use every psychological weapon to extract a condemnation of resistance. The Chief Commissioner offers him his life, playing upon his alienation from the Montenegro of his brother, on the shadowy nature of the "Serb Idea," on the inevitable distortion of all ideals, on his sensuality, on his horror of the gallows. Yet Miloš, drawing strength from his two companions, from thoughts of the three women he has loved and even from the fight to preserve his own humanity against fear, overcomes these temptations and goes with the old man and the Captain to his death.

This is Djilas at his most powerful and creative. Fear, prison, courage, integrity, are matters he knows about, and it is not "heroics" but the overwhelming, stifling fear of men waiting through last trickling days and hours for the rope which dominates here. The struggle to master and outdistance this fear is marvellously imagined and utterly convincing, up to the last minutes when the prisoners work themselves up

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into an esctasy of hatred, self-pity and exaltation "obviously, consciously encouraged by them."

In the last part, two Montenegrin warriors find themselves district officers under the new Jugoslav state. Intently they pursue Balkan dreams, trying to shape around them a life of majestic indolence spent riding with their body-guard between their farm and their mistresses. But nothing turns out well, any more. Already, in the punitive raids they carried out together against bands of Montenegrin separatists, they failed to find the magnificence of the wars against the Turks. Djilas has caught this moment of tradition suddenly gone lifeless in a scene where the two chiefs capture a brigand and allow one of their henchmen to put a cat into the prisoner's breeches. At first, it seems Homerically funny. Then, as tears of shame run down the brigand's face, a sense of horror and dishonour comes over the two chiefs. They eye each other, and find that they hate each other. A feud is born which ends in their destruction, in a senseless gun-battle in a coffee-shop. The times have changed, and the life of the Turk-slaying ballads descends to the level of "Frankie and Johnny."

Neal Ascherson

Problem Child

John Addington Symonds. By PHYLLIS GROSSKURTH. *Longmans*, 45s.

SHORTLY before his death in 1893 John Addington Symonds completed his autobiography, a work over which he had taken a great deal of trouble and one which he certainly intended to publish. Essentially the record of his life as a homosexual, he hoped that it would help to foster a more enlightened attitude towards others in the same vulnerable situation. (This was in the years immediately following the Labouchère Amendment, under which Oscar Wilde was soon to be prosecuted.) But his widow and his literary executor, Horatio Brown, were not prepared to risk a scandal; besides, there were his three young daughters to be considered. Henry Sidgwick, not the man to enjoy outpourings about choirboys and gondoliers, was equally firm when consulted: Symonds' weakness had to be hushed up. The result was an ingenious compromise. Brown produced a "biography," consisting of carefully chosen excerpts from the memoirs with a judicious linking narrative. Symonds emerged

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as a troubled soul, a prey to inexplicable ennui and spiritual anxiety, and he still figures in the text-books as a prime victim of the mid-Victorian mood of doubt.

Brown left the manuscript of the memoirs to the London Library, with the stipulation that they should not be published until fifty years after his death, that is until 1976. But the time-bomb has now been de-fused. Phyllis Grosskurth has been allowed to see what Symonds wrote, and has used it as the basis for an excellent new biography, which is both entertaining and humane. We have to take her on trust, but nobody closing her book could seriously doubt that homosexuality—"the Problem"—was the overwhelming obsession of Symonds' life. She provides a fascinating and circumstantial picture, not only of Symonds' concealments, but of those of an entire social group.

The double life of a high Victorian homosexual was a mixture of tragedy, farce, and melodrama. The Victorians in general had the knack of getting themselves into bizarre or stormy situations, and to the gallery of improbable nineteenth-century vignettes must now be added Edmund Gosse at Browning's funeral service in Westminster Abbey, continually taking furtive glances at the photograph of a comely youth which Symonds had just sent him. At times one has the impression that everyone in Symonds' world was playing with fire. His first indirect brush with scandal was at Harrow, a school of which he had a low opinion. Another boy confided in him that he was having an affair with the headmaster, Dr. Vaughan, and showed him a series of passionate love-letters which Vaughan had written. After a good deal of heart-searching Symonds broke the story to his father. Symonds *père*, a highly cultivated but iron-willed Nonconformist physician, summoned Vaughan down to his home in Bristol and ordered him to resign at once and never again to accept an important post. Mrs. Vaughan, daughter of the Bishop of Norwich and sister of the Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, flung herself on her knees, but her entreaties were in vain. Vaughan (who had been a favourite pupil of Arnold at Rugby) returned to Harrow, preached an intensely emotional farewell sermon in the school chapel, and went off to become vicar of Doncaster. Four years later he was named Bishop of Rochester. Within hours of the appointment being announced, a threatening telegram arrived from Dr. Symonds, and once again he was compelled to resign. The melodramatic effect of this kind of Victorian imbroglio is usually heightened by the fact that everybody seems to have been related to everybody else, and the Symondses, who had close links with numerous intellectual upper-middle-class families, were no exception. John Addington Symonds' sister married Vaughan's nephew, the philosopher T. H. Green (who by a somewhat startling slip in the bibliography, incidentally, is made to appear in place of Havelock Ellis as the co-author of *Sexual Inversion*).

Symonds himself ran into trouble within a month of being elected a Fellow of Magdalen. A "short, rotund undergraduate" called Shorting whose designs on the Magdalen choristers he had frustrated denounced him to the college authorities, piecing together extracts from his letters to make him appear in the worst possible light (a sort of Horatio Brown performance in reverse). Symonds was acquitted by an official enquiry, but he was still under a cloud when he left Magdalen at the end of the year. In fact he didn't give way fully to his impulses until he was in his mid-thirties, when the serious onset of tuberculosis made him realise that his time was running out. Before that he confined himself to mooning around young men called Alfred and Willie, and working off his erotic daydreams in mediocre "Arcadian" verse (he wrote a long poem about one of the newsboys in Piccadilly Circus). He married the daughter of a prominent M.P. and founded a

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family; his wife proved unusually accommodating even after the move to Davos (for the sake of his health) brought his tendencies out into the open, although she grew increasingly melancholy and took refuge in a passion for gardening. His daughters, too, though they can hardly have understood the full consequences of his behaviour, humoured his oddities. One of them wrote an amusing skit on life in Davos. A "heavy-faced driver" had just deposited the narrator at the Symonds house and driven off:

> Mr S stood meditating in the middle of his study. "What a man," he mused, "what a thorax! A model for Michelangelo. But poor Michelangelo! he couldn't draw anything half so beautiful," he added sadly. "Art's a delusion," and tragically humming some immortal lines he lighted a bedroom candle and preceded me upstairs.

Symonds got on well with his Swiss neighbours; a keen admirer of Walt Whitman, he thought that they represented an ideal of open comradeship and undefiled natural democracy. He treated them generously (he had a large private income) and helped to build up Davos as a resort. But his last and deepest love was Venice, which he fell into the habit of visiting every spring. He became infatuated with a young gondolier, Angelo Fusato, and persuaded him to leave his employer, a general with the happy name of De Horsey, and enter his own service. Angelo was as close as he ever came to finding perfect "comradeship."

Meanwhile he had learned to speak more openly about his condition. To start with he preferred to use vague expressions such as *"l'amour de l'impossible,"* but he gradually came to see the need for open scientific investigation into the whole problem. He could never quite reconcile himself to the term homosexual, however, and instead borrowed from the German writer Ulrichs the awkward coinage "urning" (from Uranos in the *Symposium*—it's not clear whether it was meant to be pronounced as in "earning" or "yearning"). He read widely in the writings of German physicians, and drew on their pioneer research in his privately-printed booklet *A Problem in Modern Ethics*, which closed with an appeal for legal reform. Parts of this essay were included in the longer study which he went on to write in uneasy collaboration with Havelock Ellis, *Sexual Inversion*—a work which is outdated scientifically, but not in its plea for tolerance and sanity.

Symonds' efforts as a reformer command respect, but he was not a figure to capture the imagination. Henry James, whose admiration Symonds did not reciprocate (and it was the Englishman's loss), was quick to see what was principally lacking. James had been intrigued by rumours about the Symonds marriage, and sent a note to Gosse (from "the-perhaps-already-too-indiscreet-H.J.") pumping him for further information. The result was a short story, "The Author of Beltraffio." Later, when James read *A Problem in Modern Ethics*, he praised its "extraordinary gallantry," but added: "I think one ought to wish him more *humour*; it is really *the* saving salt. But the great reformers never have it—and he is the Gladstone of the affair." There was certainly plenty of unconscious comedy in Symonds' career. For example, when a friend invited him to visit her villa outside Florence, he wrote back asking whether he might bring Angelo, at that time in his early thirties: "He is an old peasant, has been with me for ten years, and is a very good fellow." A sense of the ridiculous might also have saved Symonds from falling out with his great hero, Whitman. The story of their quarrel is too elaborate to recount here, but it involved some masterful bluffing on both sides (with Swinburne, who really does seem a little more monstrous the more one learns about him, weaving in and out and muttering about "Mr. Soddington Symonds"). Only very occasionally was Symonds moved to anything resembling

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wit, although he could be quite catty at times—about Walter Pater, for instance, who he said gave him the creeps.

Symonds himself was not a creepy character—nor, indeed, an exotic one, despite his exotic circumstances. To the end he remained more of a conventional Victorian gentleman-scholar than of a Baron de Charlus; he never quite threw off the air of respectability, and he must have struck his more cynical homosexual friends, such as Roden Noel and Lord Ronald Gower (who, at any rate in pre-Labouchère days, were amazingly open about their practices) as something of a square. He was a true Victorian, too, in the unflagging energy with which he turned out volume after volume; his father would have approved of his industriousness, if of little else in his later career. He was not a product of the sickly phase of aestheticism, but a highly serious and hard-working scholar, who had been amassing a vast amount of information about the Italian Renaissance from the time when he won the Chancellor's Prize for an essay on the period at Oxford. Mrs. Grosskurth has written a study of Symonds' life and personality, not of his work. This is perfectly legitimate, and she has done the job admirably; yet there is a danger that the reader who is drawn to Symonds through curiosity about his undeniably intriguing private life may underestimate or misconstrue his achievement. It is only a short step from picking up gossip to talking as though, for example, Symonds' main purpose in writing about Michelangelo was to show that the artist's intensest personal feelings were reserved, not for Vittoria Colonna, but for Tommaso Cavalieri. In fact an impressive amount of original research went into his bulky two-volume life of Michelangelo, which is still, I believe, treated by art-historians with considerable respect; while there is only a line or two about Cavalieri in the chapter on Michelangelo in *The Renaissance in Italy*.

This is not to say that Symonds' temperament didn't help to make him particularly responsive to Michelangelo's art. He was a man of strong likes and dislikes, who found in the powerful or flamboyant personalities of the Renaissance the "self-effectuation" for which he longed. The intellectual framework of his history was elementary; he was interested in individuals rather than ideas. J. R. Hale, in *England and the Italian Renaissance*, has discussed at some length the relationship between Symonds and Jakob Burckhardt. Above all, "the Swiss writer had a far better grounding in the political and economic history of the period, even if little of this appeared in his book, and could see development on several levels, while Symonds could only see it clearly on the literary one." This comparative lack of interest in the social matrix of art is paralleled by the almost complete indifference which Symonds displayed towards contemporary politics, even in the wider sense. Although he devoted the greater part of his life to studying Italian culture, for instance, he was quite unmoved by the *Risorgimento*. (As a matter of fact, apart from Venice he didn't much care for Italy; nor did he get on particularly well with Italians.) A personal fortune enabled him to disregard social problems—other than "the Problem"; when he told one of his daughters that "a large part of human life, the largest part, is involved in not being bourgeois," he was surely thinking of his own plight. The real limitation which his homosexuality imposed was that it turned him in on himself and distracted his attention from other aspects of society. One thinks by way of contrast of Ruskin, far more neurotic, yet in his best work able to transcend his neurosis and direct his strongest feelings towards the outer world.

Symonds lacked Ruskin's stature, but he nonetheless left behind a number of books which are still of value. I doubt whether Mrs. Grosskurth is right when she speaks of him slipping into semi-oblivion. Apart from his life of Michelangelo, for instance, there is his translation of Cellini, which is still current; while several volumes of *The Renaissance in Italy* were recently reissued in paperback by Capricorn Books of New York. These are only some of the signs of continuing interest in his work.

John Gross

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

A Ha'penny & the Truth

Dr. Dering's Trial in London

ONE HALFPENNY—the smallest coin of the realm since the demise of the farthing—was the contemptuous and derisory sum awarded Dr. Wladyslaw Dering (O.B.E.) by an English jury of ten men and two women. This was for the damage to his reputation caused by a libel in Leon Uris' novel *Exodus* (published in Britain in 1959). The High Court action before Mr. Justice Lawton lasted for nearly 19 days in April and May and cost approximately £50–60,000. (Dr. Dering's share of the costs was estimated to run as high as £30,000.)

The case was heard while the horrifying trial of Auschwitz Nazis was still proceeding at Frankfurt-am-Main. It provided a gruesome footnote to what the English judge in his summing-up described as "the greatest crime that has ever been committed...." "It is probably true to say," commented the Legal Correspondent of *The Times* the day after the verdict, "that an English jury has never had to listen to such horrifying evidence as was adduced in this libel action concerning the facts of Auschwitz."

There was another side, however, to this story that somehow helped purge the observers who crowded the courtroom each day of the emotions of pity and terror induced by the piling up of horror upon horror. There were tales of compassion, heroism and plain humanity that redeemed the stench of these sewers of history. And there was raised in the course of the trial the great, compelling moral question, "What would you have done?" It prompted the same kind of painful enquiries that have been provoked for every Catholic by Rolf Hochhuth's play about the Pope and for every Jew by Hannah Arendt's book about Eichmann.

The libel of which Dr. Dering complained was contained in a brief passage on page 155 of the British edition of Leon Uris' best-seller. It read:

> Here in Block X [the Roman numeral] Dr. Wirths used women as guinea-pigs and Dr. Schumann sterilised by castration and X-ray and Clauberg removed ovaries and Dr. Dehring [sic] performed 17,000 'experiments' in surgery without anaesthetics.

Wirths, Schumann, and Clauberg were easily identifiable as SS doctors, engaged at Auschwitz on orders from *Reichsfuehrer* Heinrich Himmler himself in unprecedented experiments on behalf of "the final solution"—the elimination of the Jewish people from Hitler's *Reich*. Their demoniac aim was the discovery of speedy and effective methods of male and female sterilisation to be used in the first instance on Jews capable of physical labour for the Nazis and then on half- and quarter-Jews (whose "Aryan" relatives might protest at their extermination).

But who was "Dr. Dehring"? Early in 1960, a Dr. Wladyslaw Dering returned from British Somaliland, where he had served for ten years as director of a hospital at Hargeisa for the Colonial Office and been rewarded with an O.B.E. by a grateful government.[1]

Then 57, Dr. Dering, who was in receipt of a lump-sum compensation payment for injuries to health during his four Auschwitz years from the Federal German Republic (and possibly, as he is now over 60, a pension from the same source), decided to enter a medical partnership with an old Warsaw friend, Dr. Jan Gajek, whose practice was situated in Seven Sisters Road, North London. About the same time, Dering bought a house in Hamilton Avenue, Ealing, where he now resides with his second wife Maria. (Ten years before he had divorced his first wife, now in Poland, for desertion.)

Shortly after he had re-settled in London, Maria Dering and her daughter by a previous marriage, Teresa Swiecicki, came across the offending passage in *Exodus*. They drew it to Dr. Dering's attention. He consulted solicitors and in due course initiated action for damages for libel against Uris, his British publisher, William Kimber Ltd., and the printers of *Exodus*, Purnell & Sons, Ltd.

Nevertheless, Dering's motivations still remain

[1] I have been unable to discover what other rewards accrued to him after ten years in the Horn of Africa, either by way of gratuity or pension. Dr. Dering's file is now missing—lost somewhere between the Colonial Office and the Department of Technical Co-operation (established three years ago and heir to the former's social-welfare functions in newly-independent nations like the Somali Republic). Each asserts that the other is the repository of the Dering file, and neither of them can find it.

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obscure. At one stage, he is reported to have told Dr. Gajek, "I would be satisfied with a shilling and an apology." Actually, he accepted £500 and agreed costs from the printers; but he rejected an offer of 40s. from Kimber. Uris refused to make any offer and decided to fight the action. Both sides began to do research into the past early in 1962.

IT WAS NEVER IN QUESTION that Dering was the "Dr. Dehring" of *Exodus*. Whether the 75,000 British purchasers of the hard-cover edition of the book identified him as such is problematical, but some of them may have and libel was inescapable.

Dr. Dering's past, it emerged, had been dark, painful, and tortured.

He had been (as he later told judge and jury) at the time of the Nazi invasion of Poland in September 1939 a successful gynaecologist and obstetrician in private practice and with an important hospital appointment in Warsaw. In the early days of the Polish-Russian war, he had served as a military surgeon, been taken prisoner and later escaped and returned to Warsaw, where he had joined the Polish Underground. His flat had become a centre for clandestine activities. It was intended, he claimed, as medical headquarters in the event of an uprising. At the same time, he carried on his private practice and hospital work without incident.

On July 3, 1940 (Dering's story continued) he was arrested in a roundup by the Gestapo, imprisoned, interrogated and beaten as a suspected member of the Underground. Six weeks later, he was transported to Auschwitz in company with 1,500 other Polish prisoners. At first, fearing avowed Nazi intentions to "exterminate the Polish intelligentsia," he had concealed his professional status; he served as a common prison labourer, and endured the customary Nazi brutality. Later, he was ordered to serve as a "*Pfleger*" or male nurse in charge of a surgery for out-patient prisoners, where he performed medical work on minor casualties.

In June 1941, the Germans (to whom his qualifications and skills were by now known) appointed him "prisoner-doctor" in charge of a newly-established operating theatre and surgical ward in Block 21 (not "Block X," as alleged in *Exodus*). Here, among other operations, he performed a number of castrations, removals of individual testicles and ovariectomies on orders from Dr. Horst Schumann (an accused war criminal now in the service of the Ghanaian Government whose extradition has been sought, so far without success, by the Federal German Government).

It was Dering's contention that he had carried out these operations on male and female sexual organs "under duress," and that if he had failed to do so he himself would have been killed by the Nazis and the subjects either operated on by unskilled or unqualified SS men or gassed.

In August 1943, Dr. Karl Clauberg, the Nazi "specialist" in sterilisation of women, had selected him for his own private hospital in Silesia and he had been transferred there at the beginning of 1944. He remained there until the arrival of the Russians in April 1945. (Clauberg had previously disappeared).

Thereafter, Dering drifted along in the chaos of the war's end. He was arrested by the Russians, but released after eight days. He made his way to Warsaw, where the Underground supplied him with false identity papers. For a time he became an agricultural labourer. Eventually he crossed Europe to join the Polish 2nd Corps under General Anders in Italy with which he served from December 1945 until August 1946, when he was transferred to a Polish Army hospital in Huntingdon.

In January 1947, he was arrested on a request for extradition by the Polish Government as a "suspected war criminal" (similar requests came from the Czechoslovak and French Governments) and detained in Brixton Prison until the end of August 1947.

DERING HAD BEEN cited as a "suspected war criminal" by the UN War Crimes Commission in 1945 and the following year the Polish Government began to press for his return to its jurisdiction. In December 1947, when Dering had been in Brixton for nearly a year, Christopher Mayhew (then Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) told the House of Commons that "the evidence against him was insufficient." The Poles persisted and in a note to the Foreign Office (December 12, 1947) declared that a court in Wadowice had decided to try him "for experimental operations on inmates of Oswiecim [Auschwitz] concentration camp" on the testimony of nine witnesses. This evidence appeared to change the British attitude, for a Foreign Office note (April 27, 1948) replied:

> The additional evidence has been most carefully examined by the competent authorities of HMG, and it has now been decided that a *prima facie* case has been established against Dr. Dering. The deportation order will now, therefore, be enforced.

The affair dragged on. The Cold War was now on and there was reluctance in Whitehall to turn over any Pole to the Stalinist régime in Warsaw. Questions asked in the House of Commons by Labour M.P.s Raymond Blackburn and Richard Stokes, expressing "anxiety over the possibility of reprisals" in cases like that of

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Dering, tended to reinforce the Government's hesitations.

In August 1947, at the request of the Home Secretary, Chuter Ede, a special hearing was conducted by Chief Metropolitan Magistrate Sir Laurence Dunne and Dr. Dering was confronted by a prospective witness, G., who had been castrated at Auschwitz. "That is not the man," G. declared. But there were, in fact, *two* G.'s, and the one who had cleared Dering had actually been operated on by Dr. Grabczynski, a witness for the plaintiff at the trial 17 years later.

On August 30, the Foreign Office informed the Polish Embassy: "The testimony of one of the principal witnesses against Dr. Dering has been proved to have been based on mistaken identity."

Dering was released from Brixton the following day and told a reporter from the *Daily Express* (Sept. 1, 1948),

> My work was looking after fellow prisoners. No operations were performed anywhere near me. . . . It was all slander and lies.

The Poles and Czechs protested and their complaint was echoed by some M.P.s; but Chuter Ede remained firm and again insisted to the House of Commons in October 1948 that there was no *prima facie* case against Dering. A Home Office official dispatched a letter of apology for Dering's detention to his solicitors, Messrs. Wright and Bull (who were again to represent him in his action against Uris & Others).

THERE WERE SOME FAINT ECHOES of the affair in the next few years, but it seemed largely to have been forgotten. Dr. Gajek asked Dering to become his partner in 1949, but he refused and applied for a post with the Colonial Office, which he secured the following year. Just about that time, an anonymous witness was deposing to an Israeli District Court in Haifa (his name was not disclosed because he was a victim of castration) that he had been present when Dering had administered a spinal injection before a testicular operation at Auschwitz. The needle, he alleged, had broken. That broken needle was to make its ghastly re-appearance in the London High Court of Justice. On March 21, 1951, Colonial Secretary James Griffiths informed the House: "Dr. Dering was appointed last year as a temporary medical officer in the Somaliland Protectorate. The details of his previous career were fully investigated before my predecessor decided to select him."

The following May, the Jewish Workers Circle Friendly Society of London addressed a protest to the Colonial Office and was furnished with a copy of the Appointments Committee's report on Dering. It contained the following assessments:

> agreeable personality . . . quick sense of humour . . . and plenty of character. . . . He plays tennis, shoots and rides and is obviously a cultured man. In particular, he did pure surgery from 1934 to 1936 at the surgical clinic in Warsaw and his five years at Auschwitz gave him ample further experience in surgery.

The Search

ON APRIL 11, 1962, Messrs. Wright and Bull, acting on behalf of Dr. Dering, addressed a strongly-worded letter to Mr. Peter Kimber, managing director of William Kimber Ltd., of Wilton Place, S.W.1., demanding an apology and damages resulting from the *Exodus* libel. (This was more than two years after publication of the book, but in English law there is no statute of limitations on actions for libel and Dering was completely within his rights.)

Kimber, a mild-mannered gentleman-publisher, told me: "The first thing I did was to telephone Lord Russell of Liverpool, who had been at the Nuremberg Trials and published a book on war crimes. He advised me to get in touch with the prosecutor's office at Frankfurt, the *Herr Generalstaatsanwalt,* which was engaged in preparations for the Auschwitz trial now in progress. Drs. Bauer and Kuegler there were very helpful and provided several useful leads in the way of witnesses.

"I then proceeded to close up shop. For the next six months, I virtually went out of the publishing business to concentrate on the case. My whole staff worked on it. We delved into the Nuremberg trial reports in the London Library and within two weeks we had traced Drs. Alina Brewda and Adelaine Hautval [eventually witnesses for the defence]. Dr. Brewda made a search at the Wiener Library in Devonshire Street [a principal repository of documents on the Nazi anti-Jewish campaign], where she traced an important reference to Dering in the indictment against Clauberg.

"In the next six months, Rubinstein Nash, [Kimber's lawyers] and I had tracked down about 160 possible witnesses on our behalf. The Israel Government found three male witnesses who had been operated on at Auschwitz.

"Uris flew over from New York in October with his lawyer, Schlossberg, and retained Kaufman & Seigal. We all had a conference in Gerald [later Lord] Gardiner's chambers at King's Bench Walk in the Inner Temple, when he expressed the view that we had a duty to the public to defend the case. So far, I thought that our printer was still with us, but in November

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1962, I noticed a change after a conversation with Eric Harvey, Wilfrid's son, who told me that he disapproved of the Eichmann trial and said, 'Don't rake up the past.'

"I wasn't altogether surprised to learn of the printer's settlement on April 9, 1963. By then, however, Dering seemed to have considerably reduced his sights and his lawyers were hinting at a possible settlement for £2,000, instead of the sum of £7,000.

After October 1962, Solomon Kaufman (a crusading lawyer, who had fought to prevent the deportation of Robert Soblen to the United States, prior to his suicide) threw himself into the case and his firm followed up the leads ferreted out by Kimber and his solicitors and broadened the search for fresh evidence.

Among Kaufman's first lines of enquiry was an attempt to get in touch with Jozef Tenenbaum, author of *Underground*, a moving history of the defeat and death of Polish Jewry, published ten years before in New York. In fact, Tenenbaum's book had been Uris' authority for the statement that Dering had performed "17,000 operations without anaesthetics," the central issue of his libel action. Tenenbaum had died in 1952 and his widow could throw no light on his sources.

With the aid of Jewish refugee groups in London who had investigated the Dering affair when it first attracted public attention in 1947, Kaufman tracked down a succession of witnesses. A Greek doctor in Salonika had examined Jewish girls from Auschwitz after their liberation and return to Greece. A number of them were found to have suffered ovariectomies under compulsion. One in particular, still resident in Salonika, was traced through an enquiry made to the head of the Jewish community in Athens. Another, through the same channel, was discovered in Los Angeles.

The search shifted to Israel, where many of the Greek girls had emigrated. Kimber had already found a number of male witnesses, and a report in the Israeli press brought further results. An Israeli writer, working on a book on Auschwitz, produced the names of several women who had told him about the operations they had suffered at Auschwitz.

There remained grave difficulties. Many potential witnesses were reluctant to give evidence because of a sense of shame at the indignities inflicted on them. Some had married and it was possible that their spouses were still unaware of the enormity of their suffering. Others had adopted children and wished to conceal the past from them. Others, again, were "lost"—a few hopeless alcoholics, some bedridden neurotics under continual sedation. Those who were prepared to give evidence agreed to do so only if their names were withheld.

A further obstacle stood in the way of exact testimony. Would the witnesses be able, after the lapse of twenty years, positively to identify Dr. Dering as the man who had operated on them? After repeated requests to the Polish Ministry of Justice, a document absolutely vital to the defence was unearthed. The surgical records of Auschwitz were now available. The logbook had been smuggled out of the death camp shortly before its capture by the Russians and had remained undiscovered until long after the early agitation for Dering's extradition.

At first, the Poles were reluctant to permit the book to leave the Auschwitz Museum. In its stead, they sent photostatic copies of a number of pages containing entries made and signed by Dering. Comparison between the concentration camp numbers tattooed on the wrists of potential witnesses and those entered in the surgical register revealed their identity. This was the most compelling proof of all against Dering. Memories might fade, but the tattooed numbers indelibly remained.

Further insistent representations were made to the Polish Embassy for permission to have the book despatched to London. Finally it was agreed that it should be sent, provided it remained throughout its absence from Auschwitz in Polish custody apart for its actual exhibition at the trial.

Preparations for the trial were now complete. Witnesses were brought over from Greece, Israel, Poland, and the United States, and they gave their depositions which were incorporated in the mounting bill of particulars for the defence. Expert medical authorities were consulted. Dr. Adelaine Hautval, who at first had been reluctant to give evidence, finally agreed to come from France.

The Trial Begins

The hearing of Dr. Dering's action against "Uris & Others," as a wisp of paper outside the doorway of Queen's Bench Courtroom II in the High Court of Justice announced, began on Monday morning, April 13th. (On the other side of the doorway, another notice flapped in the drafty hall. It drew attention to the forthcoming "Sixth Annual Justice Ball" to be held at the Savoy Hotel, with the added attractions of a raffle, tombola, and attendant graphologist.)

When the doors were unlocked the small troop of principals, lawyers, and journalists filed in and took their places. They rose deferentially as Mr. Justice Lawton, his red sash only emphasising his portliness, entered the court and took

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his seat on the bench, then sank back rustling into their own places. Mr. Colin Duncan, Q.C., appeared for Dr. Dering (with Mr. Brian Neill as his junior). Lord Gardiner, Q.C. (with Mr. David Hirst and Mr. Louis Blom-Cooper) represented the defendants.

Mr. Duncan, a rosy and compact figure, got to his feet, hitched up his robe, and advised the judge that the case might take two or three weeks because of the number of witnesses involved. His Lordship thereupon observed to counsel that it might be proper to enquire whether any of the jurors, a respectable and representative English group of ten men and two women, mostly of middle age, had had any relatives in a German concentration camp. Mr. Duncan concurred, but Lord Gardiner objected on the grounds that the exclusion of any class of persons for personal reasons might lead to the inclusion of others who took a contrary point of view. The question was not pursued. In English jury trials, it is not proper for outsiders to pry into the composition of the jury. In fact, their names, made available from a Middlesex jury panel, were not known to the court or any of the observers. Nor were their occupations or social standing. There appeared to be a sprinkling of minor professional men, some small shopkeepers, possibly an artisan or two, and the women were obviously housewives. None of them was presumably of the Jewish faith.

Mr. Justice Lawton then told the jury that in view of the possible length of the case he would excuse any juror who might suffer hardship through its duration. The jurors remained silent. Again, when he asked whether any juror had lost a relative at Auschwitz or any other camp and might be distressed by the evidence, no one responded.

This was a case, Mr. Duncan told the jury in his opening speech, that would harrow their feelings. It concerned the "indescribable hell" of Auschwitz, "an inferno in which innocent persons had been tortured by thousands and murdered by millions . . . man had been drowned in squalor and bestiality." He went on to point out, somewhat unnecessarily, that "there would be nothing amusing or fascinating about the trial." At no stage subsequently did the jury indicate that they found it so.

Mr. Duncan recounted the particulars of the alleged defamation and summarised the pleadings. He devoted some time to an account of Dr. Dering's personal history. Dr. Dering would say that at no time had he ever carried out an "experimental operation" and that he had not carried out any operation without use of anaesthetics. Under the most ghastly conditions, he had, in fact, "performed the most heroic acts of humanity." This was the man, he declared, "now depicted as a monster and stood up in the defamatory paragraph of *Exodus* in a rogues' gallery with the German doctors (Wirths, Clauberg, and Schumann) as though he had been in league with them." If, indeed, he had operated on persons subjected to medical experimentation by the Nazis, he had been "correcting their evil effects." "The defendants seek to blazon this man as a monster," he said with fervour. "Is he?"

Dr. Dering, a medium-sized man with a small moustache, then entered the witness-box and took the oath in the customary manner, holding a copy of the New Testament in his right hand. He swore quietly and firmly. There followed a curious interlude. The judge inquired whether the witness had taken the oath in the proper fashion. Should he not have taken it on a copy of the Old Testament? The inference appeared to be that Dr. Dering was a Jew, which in the light of the pleadings (which the judge had already read) was a peculiar conclusion.

"I am a Roman Catholic," Dr. Dering told him. "It does not matter which Bible I swear on."

"But it does," said Mr. Justice Lawton. "You must take the oath on the Vulgate. Fetch a Douai Bible," he instructed the usher. One was found and the plaintiff properly sworn on it. (The judge, as was pointed out later, is a Roman Catholic convert.)

Dr. Dering began his evidence in a low voice. Stage by stage, counsel took him through the story of how he came to be in Auschwitz and what he had done there (a history which has already been described). He told of the records he had kept and was still being examined when the court adjourned at the end of the day. The second day began on a dramatic note. Mr. Duncan rose at the outset to advise the judge that his client during the night had received a number of telephone calls threatening him with physical violence. His Lordship uttered a stern warning that any attempt to prejudge the case or interfere with the administration of justice would be punished with the full rigour of the law. After this, Dr. Dering re-entered the witness-box and resumed his evidence. He claimed that he had saved some thirty or forty prisoners from being sent to the gas chambers. The Nazis had been in the practice of writing the numbers of persons destined for asphyxiation on their chests. He and his assistants, he averred, had washed the numbers off and placed them on the chests of prisoners who had already died. Thereafter, the Nazis had resorted to tattooing the numbers on the prisoners' wrists. He himself had borne such a tattoo mark, but he had ex-

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cised it after the end of the war when he was being sought by the authorities in Poland.

He proceeded to describe his relations with his Nazi medical superiors, in particular with Dr. Horst Schumann, who had appeared in the prison operating theatre in a *Luftwaffe* officer's uniform. Schumann had told him "very politely" that he was experimenting on the sex glands of men and women by means of X-rays and that Dering was to assist him by removing X-rayed testicles and ovaries. His first reaction was to declare that he did not think that doctors should do so unless "there was some indication that it was necessary." To that Schumann had replied, "Don't you think I can do with prisoners what I like?" and left.

Dering claimed he had been punished for his refusal by confinement for a period to his cell-block. He had discussed the matter with his fellow prisoner-doctors, and the general consensus was that it was "senseless to refuse" because the operations would then be performed by unskilled personnel or the prisoners would be sent directly to the gas chambers. They also thought the X-rayed organs were dead, or presumed to be dead, and their continued presence in the body might be detrimental to health. And finally, the prisoner-doctors believed that refusal to carry out Schumann's orders might lead to their own despatch to the gas chambers. (More was to be heard of this.)

The plaintiff then told of his relations with Dr. Clauberg, whom he knew of as a professor of gynaecology at Koenigsberg who did research in hormonology. He had been introduced to Clauberg by Wirths in the autumn of 1943. When he heard Dering was a specialist in gynaecology, Clauberg had declared, "This is the man I am looking for." Later, Clauberg had told him that he would be transferred to a private hospital in Silesia. A few months afterwards, Wirths informed him that Clauberg had gone to Berlin as "Mrs. Himmler's doctor," and had sent orders for Dering's transfer. (Subsequently, the wife of the SS *Reichsfuehrer* was always referred to as "Mrs. Himmler," and not as "Frau Himmler," providing a homely anglicising touch.)

Dering strongly denied that he had carried out experimental operations at any time. He claimed that his removal of irradiated organs had sometimes been necessary to avoid the development of cancerous growths. In other cases, the organs were dead and "had no further meaning" to their owners. In the operations cited by the defence, he had generally used a spinal anaesthetic, because there were no facilities for general anaesthesia. During his ten years' practice in Somaliland, he had employed spinal anaesthesia in some 15,000 operations.

MR. DUNCAN'S LINE of examination then turned to the Auschwitz surgical register. Photostats were available and the original was in court in the custody of a Polish Embassy official. The book was produced and presented to Dering who agreed that a number of entries from February 1943 until August of that year (when he had ceased to keep the register himself) were in his handwriting.

Dering said he had carried out some five ovariectomies on young Jewesses from Greece in October 1943. "They belonged to Dr. Schumann who had experimented on them by X-rays and needed the ovaries for further exploration." Dering could not refuse to perform them. "To refuse would have been sabotage and that meant only one thing." He had observed radiation burns in only one case. Anaesthetic injections had been properly administered; the patients were strapped on to the operating table which was normal procedure; a screen prevented their seeing the progress of the operation. "None of the girls screamed."

He was asked whether Dr. Alina Brewda (later to be called as a defence witness) had been present at any of the operations, as the defence particulars alleged, and denied that she had been in attendance. He then proceeded to deny the defence particulars that some of the girls had died in acute pain, that there had been an insufficient supply of morphia and dressings, and that he had failed to visit and attend to the patients after the operations. He also denied that Klodzinski, a Polish medical student prisoner, had been present at a castration performed by him.

The plaintiff then told the court about his experiences after the war. As a result of his experiences he had a hernia and developed varicose veins. He had lost a number of teeth as a result of beatings. He still suffered from insomnia and anxiety neurosis.

In all, Dr. Dering's examination-in-chief had lasted more than five hours, and it was towards the end of the second day of the hearing that Lord Gardiner rose to cross-examine him. He perceptibly braced himself for the ordeal.

Cross-Examination

LORD GARDINER began on a low key and, indeed, throughout the seven hours of his cross-examination (which was to continue for the next day and a half) he sustained a quietly sombre note. He is a tall, severe figure, and was the subject of close attention. The jury seemed pleased to hear him constantly addressed as "Lord Gardiner" by the knight on the bench. The court was by now crowded and remained so until the end of the trial. The ushers locked

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the doors and only an occasional barrister managed to slip in from time to time as another departed. The atmosphere was almost unbearably tense.

Counsel's first point of departure was the Auschwitz register. He inquired about an entry in Dering's handwriting which read *"casus exploratívus."* The plaintiff agreed that the description was incorrect as an operation of this nature was for diagnostic purposes. That had not been the case with any of the operations conducted at Dr. Schumann's request. Gardiner then asked him about a castration performed on the orders and in the presence of Capt. Dr. Rohde:

GARDINER: Was it done against the patient's will?

DERING: I did not ask. It was not my duty to ask.

GARDINER: Did you not know that a sentence of castration could be carried out only in a hospital specified by the German Ministry of Justice, and that it could not be imposed only because a man was a homosexual?

DERING: I was a prisoner and could not discuss the order. I did not ask to see the court order.

GARDINER: Did the operation do the man any good?

DERING: No.

GARDINER: Would he have developed cancer?

DERING: No.

GARDINER: Why did you carry out this operation? As a doctor you had taken the Hippocratic oath and you were being asked to castrate a potent man. Doesn't it require some justification?

DERING: I would like to answer exactly. Since I entered Auschwitz normal human laws were finished and there were only the German laws. I was given an order. Had I refused to perform the operation, it would probably have been performed by an unskilled SS corporal. I would have been shot.

GARDINER: Capt. Rohde was hanged [after trial by a war crimes court], and was not his defence: "If I had not done what I was ordered to do, my superior officer would have shot me"? Did you not know that?

DERING: No.

Gardiner continued his cross-examination the following morning. He referred to Case No. 2 in the register. Dering agreed that the patient had not been irradiated, but had been suffering from some "hereditary disease" which he could no longer specify. The operation had been performed by a court order and the patient had not been asked for his consent.

GARDINER: Was there any medical reason for it?

DERING: The diagnosis and sentence were based on his mental disability.

GARDINER: If Dr. Entress [an SS surgeon] had said to you, "I am going to sterilise this man. There is no court order at all, but that is what I am going to do and you are to assist me," what would you have done?

DERING: I would have assisted him whether there was a court order or not.

Counsel then traced the steps of Dering's appointment as prisoner-surgeon in charge of the Auschwitz hospital and asked: "The Germans must have trusted you a good deal before they gave you that position?"

DERING: Simply, I was appointed and had to accept this post against my wish and will.

Lord Gardiner referred to the register again. Plaintiff agreed that he had carried out seven operations for the removal of left testicles on May 6th, 1943. All those cases had been irradiated.

GARDINER: They were not operations being performed for medical reasons, were they?

DERING: It depends. It could be done in normal circumstances.

THE JUDGE: Well, Dr. Dering, who wanted the operations performed—Dr. Schumann or the patients?

DERING: Dr. Schumann.

GARDINER: And you knew that Dr. Schumann wanted them for his experiments?

DERING: The experiments had been done before by X-ray. That was the first step. If you like, it was the second step of his experiments.

GARDINER: And, therefore, it was an experimental operation?

DERING: In that way, yes.

The plaintiff could not recall whether the patients—all of them Jews—had had a piece of wood inserted into their rectums the previous day to induce an ejaculation and see if they were still potent after irradiation. He did not remember hearing the patients asking him, "What am I here for? I am quite well. Why should I be operated on?" Or his replying, "If I don't take out yours, they will take out mine."

GARDINER: You were operating on this young man as a doctor.

DERING: As prisoner, as before.

GARDINER: And should not a doctor always think of the welfare of his patients?

DERING: It was not possible.

Gardiner pressed home and Dering admitted (contrary to what he had said the previous day) that he had seen Schumann on several occasions.

Counsel disputed Dr. Dering's testimony that in some cases he had removed testicles because of the danger of disease from irradiation. Dering insisted that it was medically correct. Lord Gardiner then pursued another tack of questioning directed towards Dering's attitude

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towards the Jews. He referred to Nazi documents concerning sterilisation of Jews.

GARDINER: Did you feel that as these testicles cases were Jewish men, it did not much matter?
DERING: We were very sorry for the Jews, but we were suffering, too.
GARDINER: Do you remember saying to a doctor, "I have taken another 20 eggs off young Jews to-day"?
DERING: No, I do not. I could not remember it nearly 20 years ago.
GARDINER: "Plenty of eggs for scrambling"?
DERING: No.

Counsel turned to the cases of ovariectomy and Dering denied that the girl patients had been badly irradiated or neglected after operations.

GARDINER: Do you remember that when it came to the last of these girls there were two with unhealed irradiation burns?
DERING: No.
GARDINER: Do you remember Dr. Brewda saying, "Leave them alone. They have suffered enough already," and you said, "Shut up. I have my orders. They will kill me. I have to do it"?
DERING: No, no, no. I could be strict, but I was never rude, especially to women. Remember that I had no anaesthetist.
GARDINER: But Dr. Dering, there are hundreds and hundreds of cases in the register showing you giving general anaesthetics. I suggest it is not true that you were short of anaesthetists.

Mr. Justice Lawton interrupted the plaintiff, when he began to describe the operations performed under general anaesthesia:

THE JUDGE: It does not matter what the type of operation was: but I understood you to say earlier to-day that one of the reasons why you gave spinal anaesthetics was because you did not have the services of an anaesthetist. Lord Gardiner is pointing out that in the register, in your hand-writing, time and time again, there are cases when a general anaesthetic was given. No doubt the jury are being asked to draw the inference that you did have on those occasions the services of an anaesthetist.
DERING: Later on, I had the services of some doctor.

In reply to further questioning by Lord Gardiner, Dr. Dering declared that general anaesthetics required time—at least twenty minutes. At the time he had been working twelve hours a day and could not wait for the necessary time. In the course of describing his experiences after the war, he showed signs of distress. He claimed he had worked hard for his people, but was now suffering through the ambition of "one bad woman" [Dr. Brewda] who wanted to cover up her own experience in Block 10.

NEXT MORNING, Lord Gardiner turned to Dr. Dering's statements to the Home Office during the hearing on the extradition proceedings in 1947–8. Counsel for the defendants sought to establish that the plaintiff had told the Home Office that he had been sent back to Auschwitz after his period of service in Silesia with Clauberg. Dr. Dering admitted that he had not been sent back.

The Home Office record contained a statement by Dr. Dering: "It is not true that I was performing the operations of sterilisation or castration in Block 21 or elsewhere." Lord Gardiner referred to this and other discrepancies in the plaintiff's present evidence. He handed him a copy of a document sent by Dr. Dering's counsel, on his instructions, putting his case "in the best possible way" to the Home Office, which contained the expression that "he had been friendly with Dr. Clauberg." He admitted that it sounded strange. He was then asked whether there was anything else on pages 254–255 of the document to which he objected. He studied the pages for some minutes, but remained silent.

GARDINER: They were right, were they, to describe you as "an admitted anti-Semite"?
DERING: I was called by some people—rather a small group—anti-Semitic, but I can say I still have to-day very sincerely Jewish friends.

Lord Gardiner then drew attention to a passage in the Home Office document which read: "The evidence against Dr. Dering is mainly founded on G.'s revelation that both his testicles were removed by Dr. Dering."

G. had, in fact, attended a hearing at Bow Street at which he had failed to identify Dr. Dering. Lord Gardiner, by reference to the register, elicited the fact that Dr. Dering had performed a castration just before that on G. carried out by Dr. Jan Grabczynski, a subsequent witness.

The cross-examination had been gruelling and Dr. Dering appeared relieved to hear the gentler voice of his own counsel in re-examination, which sought to prove that the plaintiff had not harboured any anti-Jewish feelings. He maintained that he had saved lives and that his operations had been properly carried out.

Mr. Duncan's junior, Mr. Brian Neill, then called on Dr. Christopher Hewer as an expert witness for the plaintiff on the practice of anaesthesia. Dr. Hewer (a consultant at St. Bartholomew's and University College Hospitals, and the editor of the quarterly journal *Anaesthesia*) gave evidence regarding the use of spinal anaesthesia and the practice of strapping patients to the operating table. In cross-examination, Lord Gardiner asked: "Is not general

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anaesthesia particularly indicated when the patient is fearful and it is humane to enable her to lose consciousness?" To this question, Dr. Hewer replied: "Other things being equal."

THREE POLISH WITNESSES, who had survived Auschwitz, then gave evidence on the plaintiff's behalf without cross-examination. When a fourth was summoned, Mr. Justice Lawton inquired whether it was necessary to question witnesses whether Dr. Dering had been kind. No doubt he was kind to some people. Mr. Duncan replied that it was valuable for the jury to hear evidence of the plaintiff's humanity, which would establish the sting of the libel.

THE JUDGE: I fully understand why these witnesses have been called, but Lord Gardiner has not suggested in any way that as far as Polish men and women were concerned, the plaintiff was doing anything other than his job, but that only when it came to Jewish prisoners he was indifferent to their welfare.

At the outset of hearings next day, Lord Gardiner repeated an earlier request that in view of the fact that crucial witnesses might now be in attendance, the judge should again indicate that their names and photographs should not appear in the press. Mr. Justice Lawton agreed that it would be deplorable, in view of the nature of the case, if the names of victims of Nazi atrocities of the kind under consideration were to be published. He was sure that the Press would be helpful.

Mr. Duncan then called Dr. Jan Grabczynski, a Polish fellow prisoner-doctor of Dr. Dering at Auschwitz, now serving as a railway doctor in Cracow. Dr. Grabczynski gave evidence in Polish through a woman interpreter. He explained that he had no religious beliefs and affirmed instead of taking the oath. He had been arrested by the Gestapo at the end of 1942 and transported to Auschwitz where he met Dr. Dering for the first time. From what he had seen, he believed Dr. Dering had treated all his patients conscientiously without distinction between race and religion. "We treated all patients as sick people," he declared, "and we took no notice of any religious differences."

Dr. Grabczynski recalled a conversation among the prisoner-doctors when they had learned of Dr. Schumann's orders. They agreed that it would be proper to carry them out rather than to leave the operations to unskilled SS orderlies or nurses. This was still his view in 1964. He himself had carried out a number of ovariectomies, which he believed had been in the patients' interest. The question of his own fate, if he had refused, was of secondary importance. The operations were performed according to the rules.

THE JUDGE: The rules of what?

GRABCZYNSKI: According to the rules of surgical practice.

The witness did not recall hearing anyone screaming at any time.

Lord Gardiner had barely begun his cross-examination when Mr. Justice Lawton intervened to express his anxiety that the jury should grasp the "fundamental issues" as soon as possible. Was it Lord Gardiner's case that Dr. Dering had been a willing tool of the SS doctors, had tried to ingratiate himself with them, and was willing to do what they asked for his own purposes? It was "a question of degree," Lord Gardiner replied.

THE JUDGE: Are you saying that the mere fact that he performed the operations, which he has admitted performing, justifies the libel?

GARDINER: It is for the jury to say what the libel meant and they must decide what was the sting. But I am certainly saying that if, in fact, the plaintiff performed the operations, then what has been said is true.

THE JUDGE: Physically performed them, even though he felt under duress—and justifiably so?

GARDINER: Everything done by the Germans in the war was done by individuals. The defence at Nuremberg was, "I was told to do it by my superior officers."

THE JUDGE: But these happen to be the Royal Courts of Justice and this is going to be dealt with by the common law of England.

Resuming his cross-examination of Dr. Grabczynski, Lord Gardiner inquired into the nature of operations performed by the witness. The latter agreed there had been an instance when he had assisted Dr. Dering to castrate a potent man charged with sexual abnormality.

GARDINER: If Dr. Dering had said, "I am not going to do this. I have disobeyed before and nothing much happened to me. I shall disobey again," would you have performed the operation?

DR. GRABCZYNSKI: No. I would not.

GARDINER: Would other prisoner-doctors have refused?

DR. GRABCZYNSKI: It is possible.

The last witness for the plaintiff, Dr. Jozef Mezyk (now of Chicago, but formerly a medical student in Poland and a prisoner at Auschwitz), gave evidence that he had seen Dr. Dering performing operations without the patients showing any sign of distress. Dr. Dering had operated with great skill and speed. Asked by Mr. Duncan whether any distinction had been made between Jews and non-Jews, the witness declared, "The SS made the distinction. We did not."

DUNCAN: What would have been the effect of refusing an order?

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DR. MEZYK: To refuse would not have solved the problem.

THE JUDGE: That was not what you were asked. What would happen to a doctor, who was given an order by an SS doctor, if he refused to operate?

DR. MEZYK: Straight orders could not be refused. The SS man could shoot on the spot, if he so desired.

In cross-examination, Lord Gardiner questioned the witness on the consequences of disobedience. This was to become a central issue in the defence. The witness admitted that in the spring of 1943 the key administration of the prison hospital was in the hands of the prisoner-doctors.

GARDINER: Did you know that Dr. Dering was ordered to give a phenol injection and refused?

DR. MEZYK: No.

GARDINER: Did you know that when he refused to perform the injection, he was punished by not being allowed out of the camp for a fortnight?

DR. MEZYK: I did not know.

GARDINER: Does it surprise you?

DR. MEZYK: No.

In Auschwitz

IT WAS NOW Lord Gardiner's turn and he rapidly engrossed the attention of the jury. There was no question but that the words complained of were *defamatory*, but the defendants maintained that their gist or substance was *true*. He soon came to his main theme.

How did Auschwitz happen? The Christian countries of Western Europe were the flower of civilisation and culture. If anyone had asked whether it was possible that within a relatively few years one of those countries would send millions of old people and children into the gas chambers, everybody would have said, "Absolutely impossible."

We should have said, "You will never get the people to do it. After all, a conscript army consists of people from homes and factories who have women and children of their own. Can you imagine that you would ever get men with children of their own to drive them in tens of thousands into gas chambers?"

If it had been suggested that human beings would be used as guinea pigs and have sexual organs removed, literally in front of their eyes, while conscious, for experiments to see whether men and women could be sterilised *en masse*, again we should have said, "It is absolutely impossible. A thing like that can only be done by doctors. Where could you find any doctors to do it?"

Well, we should have been wrong, because there was a doctor, the anti-Semitic Polish doctor, Dr. Dering, who did it. With his dominating position in the hospital and his dominating personality, it depended on Dr. Dering.

If once one allows oneself to think that there is some body of men who, because of their race or colour, are not really human beings, then one is justified in imposing every sort of disability on them. If one got into that frame of mind—that one is justified in treating any such group as if they were animals, and said, "Well, we slaughter animals"—then Auschwitz was simply the logical end of that particular road. . . .

At Auschwitz, Lord Gardiner told the jury, the prisoner-doctors were needed to run the hospital, which was there not for the benefit of the prisoners but of the Nazi authorities, who required able-bodied persons as slave labour. Dr. Dering was the one man really indispensable to the Germans. He ran the whole place with German-like efficiency. When he refused to perform a phenol injection in January 1941, when he was still a junior doctor on the staff, all that happened was that he was not allowed out of the grounds for a fortnight. Later, the Germans competed for him; there was a struggle for his services going on in Berlin. What would have happened if he had been liquidated by the prison authorities?

Lord Gardiner admitted that the number of 17,000 operations referred to in the paragraph in *Exodus* was fantastically wrong, and it was also completely wrong to say they had been performed without an anaesthetic. However, he proposed to call witnesses who would say there was no support for Dr. Dering's claim that trouble would have followed, if he had not removed irradiated organs. (He would also call a man, both of whose testicles had been irradiated and one removed by Dr. Dering, who had nevertheless since been the father of two children.) There was a strong conflict of evidence and the jury would have to decide whose evidence was reliable. He pointed out that some of the witnesses would refuse to give evidence if they were identified.

THE JUDGE: I have said before, and I repeat, that I, as one of Her Majesty's Judges, would be appalled if any photograph or any other method of identification of witnesses who were victims of one of these appalling operations should appear in the Press.

Lord Gardiner called his first witness, a woman, who gave her evidence through a Hebrew interpreter. She had been 18 years of age when she had been transported to Auschwitz in 1943. She was now "an old woman" at 39. At Lord Gardiner's request, she exposed the tattoo number on her left arm. She had first been sent to Birkenau, an ancillary camp in the Auschwitz complex, where she had been a labourer, transferred to Block 10 at Auschwitz

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after three months, and then returned to Birkenau for a day. There, she had been irradiated on the abdomen which retained a dark discoloration and secreted a painful pus for about four weeks. Other girls (whose names she remembered and told the court) were similarly treated. Later, the girls were sent to Block 21. She was given an injection in the spinal column by two men. It was painful; and she shouted and screamed. They took her to another room and placed her on a table. There was a screen before her face, but in a lamp overhead she could see a reflection. Dr. Brewda told her not to be afraid. After the operation, she was taken back on a stretcher to Block 10. The wound remained open for a long time. Other girls had the same experience; one of them had died that same night. After an illness of several months she was sent back to Birkenau where she worked in a munitions plant. She was now married, but had no children of her own and had adopted a girl.

CROSS-EXAMINED by Mr. Duncan, the witness denied that she had been given any morphia before the operation. She had not been drowsy before she entered the operating theatre and had been aware of the presence of Dr. Brewda: "She put her hand on my cheek and consoled me."

To Mr. Duncan's suggestion that she had no language in common with Dr. Brewda, the witness replied: "There was French. She told me, *'N'as pas peur, mon enfant.'* I understand a little French."

The next woman witness, again identified only by her tattoo number, gave similar evidence. Her Greek interpreter explained to the court that he was in some difficulty because she was speaking a rare mixture of Greek and Catalan and thereafter her husband, who spoke both Catalan and English, acted as her interpreter. She told a similar story; her experience in the operating theatre had been equally harrowing. Dr. Brewda had comforted her with the words, "Courage, my child." She had married in 1946, but had no children. Most of the time she was confined to bed.

The first male witness now lived in Israel, but was a native of Salonika and had been transported to Auschwitz in 1943, when he was 18. He had been selected for irradiation at Birkenau. Dr. Schumann was in charge. Later on, he had been transferred to Auschwitz, where he was taken to a doctor's room in Block 28, and Dr. Dering was present. Asked to describe what had happened, he said that he had been given a piece of glass [slide] and Dr. Dering had inserted a kind of wooden club up his rectum. At this point, Mr. Duncan objected that this evidence had not been contained in the pleadings or put to Dr. Dering.

THE JUDGE: There are two ways of looking at this. One is that it is part of the general history; and the other that it is more than that and justifies the suggestion that Dr. Dering was taking part in experimental operations. Lord Gardiner, are you asking to amend?

GARDINER: I should have said that it was part of the general history.

THE JUDGE: I have to be careful to ensure that matters put to Dr. Dering by way of attack on his credibility do not get into evidence as part of the history of the matter. What, I gather, is very much disputed—and it may be a matter of great difficulty to me in summing up—is to what extent Dr. Dering was morally or legally responsible for what he did in the circumstances in which he did it. That may be one of the issues to which the jury will have to give their attention.

The following morning, the witness and five other prisoners had been transferred to a ward in Block 21. He asked Dr. Dering, "Why are you operating on me? I am fit, not sick." The doctor replied, "If I don't remove your testicle, they'll remove mine." He was forcibly removed on a stretcher to the operating theatre, where he resisted a spinal injection and the needle broke. A second attempt succeeded, but he remained fully conscious and was in extreme pain until the lower portion of his body became paralysed. At this point, the witness broke down.

After some minutes, he resumed his evidence. He had seen Dr. Dering holding his testicle in his hand and showing it to Dr. Schumann. He remained in Block 21 for some time, because of an infection, and had been visited by Dr. Dering. Afterwards, he had been transferred to other blocks where he had worked as a carpenter until liberation. He had now been married twice, but had no children.

COUNSEL: What was the effect on your general health of the irradiation and operation?

WITNESS: I do not feel like a human being.

DUNCAN: I suggest you were entirely wrong in saying that Dr. Dering did this thing with the piece of wood?

WITNESS: He showed the stick to Dr. Schumann and said, "That is the instrument."

THE DEFENCE'S FIRST expert witness was Dr. John David Ebsworth, consultant in anaesthetics at University College Hospital. After some general questioning on differences between spinal and general anaesthesia, the witness produced *Recent Advances in Anaesthesia*, a book by Dr. Hewer (expert witness for the plaintiff), published in 1943, from which he read passages stating that contra-indications to spinal anaesthesia included "nervous patients who will not co-operate" and suggested "if the patient remains miserable and uncomfortable," a general

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anaesthetic should be administered. The author had also written, "There is no doubt that a local anaesthetic applied indiscriminately and with no attempt at medication does frequently result in psychological shock and actual insanity has occurred as a result." It was not safe, the witness declared, to carry out a spinal injection, if the patient was struggling, for the needle had to be placed with great accuracy. In cross-examination by Mr. Duncan, Dr. Ebsworth disputed the suggestion that the pain following spinal anaesthesia quickly disappeared, if the anaesthetist had to explore to find a point of entry.

Three women witnesses were then called whose evidence followed the cycle with which the court was now unhappily too familiar: irradiation, ovariectomy in distressing circumstances, painful and prolonged recovery without proper medical attention, childlessness.[2]

In the evidence of a fourth witness there were additional horrors. She had been operated on twice, first by a Dr. Samuel, a Jew, later described by witnesses as being in a senile condition, who was subsequently sent to the gas chambers "because he knew the operations were experimental." At the second operation, the witness had been comforted by Dr. Brewda. She had been conscious and begged the men operating on her to leave her alone. One had replied, "Be quiet and let me finish my work, *verfluchte Jüdin*," and had struck her on the breast. She had been able to see the progress of the operation and the removal of some part of her body. In cross-examination by Mr. Duncan, she said she had been told by Dr. Schumann before the second operation that the first had not been properly carried out and she was aware when she was transferred from Block 10 to Block 21 that it was for the purpose of another operation. She went there crying and screaming.

DUNCAN: Were the other girls all doing the same?

WITNESS: Yes, they also cried. All of them cried, but I cried more because I did not want to enter the second time.

DUNCAN: Did you all walk across in one group?

WITNESS: We went one after the other in one hour like guinea pigs.

The witness burst into tears and covered her face with a handkerchief. After a brief time, the cross-examination continued.

THE JUDGE: I can understand your learning the German for such words as "damned Jewess" (*verfluchte Jüdin*), but did you know enough to understand what he meant when he said, "Let me finish my work"?

WITNESS: I learned some German when I was beaten in the camp.

THE JUDGE: Let us have a little test. Perhaps the witness will now say in German, "Let me finish my work."

WITNESS: *Las mich fertig mein arbeit, verfluchte Jüdin.*

Mr. Justice Lawton then put a number of additional questions.

THE JUDGE: You told us through the interpreter that you wanted vengeance?

WITNESS: Yes.

THE JUDGE: On whom?

WITNESS: On those who spoilt my life. All the Germans.[3]

Another witness who had given evidence at the Eichmann trial in Jerusalem (almost all the others appeared in a courtroom for the first time) had asked Dr. Dering, "Why do you operate on me? Isn't it enough that they have operated on me once?" Dr. Dering (he said) replied: "Dog, in any case you will die."

GARDINER: What were the words spoken in Polish?

WITNESS: *Przestan szczekac jak pies. I tak umrzesz.*

INTERPRETER: Stop barking like a dog. You will die anyway.

NEILL (in cross-examination): You feel very bitter about this?

WITNESS: I don't feel good. I feel pain in my heart and shame in my face.

Three Other Doctors

DR. DOROTA LORSKA was then called. She had been born in Poland (in 1913) but had been unable to enter medical school there; she studied in Prague and qualified in 1937, when she married a Mr. Klein, who later was sent to a concentration camp and disappeared. She volunteered for medical service in the Spanish Civil War and became a Communist. After the Spanish war, she had worked as a doctor in a small town near Paris. During the German occupation when she was barred from medical practice, she became a nurse and joined the resistance. (After the war, General de Gaulle's

[2] At the beginning of the next hearing, Mr. Justice Lawton had a word with the Press regarding the propriety of its reporting of the case. He had received a letter from a member of the public pointing out that one report had mentioned the nationality, sex, colour of eyes and hair, and age of a witness. He thought there was a danger of possible identification from these particulars and that the Press should be careful. The judge also mentioned that he had received two long telegrams from Poland which he was putting out of his mind completely. He gave no indication of their contents.

[3] Here the Judge asked pointedly, "What did you think was the nationality of the doctor who operated on you. . . . Did you think he was a German?" The witness replied, "No."

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government awarded her the *Croix de Guerre* and Star.) Arrested by the Vichy police, she was deported to Auschwitz in August 1943, in a transport of about 1,000 people. One hundred people had been crowded into her railway waggon and some had died during the journey. At Auschwitz, Dr. Wirths had discovered she was a doctor because she wore a Red Cross armlet. She was then transferred to Block 10, where the only non-Jewish woman prisoner was Dr. Adelaine Hautval. Dr. Lorska had seen Dr. Clauberg on several occasions in Block 10. She recalled the arrival of Dr. Alina Brewda in September; she was suffering from pneumonia and Dr. Lorska had nursed her. When she recovered, the two women doctors had looked after the sick in Block 10 in the evenings after their other work had been done. She remembered the Greek girls well because she was able to talk to them in Spanish. She had seen them after the operations when they had been very restless, crying and screaming. During the evening she had remained with one girl of 16 or 17 who later died of an internal haemorrhage. Dr. Lorska was removed from Auschwitz to Ravensbrueck in January 1945. After the war she had returned to Prague and then to Poland where she married Dr. Lorski in 1956.[4]

In cross-examination by Mr. Duncan, Dr. Lorska declared that the fact she was a Communist did not affect her feelings. She knew Dr. Dering, whom she regarded as a "camp elder," was not a Communist.

When Mr. Duncan resumed his cross-examination of Dr. Lorska the following Monday, the trial entered its third week. After interrogation about conditions in Blocks 10, 11 (the adjacent block where executions were carried out), and 21, the witness was questioned by Mr. Justice Lawton

THE JUDGE: Was it your understanding that under the camp regulations SS men could shoot anyone on the spot who disobeyed an order?

DR. LORSKA: That was not so simple in the camp. One could by-pass the orders so as to avoid punishment.

THE JUDGE: If Professor Clauberg had said to you: "To morrow morning you will take that girl's left ovary out," I gather you would have refused?

DR. LORSKA: I think I would have committed suicide.

THE JUDGE: But if you did not, what would you have expected to happen to you for disobeying an order from someone with the status of Dr. Clauberg?

DR. LORSKA: Maybe I would have got severely reprimanded.

THE JUDGE: Nothing more than that?

DR. LORSKA: I don't think so.

At the conclusion of her evidence, Dr. Lorska asked if she might say something about the question whether she would have assisted in experimental operations. The Judge consented.

> In the first days of my stay in Block 10 [Dr. Lorska declared] one evening I spoke to Dr. Hautval in the operating theatre. She explained what was happening in Block 10 and she told me that we should never get out of the camp alive, for the Germans would not allow people who knew what was happening in the camp to get into touch with the outside world. "The only thing left for us to do," she said, "is for us to behave, for the rest of the short time left to us, like human beings." I have never forgotten that conversation, and in all the difficult moments of my life I have remembered what she said to me.

THE NEXT WITNESS, Dr. Alina Brewda, was crucial for the defence, for Dr. Dering had flatly denied that she had been present in the operating theatre during the operations on the Greek girls. Now resident in London, she gave her evidence in English. She was born in Warsaw in 1905, of Jewish parents. She had met Dr. Dering at the Warsaw University Clinic, when she was a fourth-year medical student and he a house-surgeon. A friend of hers, Krystyna Ossowska, had married him. At that time, she had been a member of the Democratic Party and had never before or since been a Communist.

After three years in the Warsaw Ghetto, she had been sent first to Maidanek and then to Auschwitz where she arrived in September 1943, and was placed in Block 10, where about 150 of the inmates—all Jewish—were being used for Clauberg's experiments. Many of them had had injections of caustic fluid to induce sterility. About a week after her arrival, she learned that Dr. Dering was also in Auschwitz. When she first met him, he was clean-shaven, smartly dressed, and wearing good leather shoes. She had asked him for milk for some young children, but he said that was quite impossible.

Dr. Dering had told her that he had performed some 16–17,000 operations (gastrectomies, ovariectomies, removal of testicles, operations on the womb). After she had seen his operations on the Greek girls, she concluded that probably all his operations had been experimental. She now supposed that Dr. Dering had been exaggerating and that many of his operations had been for minor ailments.

[4] Before the adjournment at this point, Mr. Justice Lawton told the jury to take home the paperback copies of *Exodus* which had been distributed to them, to read eight pages before and after the paragraph complained of. The court rose and the jury filed out clutching their homework. They could not escape Auschwitz even for the week-end.

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Dr. Brewda had examined the Greek girls before the operations and had observed the irradiation wounds. She noted that some five girls had horizontal scars on their stomachs. On the morning of the operations, Dr. Schumann, who was in a fury, ordered her to accompany him to Block 21 to calm the girls. That was her first visit to the block. As soon as she entered she heard screams and saw two girls crying in the ante-room, where Dr. Dering was washing his hands. He told her he was performing ovariectomies. She followed him into the theatre and tried to comfort a girl who was struggling on the operating table.

"I tried to calm her," she said. "I told her in the simplest words in French that she should have courage and it would soon be over."

She pointed out to Dr. Dering that as the girls had been irradiated, there was little possibility of proper healing. "I told him there would be haemorrhage or peritonitis and asked what I should do. He told me not to worry." Dr. Brewda then accompanied a second girl into the operating room. The girl was screaming and trying to escape from the operating table. She had not seen Dr. Dering wash his hands between the operations or the instruments being sterilised.

She had watched the succession of ten operations and from the speedy way in which they had been performed she had concluded that the plaintiff had previously carried out operations of this kind. From the medical and woman's point of view the condition of the girls after the operation had been terrible. Two girls had died. She had repeatedly asked Dr. Dering to provide sulphonamide drugs of which a supply was available. Eventually, Dr. Dering had come to Block 10, passed through the ward and looked at the girls "who were in pain, moaning, screaming. . . ."

Mr. Duncan then repeated to Dr. Brewda the judge's question to Dr. Lorska of the previous day: What would you have done if Dr. Clauberg had said to you, "To-morrow, you will take out that girl's ovary"?

DR. BREWDA: I would never do it. I would try to invent some lies as I did with Wirths and Schumann and hope for the best. By the autumn of 1943, I was already used to the Nazi methods, knew they were big cowards, and was not greatly afraid. If I had been ordered to do it, I should have refused.

Mr. Justice Lawton then told the witness that the jury might have to consider the very difficult moral problem as to whether a doctor in a place like Auschwitz, who really believed that death or serious injury might follow the refusal to perform an operation, was justified in performing it.

THE JUDGE: Do you regard it as a difficult moral problem or do you think the answer is perfectly clear?

DR. BREWDA: It is difficult, but in my mind and in the minds of many other doctors, it was quite clear.

THE NEXT MORNING, Professor William Charles Wallace Nixon, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the University of London and Director of the Obstetrics Unit at University College Hospital, appeared as an expert witness for the defence. He was of the opinion that no medical benefit could be obtained from the removal of an irradiated ovary. He had examined the women patients in the case and the majority had still visible irradiation burns. To the surgeon, the presence of burns should have been a contra-indication against operation because of the grave risk of infection and delayed healing.

GARDINER: How do these scars compare with those you would expect to find—not in Auschwitz, but in England, after radiation.

NIXON: I have practised in China, Africa, and the Middle East, and I have never in all my surgical life seen such scars as I saw last week when I examined the patients—such scarring, such deficiency, such pigmentation.

THE JUDGE: Two moral problems arise here. First, the question of what a doctor should do if he were in fear of his life or very serious injury; and secondly, what a doctor should do in a situation where he believed that if he did not do a particular operation it would or might be done by somebody without skill.

GARDINER: Professor Nixon, whatever the risk to yourself might be, would a surgeon, as a matter of medical ethics, be justified in carrying out an operation, which he knew was not required for any legitimate medical purpose, against the will of the patient?

NIXON: It would be completely contrary to my practice or that of my colleagues anywhere in Europe. For the last 2,400 years we have subscribed to the oath of Hippocrates who by his example showed the world what the responsibility of medical men was. Even in the 1940s most of us subscribed to the Hippocratic oath that "I will use treatment to help my patients according to my ability and judgment but never with a view to injury or wrong-doing" and "I will abstain from abusing the bodies of men and women, either free or slave."

DR. ADELAINE HAUTVAL was the final witness for the defence. Daughter of a French Protestant pastor, she was born in Alsace in 1906 and qualified as a doctor in 1934. Arrested by the Nazis in 1942 for trying to enter occupied Vichy France, she had been placed in a prison where there were a number of Jews. When she protested about their treatment by the Gestapo, she was told she could share their lot. She was

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made to wear a yellow star and a band with the legend *"Amie des Juifs."* She was deported to Auschwitz in April 1943, and assigned to Block 10. At first she had agreed to work for Dr. Wirths, but when she discovered the nature of the experiments, she had refused to continue. She was not punished. She was then told to assist Clauberg, but again refused.

> GARDINER: As a result were you shot?
> DR. HAUTVAL: No.
> GARDINER: Were you punished in any way?
> DR. HAUTVAL: No.

Dr. Samuel denounced her to Wirths for her refusal to continue to assist him as an anaesthetist after she had once inadvertently helped him in an ovariectomy. She told Wirths that it was contrary to her conception of medicine. He had said to her, "Cannot you see that these people are different from you?" She had replied that there were several people different from her, beginning with Wirths. She was not punished and was later transferred to Birkenau.

Cross-examined by Mr. Duncan, Dr. Hautval said that she had agreed to go to Auschwitz at Wirths' request. She had not been afraid of him. She had hidden girls who were suffering from typhus to save them from the gas chambers. She was unaware that Dr. Dering had ever saved anyone. At Birkenau she had refused to assist SS Dr. Josef Mengele in his experiments on Jewish children and he had said that she could not be forced. She had never been punished for that. Replying to Mr. Duncan, she denied that she was "bitter." She insisted:

> I am not bitter at all. I love life and people. The Nazi Germans have gone. I can't live and hate people who, ages ago, did wrong to me.

THE CASE FOR THE DEFENCE was now closed, and Mr. Duncan proceeded to recall Dr. Dering for some brief questioning before the adjournment. The doctor declared he could remember no occasion on which a needle had been broken during a spinal injection. He had never sworn in Polish at the patients. He had never said, "Dog, you will die," or anything of that kind. His counsel argued that it was not according to the spirit of the Polish language and was not even a Polish sentence.

The Summing-up

AFTER THE WEEK-END, Lord Gardiner began his final address to the Jury. "Nowhere in all history was there a blacker picture...." Some might say that it had happened twenty years ago and it was time we forgot all about it. Others might think it would be wiser not to forget. Of course, it was Hitler and the German Government who bore the major responsibility, but none of these things could have happened if hundreds and thousands of people had not been prepared to do what they knew to be wrong. In the whole of the plaintiff's evidence on these terrible operations, there was not one single act of compassion, one single kind word. He did not say: "I was terribly distressed to do these operations." There was no real word of regret; his general attitude was indistinguishable from that of any anti-Semitic officer of the German officer class.

Forcibly to remove men's and women's sexual organs against their will as a help towards genocide was not an ordinary crime, but a crime against humanity. How could it be an answer to say, "If I had not done it, someone else would have done it in an even worse way"? The evidence of Dr. Hautval was most vital. She had enabled the jury to see what happened to Christian doctors who deliberately defied orders. She had done so four times—and she was not punished for it. The plaintiff himself had refused to give a fatal phenol injection, and his only punishment was to be confined to the Auschwitz camp area for a fortnight.

If the jury found for the plaintiff, it was the defendants' submission that the smallest coin of the realm would be the proper amount to award. If the words were not true they were so very nearly true that a man who had done what the plaintiff admitted having done ought not to have any substantial damages. The evidence showed that general anaesthetics were available and administered. Why was it only when it came to Greek Jewesses that there was no anaesthetist to be found?

He asked the jury to imagine themselves in the place of a young man caught in France at the beginning of the war, put into an internment camp and told—maybe because one of his grandparents had been Jewish—that a Nazi German doctor was going to remove his testicles as an experiment. They would know what to do with that German Nazi after the war. But suppose it was a French doctor who did it? Would they expect an English jury to give him damages? And what if the operation had been carried out by a fellow Englishman? Would they expect an English person to give such a person damages? Or would they not think that it would be wise for a man who did that sort of thing to keep his mouth shut?

The argument *ad hominem* appeared to have a profound effect on the jury. They lent forward intently during Lord Gardiner's quietly impassioned peroration.

Mr. Duncan's opening somewhat relaxed the tension. "We are leaving behind the stench of

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Auschwitz," he declared, "and emerging into good clean English air."

Counsel for the plaintiff concentrated his fire on the text of the offending paragraph. Surely, it meant that his client was "one of the Nazi fiends who carried out 17,000 experimental operations on helpless people without an anaesthetic." His name had been spelt "Dehring," and although a Polish prisoner at Auschwitz, he had been linked with the Nazi doctors Wirths, Schumann, and Clauberg. He denied that Dr. Dering discriminated against the Jews. The recollection of the defendants' witnesses who had survived Auschwitz was hazy. They were naturally bitter against the Nazis, the cause of their misfortunes. But did that make them the best of witnesses? Dr. Brewda was in a different category. She was prepared to say anything to Dr. Dering's discredit, whether it was true or false.

"The facts are clear. One cannot paint the lily or gild refined gold. Dr. Dering's wrongs, like Cæsar's wounds, cry out for themselves." He had literally no choice. He was satisfied that if he did not do these unpalatable operations they would be done by inexperienced people with disastrous results to the victims. The defence of the author's justification had palpably failed. There was no word of regret and the defendants themselves (author, publisher) had given no evidence. This case called for very, very substantial damages.

Mr. Justice Lawton began his summing-up by observing that he had been a student of history all his life and he could not think of any crime that began to compare with Auschwitz. But they were not acting as a war crimes tribunal or conducting an inquiry about what went on at Auschwitz. They were trying a civil case according to the law of England. The jury might think that looking back in time through spectacles of suffering, a desire for vengeance was not the best way to look back.

The defendants had sought to establish three propositions:

1. That the plaintiff performed 130 operations on men and women, mostly young, which were an essential part of a vast series of experiments on Jewish prisoners carried out by the Nazis for the specific purpose of wiping out forever, in the territories controlled by the Nazis, Jews and those of Jewish blood.

2. That the plaintiff willingly performed those operations for two reasons: (i) because he was an anti-Semite and as such had no or little regard for Jews, and (ii) because he wanted to ingratiate himself with the Nazis in order to secure his release from Auschwitz.

3. That he performed the operations with callousness and brutality.

The jury had been asked by Lord Gardiner to look at what had happened to other people who refused to carry out operations. There was Dr. Lorska who somehow avoided having to do operations and said that punishment could be avoided (particularly by Poles). Dr. Brewda had been able to dodge the issue by saying she had no experience in gynaecological surgery, Then there was Dr. Hautval. The jury might think of her as one of the most impressive and courageous women who had ever given evidence in the courts of this country—a most distinguished person—and she had stood up to the Nazis four times and made it quite clear what she was and what she was not prepared to do. She had been summoned by Dr. Wirths, and gave him a reply which he thought would live in the jury's memory for many years—a devastating reply. The jury was asked to infer from those witnesses' evidence that if Dr. Dering had stood up to the Nazis, nothing would have happened to him at all.

The plaintiff's case was very different. He said that one must not forget these events were happening in Auschwitz in 1943. There was the view that disobedience of an order might result in instant shooting by the camp guard. The jury must ask whether it had been proved that Dr. Dering was not in fear of his life or serious physical pain at that time.

That was the factual side of the case, but there was also a moral side. He would try to give the jury a little help from history. The persecution of the early Christians under the Emperor Decius in the third century A.D. had posed the problem of what a man should do when he was in fear of his life. St. Augustine had pointed out that *intention* was a relevant consideration in considering the quality of an act. The law had taken the same point. In regard to some acts one could plead that one did them in fear of one's life or bodily harm. But we had always said that fear was no excuse for murder and probably the judges would say it was no excuse for doing really serious injury. There did come a point at which one had to say, "I will die rather than do this."

Mr. Justice Lawton, after almost five hours, concluded at 11.55 a.m. on May 6th with an admonition to the jury to take good care of the Auschwitz surgical register, which was now being entrusted to them. "What an awful thing it would be," he said, "if in pointing out these *casus explorativus*, some guide at Auschwitz pointed to a tea stain or cigarette burn which which had been inflicted on this register in London...."

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THE ATMOSPHERE in the corridor outside was nervous and restless. Dr. Dering, white and drawn, stood with a friend, largely ignored by the internal traffic of the court. The jury had not returned by the time the lunch adjournment was over and Mr. Justice Lawton, with a fresh jury, began the hearing of a libel action brought against the newspaper *The People* by a London postage stamp company.

The Dering jury returned at 2.30 p.m. and there was some confusion as the old set of jurors entering the court tangled with the new lot trying to get out. Eventually, order was restored and silence fell.

To the question, "Do you find for the plaintiff or for the defendants?" the foreman replied: "For the plaintiff." There was a palpable sigh and increase of tension. Then came the clerk's second question: "What sum do you award the plaintiff against the defendants?" And the foreman quietly replied: "One halfpenny."

There followed a typically anti-climactic scene with counsel wrangling over costs. Eventually, the judge was persuaded that as the defendants had paid forty shillings into court on March 15th and the plaintiff had been awarded only one halfpenny, costs should be awarded against the latter from that date. These were later estimated at £25,000.

Aftermath

THE MORAL VICTORY for the defendants appeared to be complete. An English jury had awarded the plaintiff damages that expressed their derision and contempt: it is customary practice to award the "smallest coin of the realm," when it is found that the plaintiff has been only technically libelled.

"I have made no future plans, except that I intend to continue to practise. I have nothing more to say," Dr. Dering told reporters after the trial, and went quietly back to his house in Ealing. The defendants were less reticent. Later that afternoon, Messrs. Uris and Kimber, supported by their lawyers, held a crowded Press conference at the Howard Hotel near the law courts. Leon Uris was asked why he had persisted in defending the action after the printers had settled.[5]

"I think primarily it was for the sake of the survivors," he replied. "It was also the fact that I myself have a daughter about the age of these Greek girls, and one of these days I have to come before the Lord who will ask me questions about the way I behaved in the world. I feel that as a father, a human being, and a writer, I had no other choice in the matter. This is what I had to do. I don't think the world should be allowed to forget what happened during the Nazi era...."

Future editions of *Exodus*, he declared, would omit Dr. Dering's name.

That evening, British television was full of "Dr. Dering's halfpenny" and the following morning's papers followed suit. At the beginning of the case, the popular Press had given some prominence to its sensational aspects, but its interest diminished as the trial proceeded. It was left to the serious newspapers (*The Times, Daily Telegraph*, and *The Guardian*) to follow the case conscientiously throughout its duration. *The Times*, in particular, excelled itself with daily reports of unprecedented length in its *Law Report* columns; some of these ran to almost a full page.

After the trial, two newspapers whose daily coverage of the case was less than assiduous devoted almost a page each to news and features about Dr. Dering. The *Daily Herald* discovered that as a student he was so poor that he could not afford to buy medical books and "in his lodgings he had to sleep in a coffin—the only place his landlord, a carpenter, had available...." One of Dr. Dering's patients, a policeman, told the *Herald* reporter: "I shall always go to Dering. He's a bit short in his manner—but he's a first-class doctor. He treated me through a long breakdown and I wouldn't have wanted anyone else."

The *Daily Mail* appeared even more sympathetic. "The people Dr. Dering treats now: How do *they* see him?" And it reported: "They see him as a quietly efficient doctor working long hours, tender with patients in pain. A gentle Samaritan." This view was amplified by interviews with a policeman, a pregnant coloured woman, two mothers of young children, and Dr. Dering's receptionist, who recalled an occasion when the doctor asked her to fetch some surgical needles from the chemist's. "When I brought them back," she said, "Dr. Dering said: 'I wouldn't stitch an animal with thick needles like those. Take them back and get finer ones.'..."

The following Sunday the more sober newspapers offered their comments. Patrick O'Donovan in *The Observer* wrote:

> It was the first time that the facts of the holocaust have been litigated in a British Court. It became in effect—as a result of the defence and despite the repudiations of the judge—a war crimes trial.... (Dr. Dering's) self-justification was self-damning and the verdict was precisely

[5] It had been brought to the jury's attention by Mr. Duncan at the beginning of the trial that the printers had already settled for £500. This he should not have done and Mr. Justice Lawton, who charitably remarked, "Even good Homer sometimes nods," had asked the jury to disregard it.

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right. One great, rare cheer for British justice is in order.[6]

In the *Sunday Times*, Godfrey Smith was anguished: "It is still too near to think about. The mind turns the enormity of it over, helplessly churning out clichés: 'agonising choice'... 'moral dilemma' . . . 'contemporary predicament.'..."

"*Could* a man disobey a direct order from the SS and survive?" he asked. As examples of disobedience *not* punished with death, he cited the names of Lieut.-General Koch-Erpach who refused to shoot captured Russian political commissars, Major Johannes Walldow who told the SS he would not allow any Jews to be shot in his area, Lieut.-General Bruno Streckenbach, ordered to the front line for a similar refusal.

Claud Cockburn of the *Sunday Telegraph* ended a pungent criticism of the printers and enthusiastic eulogy of the publisher with the following: "If possession of the O.B.E. contributed to his (Dering's) over-confidence, he would have done well to recall that the order is not an entirely foolproof guarantee of enduring national goodwill. Though the cases are in no way comparable, Quisling had the O.B.E., too."

John Gordon put the case in a rather characteristic *Sunday Express* perspective. He "found the Auschwitz libel case a little hard to understand.... Isn't it thought-provoking that an author should defend a standard of accuracy which substitutes 17,000 for 130 and so nearly wins the day. It leaves one wondering how many other statements in this anti-British novel he would seek to justify even if they were exaggerated a hundred times...."

The "Man of the People" in *The People* preached a sermon against "those who hate Dr. Dering." He told of the friendship between a Jewish housewife in a London suburb and her German *au pair* girl: they both did the washing-up together.

The *Daily Mail* could not resist a second visit to Dr. Dering's surgery a week later on his return from a week's holiday. They found he had just delivered twins ("A lively start to the day," the doctor said) and was about to attend to two-year-old William Nwakanma. Mrs. Joyce Stone told the *Mail* reporter that she was organising a fund to help Dr. Dering pay his costs. In Ealing, Dering's wife Maria told another reporter: "The flow of obscene letters and phone calls seems to be dying down a bit. I hope people will leave us in peace now...."

THE LAST VOICE to be heard was that of the British Medical Association. In its issue of May 16th, the *British Medical Journal*, official organ of the British Medical Association, published the following leader:

International Medical Ethics

The libel action brought by Dr. Dering against the author and publisher of the book *Exodus* is unique. Those who have followed the tragic and terrible story as it was unfolded day after day in what must have seemed the completely unreal atmosphere of the British courts must have hoped and prayed that the hideous circumstance of the crimes of Auschwitz, Dachau, and Buchenwald was also unique. We can best honour the memory of the victims of Nazi bestiality by putting on record the facts of the recent trial. That medical men could act as certain German doctors did is the most painful memory the medical profession has to hold. When the World Medical Association was formed in 1947 one of its first actions was to draw up a report on war crimes and medicine. This report was published in the first issue of the first volume of the *World Medical Association Bulletin*, published in April 1949, and the German medical profession was called upon then to "make a public declaration" about the participation of some German doctors in these crimes before the W.M.A. would accept their organisation as one of its members. It was in the hope of preventing a recurrence of this nightmare that the W.M.A. drew up the Declaration of Geneva and formulated an international code of ethics, which together, it was considered, were more appropriate to the modern world than the Hippocratic oath. And it must have been with special reference to what had happened in Germany between 1939 and 1945 that the following two clauses in the Declaration of Geneva were drawn up:

I will not permit considerations of religion, nationality, race, party politics or social standing to intervene between my duty and my patient;

I will maintain the utmost respect for human life, from the time of conception; even under threat, I will not use my medical knowledge contrary to the laws of humanity.

Jack Winocour

[6] *The Guardian* published a small irrelevant fact which was of the most melodramatic irony: "Mr. Justice Lawton's handling of the *Exodus* libel case —one of the grimmest and strangest ever heard in an English court—is agreed by all observers to have been impeccable. He handled a difficult and distressing case with complete impartiality. That is no surprise; but it is the answer to a possible doubt that has been raised by at least one newspaper report in Israel. This drew attention to the fact that in 1936 Mr. F. H. Lawton, as he then was, appeared on the list of parliamentary candidates selected by the British Union of Fascists. He was adopted as the candidate for Hammersmith North. His connection with the Fascists did not last long, and he was in the London Irish Rifles at the start of the war. Whatever views he may have held in early youth, he changed them—and showed it in action."

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LETTERS

"The Bomb"

ANTHONY HARTLEY wrote in the May ENCOUNTER ("The British Bomb") that the policies of the two major parties are a good deal nearer to each other than might be gathered from the way that they are expressed. This must be so. General Elections tend to reduce all political issues to the simplicities of "black *versus* white," and the Bomb is no exception. The voter is offered an apparent choice between a party that approves the Bomb and thus would keep it, and another which disapproves and would rid us of it. It is in this way that the electorate will decide the great issue of British politics that far transcends any issue of class or public *vs.* private ownership, namely the adjustment of a once great power to its greatly reduced circumstances. As Mr. Aubrey Jones (one of the most politically sophisticated of Conservatives) has said: "This is what the whole Common Market argument was about. This is what the emigration of scientists is about. This is what the nuclear deterrent is about." The deterrent can be a guide to the sort of long-term political objectives that Conservatives and Labour have for this country. The Bomb, whether it be retained for a time or eventually scrapped (and this is the choice that is really being offered), is the means whereby the objective may conceivably be attained.

It is not often appreciated that although as Mr. Hartley says "public knowledge of the British independent deterrent dates from 1952," the deterrent did not become fully operational until 1961. It was not until late that year that the V-bombers (mainly Mark I Victors and Vulcans) were re-equipped with free-falling megaton hydrogen bombs in place of low-yield kiloton atomic weapons. In 1964 the Mark Is have been replaced with the Mark IIs, and ninety bombers only are in the process of being fitted with the Blue Steel stand-off bomb. Thus it has taken twelve years or more from the first testing of an atomic weapon until the completion of the striking force. The V-bombers are presently at peak effectiveness, and thus the process of "phasing-out" that Labour promises should take at least as long as the statutory length of any Labour Government. The Mirage IVs of the *force de frappe*, which are entering squadron service, are equipped only with atomic weapons. The French "deterrent" will not become effective until it receives hydrogen bombs, and this it will not do until Russian ground-to-air missiles have been developed so as to prove capable of destroying even low-flying supersonic strike aircraft.

The British bomb has not been without its value in ways that Lord Attlee for one never intended. It has helped to disguise Britain's decline in power just as surely as a succession of royal tours of the Commonwealth succeeded for some time in hiding the end of empire from the British people. The Conservative Governments of 1951–64 will be remembered (and the credit is Macmillan's) as a period in which this country returned painlessly to the second rank of powers. That the Tory Party should have been prepared to accept entry into Europe (as it would had not de Gaulle used his veto) could not have happened had not the processes of decline been so unobvious. The Bomb must have been of great comfort to many. To Lord Attlee by accident, and Mr. Macmillan by design, should go the credit.

Mr. Hartley wrote that a nuclear striking force was no use to us in Malaya, at Suez, in East Africa, or North Borneo. This is one of the weaker points in his quite admirable article. Did anyone ever set out believing that it would? The deterrent exists in order to counter a threat to this country by a superior and nuclear power. It could never have been expected to work in circumstances around the periphery where Britain came into contact with countries which while hostile were both weaker and non-nuclear. No one casts doubt upon the American deterrent because "victory" was not achieved in Korea, Laos, or South Vietnam.

THERE IS PRECIOUS LITTLE informed discussion on defence in this country. Parliament is not much interested. Defence is no longer fashionable. An interest in foreign affairs and agriculture was once the mark of a Conservative. Nowadays it is economics and local government reform. Defence seems to have become the preserve of pacifists and "half-colonels." A few M.P.s carry on a desultory dialogue, once or at most twice a year. During a defence debate many of the speeches made from Labour benches are "neutralist" in tone, inducing a response from Conservatives that can best be described as "patriotic." Labour multilateralists who have abandoned the independent deterrent so as to defend the better "Britain in NATO" put much stress on the value of example—how the French and the Germans would renounce nuclear ambition if only we were to do so, while being careful to avoid the specifics of policy in favour of vague declarations of general intent.

Conservatives, with some exceptions (such as Aubrey Jones) are inclined more often to put up a robust defence of past decisions than to reflect much on the future. Many have not yet seen that nuclear independence, already attenuated by technology, cannot be indefinitely maintained. Who knows what weapons system will follow *Polaris*, and from whom and on what terms we shall have it?

The widespread, almost unanimous hostility towards the MLF that is at present shown by Conservatives proves this to be so. Whether the MLF, once set up, will provide a second "centre of decision-making" within the alliance or not, it will provide the only means whereby a country such as Britain can continue to make a *military* contribution to the nuclear forces of the alliance, and a *political* contribution to overcoming the problems of alliance control over existing nuclear weapons. While the second cannot be achieved without the first, participation in the MLF—and no British Government be it Tory or Labour can refuse to take part if the U.S. and Germany go ahead—will

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not of itself guarantee the correct solutions or provide the best political setting for Britain.

We return to the Common Market. Do we want any part of it or do we not? The debate continues.

JULIAN CRITCHLEY
Conservative M.P. for Rochester and Chatham
House of Commons

BOILED down to their bare substance, Mr. Anthony Hartley's conclusions ["The Bomb," ENCOUNTER, May] seem to be that, for diplomatic reasons, we should base our defence policy on two concepts—the maintenance of the British deterrent and support for the MLF—which, on his own reckoning, are of doubtful viability. Whilst I support his plea for greater sophistication in defence thinking, it seems a pity that his specific recommendations should be so lacking in sophistication as to divorce calculations of military feasibility from those of political expediency, and to decide in favour of the latter.

Mr. Hartley appears to suppose that the rifts in the NATO lute are temporary, and that—provided we support the MLF and maintain our nuclear status—we can play a useful role in reconciling the Gaullist elements in Europe with those Americans who insist on the need for unified control of the Western deterrent.

In fact there is every reason to believe that the two factions are irreconcilable. As America becomes more and more vulnerable to Soviet attack, it will become less and less willing to accept either voluntary or involuntary immolation on behalf of Europe; and Europe will become less and less willing to be "defended" by intermediate strategies calculated to preserve American and Russian cities while European cities are devastated by conventional or tactical nuclear war.

A sober analysis of existing trends seems to indicate that NATO is approaching the point of final disintegration, when the interests of both halves of the alliance will diverge beyond the possibility of reunification. In the last resort, the interests of Western Europe and the United States lie in their continued survival; and the advent of the long-range missile has effectively broken down the interdependence that formerly existed between America and Europe.

The question that this country has to face is whether to identify itself with one or other of the divergent halves of the alliance (neither of which appears capable of defending us effectively), or to prepare for the time when we shall be isolated—in the military sense—from both. If the latter, we must choose between a nuclear and a non-nuclear status. As Mr. Hartley rightly suggests that time will limit (and ultimately expunge) our nuclear effectiveness, we had better prepare for the day when a nuclear role would be altogether inappropriate. A pretence of nuclear capability would be far more dangerous than none at all.

None of the above precludes close co-operation with our former allies in fields other than defence. But it would be exceedingly unwise for us to persist in military postures (whether independently or in alliance with others) the credibility of which is so open to question as to diminish rather than increase our national security.

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The Future of the Public Schools

A Reply — By RUPERT WILKINSON

IN DISCUSSING the fate of the Public Schools [ENCOUNTER, May], Mr. David Watt challenged me to leave the security of historical analysis and make some suggestions about "what's to be done." My only condition for accepting the challenge is that I be allowed to contradict unabashedly one statement in my own book.

The Prefects makes the assertion that the public school class, harried by taxation and rising school fees, no longer accords status and honour to lowly-paid public service. In fact it is quite striking how strong an element of old public schoolboys still seeks parliamentary seats and performs the chores of local leadership. I agree with Mr. Watt that the schools exacted a heavy intellectual price, at times an appalling price, for the qualities of service they instilled—but I also think that Mr. Watt's line of criticism, logically extended and applied, would land us in a situation every bit as bad.

Like most public school critics, Mr. Watt argues that the schools "lost their *raison d'être*" with the demise of grand Empire. Unexceptionally he dislikes the whole idea of a public school élite; he doubts anyway whether a boarding school system would attract working class people even if it invited them.

But the plight of Britain's leadership to-day—the dead hold of a neo-feudal governing class—is not the plight which threatens the British leadership of to-morrow—the divorce of status from public service. In a basically capitalist state, where the pay rises of public employ seem inevitably to lag behind the rewards paid by private business, government careers do not automatically hold high prestige. Yet, without that prestige, how can they hope to attract the leaders of ability that a complex modern society needs. If anyone doubts whether the problem exists, he should consider the United States. Ever since the "Federalist class" of Washington and Hamilton retreated from political office to its Boston clubs and private law practices, public administration as a career

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has held little esteem in the eyes of most well-educated Americans.

In short, I'm all for political élitism in general, and a public school élite in particular. Civic altruism alone wil not protect the status of public service from the forces of affluence and the frivolities of party politics—any more than a government take-over of the public schools will put an end to British snobbery and the inherited advantage of a middle class home. Total prohibition of private schooling might do something to obtain these last two ends; but at what a price in educational diversity and enterprise.

My solution, then, is to change and extend the public school élite, but to do so in a way that mitigates the worst inequities of the grammar schools. Unlike some grammar school headmasters, I do not believe that a renovated public school system, admitting a proportion of its members under government scholarships, would "skim the cream off" state education. There is plenty of cream to go round: untapped talent is one of Britain's more plentiful commodities.

As we move further into advanced industrialisation, the proportion of "professional-managerial" jobs to the total labour force is going to grow, and with it the place for more than one élite. Indeed, the only way to get a *true* meritocracy is to have several élites, several systems for choosing leaders. It is here that the public schools can make a contribution. They can seek out the kind of student most unfairly penalised by the state system's Eleven-plus exam (or whatever variation replaces the Eleven-plus): the "late-developer" of promise whose parents cannot afford private education. In the examination-charged atmosphere of Britain's schools it cannot be said too often that imaginative minds do not always do well at exams.

If only for this reason, any plan to admit state scholars to the public schools must be flanked by radical changes in the schools' selection methods and curricula.

HERE ARE THE general lines along which I would like to see public school reform develop.

1. Major public schools would take quotas of state scholarship boys whose parents could not afford public school fees. Essentially this is the plan proposed by John Dancy of Marlborough and other headmasters, but it has certain modifications. Although most of the state scholars would pay no fee, a small proportion of them would make reduced payments according to means. Without this arrangement, a public school's clientele would be split into two, far-removed, social groups. Theoretically, all state scholars would pay a minimum contribution towards upkeep, estimated at whatever their board would have cost at home. In practice this would be very nearly cancelled out by an allowance for the extra cash expenses that boarding school life entails.

2. State scholarships for public schoolboys would, in the beginning at any rate, be limited to schools charging a certain fee and above. Mainly this would be a recognition that public revenues are not limitless, but it would also link educational democracy to educational prestige. Here, as elsewhere, I am quite unashamedly borrowing ideas from America, whose schools and colleges have attempted an almost bewildering variety of responses to the problems of advanced industrial society. I don't claim that all the patterns evolved are either relevant to Britain or uniformly admirable, but in this case American experience is instructive. Among the private boarding schools of the eastern United States, the twin foundations, Philips Andover and Philips Exeter, enjoy an academic reputation second to none. So, among universities, does Harvard. Being extremely wealthy, all three establishments operate extensive scholarship programmes reaching boys of working-class background (at Exeter over half the pupils receive some sort of financial aid). Yet all three institutions also cater to "good" New England families and carry a full measure of snob appeal. Their achievement is to show that educational prestige need not be a synonym for social exclusiveness even in the snobbish hinterland of Boston. I think that Eton and Winchester can do the same.

3. In those public schools taking state scholars, the government would support the formation of selection offices, responsible for scouting out boys of ability in low-income families. The offices would use the same range of tests employed at Harvard and Exeter: written exams, interviews, and reference to past work and records. State scholars and fee-payers alike would undergo these tests. The written examinations would offer a wider choice of subject than the present Common Entrance, and the whole pattern of G.C.E. and university entrance would have to be rethought. All of this would demand the co-operation of County Council education officers; it might well be found advisable to give them seats on public school governing bodies.

4. State scholarship quotas would also be established at all private preparatory *day* schools charging over a certain fee. If working-class boys are to enter public schools happily and satisfactorily, some social mixing must begin at an early age—before class consciousness is fully developed. There would be academic advantages, too, in giving those public school state scholars who showed early promise the same advance preparation received by other public schoolboys. Entrance to all secondary schools would be fixed at the same age, possibly at twelve.

BUT WHAT OF public school life itself? As Mr. Watt strongly suggests, the monastery needs ventilating. Joint activities with girls' schools (the odd dance is meaningless). Welfare projects in the towns (with the girls as co-workers?). More private studies and rooms (to break down herd opinion). And prefectorial honour for more varied achievement—editing the school paper, running the literary club, conducting the orchestra. Coupled with broader recruitment, such piecemeal changes as these could wipe away the narrow traditionalism which has cursed the whole system. In several public schools movements of this kind are afoot, but they are far from standard practice.

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Thomas Mann

THE "translation" of Thomas Mann's Chicago speech in *Novy Mir*, 1955, appeared in the October number of that magazine and not in the November one, as you state on page 91 ["Letter from a Russian Writer"] of your June issue.

ROBIN JACOBY

Oriel College,
Oxford

"Strangelove"

I HAVE READ Mr. Conquest's mystifying remarks about the brilliant farce, *Dr. Strangelove*, several times. I think perhaps his most engaging bit of composition is, "Think for a moment of Mr. Kubrick, and compare him, let us say, with General Maxwell Taylor. . . ." For second place I would choose his description of the actual Pentagon: "One enters without a pass. . . ." Here in New York, where we have all been rather madly enjoying *Dr. Strangelove* (unfortunately we had no "left-wing" friends to warn us), we have an overworked phrase that, nevertheless, sometimes uniquely commends itself. I have in mind about Mr. Conquest the word, "square."

ELIZABETH HARDWICK

New York City

Dissent Over Matthews

HERBERT MATTHEWS' conception of how a reporter tries to establish a fact (or a "datum," as he calls it) and its relation to "true history" is passing strange. Thus he can write in his ENCOUNTER (July 1964) article, "Dissent Over Cuba":

> Premier Castro insisted to me, when I saw him in Havana on October 29th, 1963, that the missiles were purely "defensive" and that incidentally, the idea to install them was his, not the Russians. This . . . is the sort of datum that belongs in any true history of the Cuban revolution.

Does he mean that this "fact" would belong in a "true history" regardless of whether it was true or false? What Matthews does not tell the ENCOUNTER readers but what he does say in his pamphlet, "Return to Cuba" (published earlier this year by the Institute of Hispanic American and Luso-Brazilian Studies of Stanford University) is that Castro, less than a month later, said something totally different to the French reporter Jean Daniel, who has established something of a world reputation for himself with his coverage of the Algerian war. Here (to quote from the January 1944 issue of the *Hispanic American Report*, published by the same Institute at Stanford University that published Matthews' pamphlet) is what Castro told Daniel on November 20th:

> ". . . Russia believed that if Cuba 'settled for conventional armaments, the United States might not hesitate before invading. In that case, Russia would retaliate and it would mean an inevitable world war.' Castro said that Russia then decided to install the missiles, and Cuba accepted them as a matter of 'honour.'"

This was indeed most embarrassing to Matthews, for he rushed to the telephone:

> "In order to get this important point straight, once and for all, I spoke to Premier Castro on the telephone on the night of January 7th, 1964. He confirmed what he had said to us in Havana and in no uncertain terms. In fact, he clearly wanted the Daniel version of what he said (I regret to say, for my profession, that he called it 'a journalistic version') to be corrected for the historic record." (*Return to Cuba.*)

Interestingly, Castro's talk with Jean Daniel took place shortly after Daniel had seen President Kennedy to whom he expected (before the assassination) to report back. It appears, according to Daniel, that there was some hope for "a more realistic policy," *i.e.*, a more accommodating policy, from the Kennedy administration. Hence, it was in Castro's interest to impress Kennedy with Cuban moderation and ascribe the missile idea to the Russians. Thus—if we are to believe what he later told Matthews—Castro deliberately lied to Daniel. With the President's death, the speculation on a more accommodating U.S. policy was abandoned, the thesis of the Russian-inspired missiles was discarded, and Castro again turned to his thesis that it was all his own idea.

How strange, however, that still another French correspondent, Claude Julien, of the authoritative *Le Monde*, was told by Castro in a seven-hour interview long before Castro saw Matthews, that it was a Russian decision:

> *Castro:* ". . . We had envisaged among ourselves the possibility of asking the U.S.S.R. to supply us with missiles. But we had not yet arrived at any decision when Moscow offered them to us. We were told that by accepting them, we would strengthen the Socialist camp; we felt that we could not get out of it. This is why we accepted them. It was not in order to ensure our own defence, but foremost in order to reinforce Socialism on the international plane. *This is the truth, even if other explanations are given elsewhere.*" [My emphasis—C.C.]
>
> *Julien:* "But why did Khrushchev then want to install missiles in Cuba, if later on he withdrew them precipitately in the face of American threats which he must have foreseen?"
>
> *Castro:* "That is a mystery. Maybe historians will be able to clarify this twenty or thirty years hence. I don't know. . . ."
>
> (*Le Monde*, March 22nd, 1963)

Thus we have, in all, a record here of four switches back and forth in Castro's line: in March (1963), Castro said it was *the Russians* who decided to install the missiles; seven months later, in October, it was *the Cubans*; a month later, in November, *the Russians* again; and two months later, in January (1964), again *the Cubans*.

Since there is little likelihood that the Kremlin will one day soon make its archives available to historians, the true history of the origins of the 1962 missile crisis may never be written. Meanwhile, Castro, for reasons of tactical convenience, has been leading some well-meaning and sympa-

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Life & Letters Today

New York

NO ASPECT *of the racial issue is clear-cut to-day. Over the week-end a group of tall Negroes, all wearing maroon blazers with Burundi shields on the pockets, boarded the North-bound subway at 42nd Street, conversing in their native tongue. They had evidently just finished a performance at the World's Fair.*

They were objects of extreme curiosity, not all of it friendly. Two short, well-dressed Negro women, carrying playbills, found their hats constantly under the elbows of the strap-handling Burundians. Repeated "Excuse me's" brought no response. After the Burundians got off and the playgoers sat down, one remarked to the other. "They ought to go back to Africa." She then began to peruse her playbill—for Blues for Mister Charlie, *James Baldwin's bristling work on racial strife.* N.Y. TIMES

Moscow

ADDRESSING *the U.S.S.R.-Great Britain Society in Moscow to-day, Mr. Harold Wilson appealed for a freer exchange of newspapers, books and films between Britain and the Soviet Union. He could not think, he said, that confidence in the citizens of Moscow was so limited that they could not be trusted with British newspapers other than the* Daily Worker. *In appealing for freer literary exchanges, he said Dickens was a great author but Fagin was "no longer typical, if ever, he was, of British society."* THE TIMES

London

POSSIBLY *Professor Rupp, in his article in* The Times *on Calvin, is being a trifle euphemistic in using the phrase "the affair of Servetus may have been mishandled on the human level" to refer to the burning alive over a slow fire of the possessor of one of the noblest intellects in the history of thought.* THE TIMES

Munich

"TAKE *the Norwegian Communist Party, for example. It is split into three sections. There is the Larsen section. . . ."*

"Larsen?"

"Yes—not the Danish revisionist Larsen—"

"I'm sorry. Yes. 'Every Scandinavian is called Larsen except those named Jensen'—a Norwegian was telling me that last week."

"What was his *name?"*

"Christiansen!"

"Ah—a deviationist. . . ."

RADIO FREE EUROPE

London

NÖEL COWARD *reports* [*writes Arnold Wesker*] *that I went to him for support for Centre 42. He also suggests that I write dreary plays, and he further says that he doesn't like the way we portray Britain because "this is a beautiful country with happy people. These scullery plays are not accurate—or honest."*

The truth is that when I went to him for support for Centre 42 his almost exact words were: "Dear boy, I shan't give you twopence for 42, and what on earth are you doing with all your talent going up and down to those dreary English towns organising dreary festivals for those dreary people?" DAILY MAIL

New York

RETIREMENT, *as it must come to all men, came to-day to beetle-browed, moose-tall, Midas-rich Henry Robinson Luce, 66, founder and long (1923–64) editor-in-chief of Time, first, most prestigious of newsmagazines, sire of a far-flung journalistic progeny (Life, Fortune, Sports Illustrated, Architectural Forum, House and Home) and knows who what sleek fledgling yet unfledged.*

Not since the Dead Sea Scrolls [*writes Alastair Cooke*] *had a civilisation found so compelling an historical record. Not since blind Homer and his team of apprentices had compound adjectives been so richly coined by an anonymous team of skilled scribblers.*

However, since the late great Wolcott Gibbs' parody of Time-style whip-lashed Luce into rare humiliation ("backward rolled sentences until reeled the mind . . . where it will all end, knows God"), the sentences have gone forward. The mind may applaud or protest the information gathered by Time's world-wide bureaus, but the style may often be mistaken for that of the London Times *whose type-face Time adopted in a startling* volte-face *some months ago.*

Time has been execrated but also imitated more than any other English-language publication on earth. Yet its unflagging prosperity remains its own secret, or possibly that of Henry R. Luce, who in retirement will retain his 16·2 per cent, or $42 millions' worth, of the stock. Down steps Luce but on marches time.

THE GUARDIAN

New York

THE CONTROVERSY *continues over some of the unusual formulations in Mayor Willy Brandt's talk here the other day. Some of the phrases, and especially one or two brutally direct questions, have had political commentators both here as well as in Paris and Bonn speculating over their real political and diplomatic meaning. Some observers have explained the matter by calling attention to the fact that Mayor Brandt has been using the Berlin novelist Günter Grass as a "ghost-writer."* DIE WELT

London

"THE ENGLISH *are right," Berlioz orates in one of his letters, "when they declare that next to God it was Shakespeare who created most."*

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

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thetic reporters around by their noses, and what Matthews wants us to accept as *"the"* truth for the historic record would appear to be nothing more than what Castro likes to call, regrettably for the profession, a "journalistic version."

CLAUDE CONSTANT

Geneva

Marx & "Alienation"

THE REVIEW by Professor J. M. Cameron of several recent books on Marxism [October], and the comment of Mr. John Lewis [May], brought back to my mind a question which has troubled me for some time: to what extent (if at all) is it legitimate to discuss Marx in terms of the fashionable concept of "alienation"?

To begin with, "alienation" has been introduced into social psychology and economic theory not by Marx, but by a group of Left Hegelians known as the "true socialists" (*die wahre Sozialisten*) with whom Marx was for a while associated. The "true socialists" applied the Feuerbachian critique of the Christian religion and idealist philosophy to social and economic institutions, and concluded that the state, private property, and money were projected externalisations of human relations, much as for Feuerbach divinity was a projection and substantiation of human ideals. In order for man to regain his "true" self and to establish a harmonious society, those projections which alienated man from himself and his fellow beings had to be destroyed.

The foremost exponent of this philosophy was that remarkable and largely forgotten man, Moses Hess, who developed it in such works as *State and Religion* (1842), *Philosophy of Action* (1843), and *The Essence of Money* (1845). Hess' analysis of private property as a manifestation as well as a cause of human "alienation" bears striking similarity to the one which Mr. Lewis cites from Marx's Manuscripts of 1844, and erroneously, I believe, ascribes to the influence of Carlyle. Marx's Manuscripts of 1844 were written completely in the spirit of "true socialism" and belong fully within its tradition. (Incidentally, although Marx's affiliation with the "true socialists" became widely known only in 1932, when the Manuscripts of 1844 were first published, the Russian socialist Peter Struve foresaw that such was the case as early as 1895.)

Even more important is the fact that by 1845, *i.e.*, a year after he had written about "alienation" in the Manuscripts, Marx broke with the "true socialists" and their theories. He did so for good reason. The "true socialists" assumed the existence of a classless "true" man, whose identity they wished to restore by means of socialism. Marx in 1845 came to view man as a product of specific social relations, and hotly rejected any philosophy which treated man in the abstract. In *The German Ideology* he took to task the "true socialists" and with an irony hardly befitting a man who only a year ago had shared many of their assumptions, cast them out of the socialist camp. In the *Communist Manifesto* he and Engels ridiculed the "true socialists" as representatives of "reactionary interests" and "German Philistinism." In particular, they condemned the "true socialists" for interpreting French critiques of the money economy in terms of "human alienation."

Indeed, it may be said that Marxism in the proper sense of the word came into being only when Marx broke with the whole philosophy of "alienation." (I leave aside Marx's use of this concept in his discussion of the "Fetishism of Commodities" in Volume I of *Capital* as a rather special case.)

Professor Cameron is undoubtedly right when he suggests that the general discredit which Marx's social and economic theories have suffered explains why an effort is now being made to modernise him, as it were, by pinning on him a theory acceptable to modern psychology. What an irony that to become palatable to-day Marx has to be identified with ideas which he did not originate, which he shared for a very brief time only, and then conclusively rejected as "reactionary" and "Philistine"!

RICHARD PIPES

Russian Research Center,
Harvard University

In Defence of Max Weber

IF ONLY Herbert Luethy [January] had freshly reread Max Weber's relevant writings, especially his extensive replies to the critics of his *Protestant Ethic* in the final edition translated by Talcott Parsons! If only Luethy had taken greater care to distinguish between Weber and vulgarisers of his hypothesis, between Weber and Tawney, between Tawney and Tawney's disciples! If only Luethy had exerted a bit more patience in his study of the careful American discussions of Weber's writings and methods by American sociologists since the appearance of Parsons' *The Structure of Social Action* in 1937!

If only Luethy had been less lighthearted in rendering the meaning of (a) Weber's method of "ideal types," (b) his arduous and ceaseless self-probings which led him to make such impressive clarifications of his emphasis and claims between 1905 and 1920 in pathbreaking comparative studies of China, India, ancient Judaism, cultural factors in economic development, (c) his unmatched care in exploring connections of meaning and influence among and within the central elements of social structures and cultural systems, (d) his mighty efforts to deepen contemporary (Western) man's awareness of his vocation in an era marked by shattering disenchantment and rationalisation!

He could never have permitted himself to:

(1) *misrepresent the views of Weber so badly!* Weber never argued a "functional equation" between Calvinism and capitalism; was not primarily interested in tracing the "development of the modern *market* and a *competitive economy* in north-west Europe"; did not intend to denigrate "capitalism" to the advantage of any other economic or political arrangement such as socialism and anarchism. As Weber tells us again and again, *The Protestant Ethic* was, above all, an effort to inquire into the ways in which several ill-understood but crucial changes in the theological orientations of Luther and Calvin appear to have affected the patterning of the economic ethics of the Pro-

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testant churches and homes and, thereby, co-operated in promoting—largely as unanticipated consequences!—the full crystallisation, predominance, and world-wide spread of the industrial-enterprise organisation and its associated outlooks.

(2) *neglect or minimise so many of Weber's fundamental discoveries and commitments,* e.g.: (a) his insistence on the religious and moral foundations and the extremely impressive positive as well as negative features and consequences of the rationalisation of conduct in the Protestant culture areas; (b) his critical awareness of the ways in which the dualistic medieval Christian attitudes to the attainment of the status of perfection inhibited the progress of *this worldly asceticism* and reinforced the complex and distinctively Catholic orchestration, still so fateful for Catholic cultures throughout the world, of the ideas and institutions associated with the workings of conscience, casuistry and cure of souls; (c) his brilliant grasp of the positive *and* negative features of the tribal brotherhood ethic expressed in the Deuteronomic commandment on usury; (d) the contrast between the styles of life of medieval and Renaissance merchant-princes—the Acciaiuoli, the Medici, the Fuggers—and the systematic and sanctified pursuit of one's calling encouraged by Protestantism which gave so notable an impulse to the rational, disciplined, *tempered* pursuit of gain; (e) the contrast between the accommodations allowable through a traditional casuistry and the positive religious rewards reinforced by ringing affirmation of a new conscience; (f) the crucial importance of the Protestant emphasis on *impersonal service on behalf of an impersonal goal,* notably the mastery of the world in the name of God by contrast to the personal, (or as we would say to-day, "existential") imitation of Christ's love, friendship, and suffering for mankind; (g) the incentive given by the new discipline to the methodical and conscientious organisation of consecrated collective action in accordance with universalistic norms of performance.

Herbert Luethy evidently writes from the highest motives but unless I am mistaken he is animated, at least in part, by a wish to relieve the "Free World" from embarrassments which attend the acceptance of catchpenny versions of Weber's hypothesis. To indict Weber because he is subject to gross abuse by unnamed vulgarisers is unfair and unhelpful. All of Weber's main writings are indispensable aids in understanding what now confronts us as the Industrial and Organisational Revolutions of the 20th century spread across the world and invade every sphere of activity. Weber ought not to be treated as a Marxist *malgré lui,* or as a confused spirit betrayed by his inner tensions into anti-capitalist, anti-Protestant theses. Karl Jaspers and other intimates confirm the evidence of Weber's ultimate essays ("Science as a Vocation," "Politics as a Vocation") and have explained how profound a representative he was of the conscience of a strain of Lutheran Protestantism. How many have contributed more than he to the assessment of the contemporary social, cultural, and political situation? It ill behooves us to sacrifice so great a spirit and scientist on the altar of expediency.

Tawney and Tawney's disciples introduced regrettable modifications of Weber's theses. To see Weber and Tawney as allies in a common cause arguing a single or even similar proposition is mistaken. Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*—I speak only of this book of Tawney's for the present—has a sound core as the book begins. But Tawney eventually alters the tenor of Weber's thesis to make it more congruent with his infinitely more simple-minded theory of historical development and explanation. Luethy would have done better to direct his criticisms against Tawney and his disciples who have never had a high regard for the Heidelberg sociologist and historian of culture. I can speak of Tawney's low estimate of Weber from personal knowledge as I was privileged to have extensive conversations with him on matters of common interest during his visit in the late '40s to the University of Chicago.

A few closing remarks on Luethy's coverage of the debate over the Weber hypothesis. It is simply not the case that Weber's thesis had to wait fifty years "before André Biéler set about examining the ensuing polemic in the light of what Calvin himself actually said. . . ." I would urge Luethy to review numerous papers and books on this theme by E. Doumergue, Georg Wünsch, Henri Hauser, and a number of publications by the undersigned. Nor are we aided by Luethy when we are told that the key to the Reformation lies in the rediscovery by the reformers of the Old Testament view of life. This is a hoary half-truth which will not bear close examination in the light of the sources. Different strata in the Protestant movements adopted sharply contrasting approaches to the question of the continuance of Mosaism. Luther, Calvin, the Puritans were bitterly opposed to certain constructions placed upon the law of Moses by their radical opponents. Since Luethy refers so frequently and in so familiar a way to the developments of the idea of usury, I am a bit surprised that he appears not to have noticed that the principal leaders of the Reformation explicitly opposed the Mosaism which extremist groups derived from the medieval traditions of interpretations of the fateful commandment on usury, Deuteronomy xxiii. 19–20. (See my study, *The Idea of Usury: From Tribal Brotherhood to Universal Otherhood,* Princeton, 1949.)

I cannot conclude without expressing my hope that Mr. Luethy will go forward to develop the line of thought sketched in his last page. Whether he thinks so or not, Mr. Luethy has there made a most welcome and scholarly contribution in the true spirit of Max Weber.

Benjamin Nelson
Chairman, Department of Sociology—Anthropology
State University of New York, Stony Brook, New York

Kafka

Before some other pedant writes in about it, perhaps you would want to put in an editorial correction of Kafka's death date which appears on page 84 of the May issue as 1922. It should be 1924.

Meir Mindlin
London

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AUTHORS

I. BABEL

MAX HAYWARD, who translated "My First Fee," a hitherto unknown story by **Isaac Babel,** *writes:* "The author of *Red Cavalry,* who was arrested in 1939 and died in unknown circumstances in a concentration camp in 1941, has now been 'rehabilitated' in the Soviet Union, where a good deal of his earlier work has been republished. This story, however, has never appeared there (and probably will not for reasons of prudery, rather than of politics), though a shorter variant of it appeared in September, 1937, in English translation only, in the Moscow monthly *International Literature,* and it was reprinted in the American Magazine *Noble Savage* in 1961....

"The publication of Babel's literary remains is proceeding only very slowly in the Soviet Union, but there has been a perceptible quickening of interest in him in recent months. *Nash Sovremennik,* for example, has just published a stenographic report made in Moscow in 1937 at a meeting in the Writers' Union when Babel answered questions. In one reply to a question he said:

> 'In a letter from Goethe to Eckermann I read a definition of the *Novelle*—the genre in which I feel most at home. His definition of the *Novelle* was very simple: the *Novelle* is a tale about an unusual event. Perhaps it's not true, I don't know. That's what Goethe thought.'

"The definition certainly fits *My First Fee* [1922–1928] well enough.... It will appear in a collection of Babel's stories, edited by his daughter, Nathalie Babel, to be entitled *The Lonely Years: 1925–1939* (Farrar, Strauss, New York). The sketch of Babel is from the *Literary Encyclopædia,* Vol. I (Moscow, 1929)...."

Luigi Barzini's articles, which appear in his new book *The Italians* (Hamish Hamilton, London and Atheneum, New York), were not "translated from the Italian," as several readers have assumed (after his "Mussolini" portrait last month) in letters to us; it was printed as written by the author and represents, we think, one of the more remarkable prose contributions by a foreign author using the English language in the tradition of Conrad and Koestler....

Jan Kott is a distinguished Polish literary critic who teaches at the University of Warsaw. He was recently given a European Critics prize in Vienna (though there was some behind-the-scenes struggle between the bureaucrats and the intelligentsia over his Polish exit visa). His book on Shakespeare—which has had an influence on such recent productions as Peter Brook's *King Lear*—has been published in France and will be published in English translation by Methuen (London) and Doubleday (New York)....

The sketch of Nehru is by **Feliks Topolski** (London) and that of Weber by **Stanley Butchkes** (New York).

Cover design: **Colin Banks** and **John Miles.**

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THE MEN IN DORMAN LONG LOOK TO THE FUTURE

The way ahead for the country is bright indeed! Overseas trade is buoyant, at home great projects are being implemented—new roads and bridges, modern schools and universities, improved town and city centres—and a hundred other things designed to make life better and happier, and all made possible only by the vigour of Britain's enterprise in commerce and industry.

The men in Dorman Long and throughout the steel industry have already made a vital contribution and look forward to playing their part in the country's plans for the future with skill, initiative and enthusiasm.

The success of these plans is being imperilled by political dogma. The nation's need is continuing industrial progress. Who seriously believes that nationalisation can help? Change for change's sake is not progress—in the case of renationalisation of steel it's folly.

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